

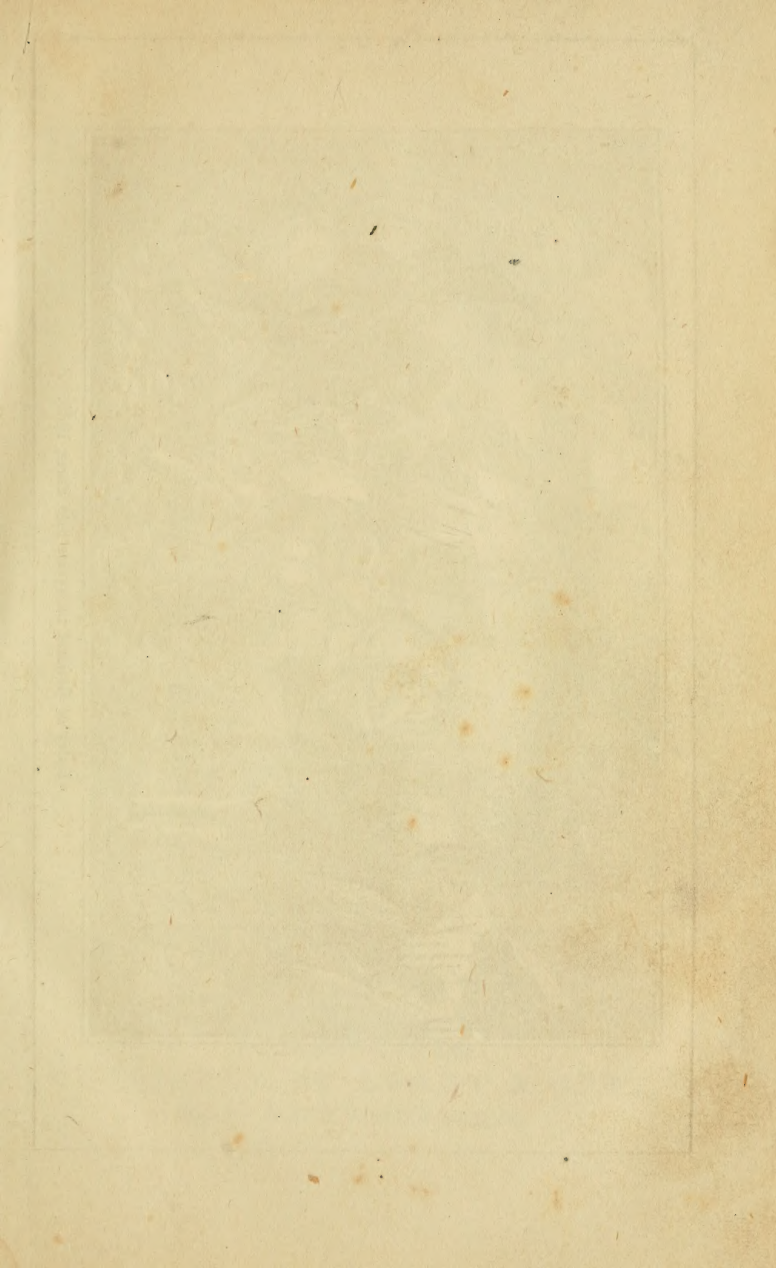
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Entry of General Lafayette into Paris, 1830.

THE

HISTORICAL CABINET;

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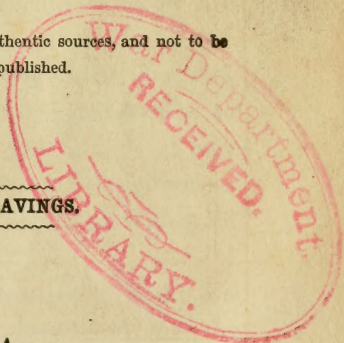
REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING EVENTS,

WHICH HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN MODERN TIMES.

Carefully collected and compiled from various and authentic sources, and not to be found in any one work hitherto published.

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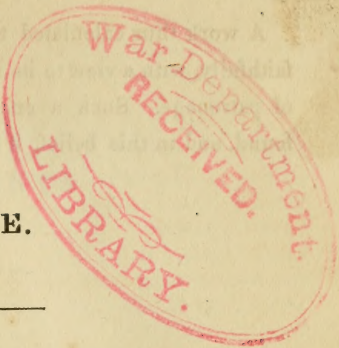


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PREFACE.

THERE is probably no history made up of well-authenticated facts, which does not contain sufficient matter to interest and instruct, without the aid of fiction. False and distorted views of human life, although they may excite the feelings, can never improve the mind.

Care has been taken in this publication, to make those selections only, which are well authenticated. The greater part are taken from works of the first respectability in Great Britain, and elsewhere.

In this country, a great proportion of the reading class seek books for the sake of amusement. It should therefore be an object with publishers to furnish such works as will not only entertain, but at the same time impart solid and useful instruction. This has been attempted in the compilation of the work now in the reader's hands.

A natural desire to know all that is remarkable in the history of man, seems to be implanted in every breast; and the most powerful emotions may be awakened by the recital of all those transactions, in which the various passions and virtues of our race are delineated.

A work thus calculated to interest the public, if executed faithfully, with a view to its real object, will be admitted worthy of patronage. Such a one, it is hoped the present will be found, and in this belief, it is respectfully presented by

THE PUBLISHER.

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THE

HISTORICAL CABINET.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT PLAGUE IN THE FOURTEENTH
CENTURY.

THE memory of the great plague in London has been rendered immortal by the prose of Daniel Defoe, and the poetry of John Wilson. But the greater plague which overran almost the whole world, three centuries before, is almost forgotten. A slight sketch of its history, drawn from all chroniclers, will show, by comparison, what a small matter is magnified into a pestilence in the present day.

This dreadful pestilence, like the cholera, made its first appearance in the East. It arose in China, Tartary, India, and Egypt, about the year 1345. It is ascribed by the contemporary writers, Mezeray and Giovanni Villani, to a general corruption of the atmosphere, accompanied by the appearance of millions of small serpents and other venomous insects, and, in other places, quantities of huge vermin, with numerous legs, and of a hideous aspect, which filled the air with putrid exhalations. Some zealous Christian writers of the time derived its origin from the arch-impostor Mahomet; for they say that, at Mecca, in Arabia Felix, it rained snakes and blood from heaven for three days and nights together; that the temple of Mahomet was beaten down by a terrible tempest, and his sepulcher torn up and broken in pieces; and that the sulphurous vapors, and the stench of the snakes and blood, so corrupted the middle region of the air, that the infectious matter spread itself over the world in all directions. Making every allowance for the ignorance and credulity of the age, it appears evident that some natural causes had contributed to corrupt the air and load it with pestiferous vapors. And it is remarkable that, before the disease appeared in Europe, singular meteorological phenomena, of

a similar nature took place. Thus, it came into England in the end of the year 1348; and it had rained from the previous Christmas till Midsummer almost without ceasing; "so that all the while," to use the words of an old writer, "it hardly ever held up so much as for one day and night together." Great inundations followed; and accumulations of stagnant water, by which the whole atmosphere was poisoned. In France, several strange meteoric appearances are described by writers of credit. Giovanni Villani says, that on the 20th of December, 1348, in the morning, after sunrise, there appeared at Avignon, over the pope's palace, a pillar of fire, which tarried there for the space of an hour, producing general terror and amazement.

During the same period there were many dreadful earthquakes, some of them in such places where such phenomena have since been unheard of. At Rome, an earthquake threw down a great number of houses, steeples, and churches. At Naples, there was an earthquake, accompanied with a tremendous hurricane, which destroyed a large portion of the city. On this occasion, it is related, that while a friar was preaching to a crowded congregation, he and his auditory were swallowed up in an instant—all but one individual, who observed the trembling of the earth in time to save himself by flight. A great multitude of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins of their habitations; and the citizens durst not venture into their houses, but remained terrified in the market places or fields, till the earthquake (which continued by fits for eight days) had spent its fury. In Greece, particularly in the Morea and the island of Cyprus, whole villages were overwhelmed. Even in Germany, a country not liable to this calamity, there was an earthquake which extended over a great part of Austria and Syria, and destroyed many towns and villages, in those districts; "and many other provinces," says an old historian, "suffered such lasting characters of the fury of these strong convulsions of nature, that, lest the joint concurrence of so many authors of those days should not obtain sufficient credit, they might be very plainly read even by late posterity." These earthquakes were generally attended with storms of thunder and lightning, wind and hail. In the year 1348, according to Lampadius, it rained blood in Germany, and meteors and other corruscations appeared in the air. Mock suns were seen, and the heavens sometimes seemed on fire.

In many of these accounts we may presume that there is a good deal of exaggeration. But the testimonies are too numerous and respectable to leave any doubt that, before and during

the pestilence, the elements were in a state of general convulsion which seems unparalleled in history.

The plague extended its ravages from India into the more western parts of Asia, into Egypt, Abyssinia, and thence into the northern parts of Africa. It proceeded over Asia Minor, Greece, and the islands in the Archipelago; almost depopulating the regions over which it stalked. It may be literally said to have *decimated* the world, even though we were to take this term as implying the destruction of *nine*, in place of *one*, out of ten. According to Mezeray and other writers, where it was most favorable it left one out of three, or one out of five; but where it raged most violently, it scarce left a fifteenth or twentieth person alive. Some countries, partly by the plague, and partly by earthquakes, were left quite desolate. Giovanni Villani says that in a part of Mesopotamia, only some women survived, who were driven by extremity and despair to devour one another.

The plague appears to have stayed five or six months in one place, and then to have gone in search of fresh victims. Its symptoms are minutely described by many writers, and appear to have been the same in every country it visited. It generally appeared in the groin, or under the armpits, where swellings were produced, which broke into sores, attended with fever, spitting and vomiting of blood. The patient frequently died in half a day—generally within a day or two at the most. If he survived the third day, there was hope; though even then many fell into a deep sleep from which they never awoke.

Before the pestilence invaded Christendom, it is recorded, in a report made to the pope at Avignon, that it swept away twenty-three millions eight hundred thousand persons, throughout the East, in the course of a single year. While the Christians remained untouched, their supposed immunity, since their neighbors were suffering the extremity of the malady, operated so strongly on the minds of some of the heathen princes, that they resolved to propitiate Heaven, by embracing Christianity. The king of Tarsis, accompanied by a great multitude of his princes and nobles, actually set out on his journey to Avignon, to receive baptism from Pope Clement VI. But hearing on his way that the Christians too had become victims to the destroyer, he returned home, with the loss of about two thousand men, whom the Christians most ungenerously attacked and cut off in the rear of his army.

From Greece the plague passed into Italy. The Venetians, having lost 100,000 souls, fled from their city, and left it al

most uninhabited. At Florence, 60,000 persons died in one year. Among these was the historian Giovanni Villani, whose writings we have already referred to. He was one of the most distinguished men of his age; and his historical works are looked upon as correct and valuable. He was the annalist of this pestilence almost down to the day of his falling a victim to it. France next became exposed to its ravages. At Avignon the mortality was horrible. In the strong language of Stow, people died, bleeding at the nose, mouth, and fundament; so that rivers ran with blood, and streams of putrid gore issued from the graves and sepulchers of the dead. When it first broke out there, no fewer than sixty-six of the Carmelite friars died before any body knew how, so that it was imagined they had murdered one another. Of the members of the English college at Avignon, not one was left alive; and of the whole inhabitants of the city, not one in five. According to a statement or bill of mortality, laid before the pope, there died in one day 1212, and in another 400 persons. The malady proceeded northward through France, till it reached Paris, where it cut off 50,000 people. About the same time it spread into Germany, where its ravages are estimated at the enormous amount of 12,400,000 souls. At Lubeck alone, according to the concurring accounts of several writers, 90,000 persons were swept away in one year, of whom 1500 are reported to have died in the space of four hours.

At last this fearful scourge began to be felt in England. About the beginning of August, 1348, it appeared in the seaport towns on the coasts of Dorset, Devon, and Somersetshire, whence it proceeded to Bristol. The people of Gloucestershire immediately interdicted all intercourse with Bristol, but in vain. The disease ran, or rather flew, over Gloucestershire. Thence it spread to Oxford; and about the 1st of November, reached London. Finally it spread itself all over England, scattering every where such destruction, that, out of the whole population, hardly one person in ten was left alive.

Incredible as this statement may appear, it seems borne out by the details of contemporary annalists. In the churchyard of Yarmouth, 7052 persons, who died of the plague, were buried in one year. In the city of Norwich, 57,374 persons died in six months, between the 1st of January and the 1st of July. In the city of York, the mortality was equal. We find no general statement of the total amount of the mortality in London; but there are details sufficient to show that it must have been horrible beyond imagination. The dead were thrown

into pits, forty, fifty, or sixty, into one; and large fields were employed as burial-places, the churchyards being insufficient for the purpose. No attempt was made to perform this last office with the usual care and decency. Deep and broad ditches were made, in which the dead bodies were laid in rows, covered with earth, and surmounted with another layer of bodies, which also was covered. Sir Walter Manny, (whose name is so well known from his connection with the affecting incident of the surrender of Calais to Edward III.,) benevolently purchased and appropriated a burial-ground, near Smithfield, in which single place more than fifty thousand people were buried. Stow says that he had seen, on a stone cross in that burial-ground, the following quaint inscription: "Anno Domini MCCCXLIX. regnante magna pestilentia, consecratum fuit hoc cœmeterium; in quo, et infra septa præsentis monasterii, sepulta fuerunt mortuorum corpora plusquam LM. præter alia multa abhinc usque ad præsens. Quorum animabus propitiatur Deus. Amen."*

This pestilence gave occasion to some diplomatic intercourse between England and France, which is strikingly characteristic of the manners of the age. While the mortality was raging in those countries, Pope Clement VI. never ceased importuning the monarchs of both to put an end to their mutual hostility, and, by doing so, to avoid the continuance of a calamity sent by Heaven to punish the sins of mankind. Edward and Philip were induced by these pious exhortations to appoint commissioners, who met between Calais and St. Omers, to negotiate a treaty. The French insisted on the restoration of Calais, or the razing of its fortifications; a proposition which the English would not listen to. At last, however, a truce was agreed upon for six months, till September following, in order to allow time to negotiate for a peace; and it was further agreed, that if, at the end of the truce, a final treaty was not concluded, the crown of France was to be brought to a convenient place within that realm, and the right to it decided *by a pitched battle*, without further appeal. The death of the French king, however, which happened in August, 1350, before the expiration of the truce, put an end to this smooth and amicable plan of accommodation.

The mortality fell chiefly upon the lower classes of society,

* A. D. 1349, during the prevalence of a great pestilence, this cemetery was consecrated; in which, and within the enclosure of the present monastery, more than 50,000 bodies were interred, besides many more from that time to the present. To whose souls God be propitious. Amen.

and among them, principally on old men, women, and children it was remarked, that not one king or prince of any nation died of the plague; and of the English nobility and people of distinction, very few were cut off by it. Among the higher orders of the church the deaths were rare; but such havoc was made among the inferior clergy, that numbers of churches were left wholly void, and without any one to perform Divine service, or any offices of religion. At the same time, all suits and proceedings in the courts of justice ceased; and the sitting of parliament was intermitted for more than two years.

This terrible visitation was every where attended by a total dissolution of the bonds of society. An excellent old writer* gives the following eloquent description of the state of England:—"We are told, the influence of this disease was so contagious, that it not only infected by a touch or breathing, but transfused its malignity into the very beams of light, and darted death from the eyes; and the very seats and garments of such proved fatal. Wherefore parents forsook their children, and wives their husbands; nor would physicians here make their visits, for neither were they able to do good to others, and they were almost certain thereby to destroy themselves. Even the priests also, for the same horrid consideration, forbore either to administer the sacraments or absolve the dying penitent. But yet neither priests, nor physicians, nor any other who sought thus to escape, did find their caution of any advantage: for death not only raged without doors as well as in chambers, but, as if it took indignation that any mortal should think to fly from it, these kind of people died both more speedily and proportionably in greater numbers. Then was their death without sorrow, affinity without friendship, willful penance and dearth without scarcity, and flying without refuge or succor. For many fled from place to place because of the pestilence; some into deserts and places not inhabited, either in hope or despair. But quick-sighted destruction found them out, and nimble-footed misery was ever ready to attend them. Others, having hired boats or other vessels, into which they laid up provision, thought, or at least hoped, so to elude the power of the infection; but the destroying angel, like that in the Revelations, had one foot upon the waters as well as on the land; for, alas! the very air they breathed being tainted, they drew in death together with life itself. The horror of these things made others to lock themselves up in their houses, gardens,

* History of Edward III., by Joshua Barnes, B. D., Cantab. 1688.

and sweet retired places ; but the evil they intended to exclude, pursued them through all their defenses, and they had this only difference, to die without the company of any that might serve or pity them. No physician could tell the cause, or prescribe a cure ; and even what was saving to one was no less than fatal to another. No astrologer could divine how or when it would cease ; the only way left was to be prepared to receive it, and the most comfortable resolution to expect it without fear."

The pestilence extended into Wales, where it raged violently ; and soon afterwards, passing into Ireland, it made great havoc among the English settled in that island. But it was remarked that the native Irish were little affected, particularly those that dwelt in hilly districts.

As to the Scots, they are said to have brought the malady upon themselves. Taking advantage of the defenseless state of England, they made a hostile irruption, with a large force, into the country. But they had not proceeded far, when the calamity which they courted, and so well deserved from their ungenerous conduct, overtook them. They perished in thousands ; and, in attempting to return home, they were overtaken, before they could reach the border, by a strong body of English, who routed them with great slaughter. The remnant carried the disease into Scotland, where its ravages were soon as destructive as in the southern parts of the island. "Scotland," says the writer whom we have already quoted, "partook of the universal contagion in as high a degree, and in the same manner, as other countries had done before ; only in this there was a difference, that whereas other nations sat still and waited for it, the Scots did seem ambitious to fetch it in among themselves." However much Scotland may have had to complain of the oppression and tyranny of England under the Edwards, it was ungenerous and unworthy of a brave people to attempt to retaliate on a nation laid prostrate by the hand of Heaven. At the same time, there is no reason to doubt that the general cause, whatever it was, of the pestilence, would at any rate have soon extended to Scotland, as well as Wales and Ireland.

Early in the year 1349, the plague began to abate in England ; and by the month of August it had entirely disappeared. Its consequences, however, continued for some time to be severely felt. During the prevalence of the disease, the cattle, for want of men to tend them, were allowed to wander about the fields at random, and perished in such numbers as to occasion a great scarcity. Though the fields, too, were covered with a plentiful crop of corn, much of it was lost for want of

hands to reap it and gather it in. The scarcity of hands naturally produced excessively high wages. A reaper was not to be had under eight-pence per day, nor a mower under twelve-pence, besides victuals; and every other sort of labor was paid in proportion.* This gave occasion to the act of the 25th of Edward III., known by the name of the Statute of Laborers; which, on account of "the insolence of servants, who endeavored to raise their wages upon their masters," ordained that they should be contented with the same wages and liveries which they had been accustomed to receive in the 20th year of the king. In spite of this statute, high wages continued to be given by people, who preferred doing so to losing their grain and other fruits of the earth, till Edward enforced obedience to it by severe measures both against masters and laborers. The enforcement of this statute is said by old writers to have prevented a famine from raging in England, similar to the one which afflicted the other countries that had undergone the visitations of the pestilence. How far it could have produced so salutary an effect, however, may well be questioned.

The last dregs of this calamity were drained by that unfortunate race, the Jews. A belief spread over several countries that they had produced the pestilence by poisoning the wells and fountains; and, in many places, they were massacred in thousands by the infuriated populace. In several parts of Germany, where this persecution chiefly raged, the Jews were literally exterminated. Twelve thousand of them were murdered in the single city of Mentz; and multitudes of them, in the extremity of their despair, shut themselves up in their houses, and consumed themselves, and their families and property, with fire. The extent of such atrocities, in a barbarous age, may well be imagined, when we remember the outrages which were produced by the cholera panic, only a few months ago, in some parts of the continent.

Though the pestilence ceased in England in 1349, yet the destroying angel continued his progress through other regions for several years longer, marks of his presence remaining on record down to the year 1362. The world has suffered no similar visitation since; nor does its older history afford any

* In the time of Edward III., ten-pence contained half an ounce of silver, and was, consequently, equal to half-a-crown of our present money. The above wages, therefore, were equivalent to two shillings and three pence of our money. At that time the quarter of wheat was at six shillings and eight-pence, or twenty shillings of modern money.—*Wealth of Nations*. Book I. chap. 11.

instance of a calamity of the same kind, equally extensive and destructive. Even the pestilence, so eloquently described by Gibbon, which ravaged a great part of the Roman empire, seems to have been inferior in magnitude; and the famous plague of Athens was confined within a still narrower compass. In almost every other memorable instance of the plague, it has been limited to a particular district, or even a particular city.

JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

"My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex:
Resolve on this: thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate."

Shakspeare, Henry VI.

AMONG the extraordinary events which are recorded in history, few can equal those that respect Joan of Arc, who was the immediate cause of that astonishing revolution in the affairs of France, which terminated in the establishment of Charles VII. on the throne of his ancestors, and the final expulsion of the English from that kingdom. At the time this heroine first made her appearance, so low was the power of the Dauphin, that not a single place belonged to him but the town of Orleans alone, which was then closely besieged by the English; nor did there appear the slightest probability that he ever could procure an army strong enough to raise the siege of that city, on which alone his all depended.

Joan of Arc was born at Dauremy, a village near Vancoeurs, in Lorraine, about the year 1412. Her father was a peasant, and gave her an education suited to his rank in life. She left her parents at an early age, and became servant at an inn, where she acquired a complete knowledge of horsemanship. It was here, too, that she first thought of her mission; and it arose from all the news she had heard of the affairs in France at the inn. Her imagination took fire; and she looked upon herself as a girl destined by heaven to rescue France out of the hands of the English.

After much difficulty, and application to various individuals, she at length got access to the king, before whom she appeared dressed as a warrior. The king heard her with patience, and then sent her to his parliament at Poitiers, where she was

closely examined by many doctors in theology. At length they determined to advise his majesty to put confidence in her and attempt to execute what she proposed. She now completed her equipments, appointed Jean Dolon, as famous for his courage as his prudence, her squire, and Louis de Comptes her page. She then asked for a sword which had been more than a century in the tomb of a knight, behind the altar of St. Catharine, at Feirbois. She pretended to have had a knowledge of it by revelation, and that it was only with this fatal sword she would extirpate the English. She ordered a banner to be made for her, on which was represented God coming out of a cloud, holding a globe in his hand; it was ornamented with fleur-de-lis. Her helmet was surmounted with a plume of white feathers; her horse was also white, and she surpassed all by her beauty, and the skill and address with which she managed him.

On the 29th of April, 1429, Joan of Arc appeared before Orleans with twelve thousand men. She wrote a letter to the Duke of Bedford, then Regent of France, warning him to give up France to its rightful heir; but the English were so enraged at seeing a girl sent to fight them, that they put the heralds in prison. The Count de Dunois, who commanded in Orleans, made a sally with all his garrison, in order to facilitate the entry of provisions; and the French, persuaded that this heroine was sent from heaven to their assistance, resumed fresh courage, and fought with so much vigor, that she and her convoy entered the town.

The English sent back one of the heralds, of whom she demanded, "What says Talbot?" (Sir John Talbot,) and when he informed her, that he, as well as all his countrymen, spared no abuse in speaking of her, and declared, if they caught her, they would burn her. "Go back again," says she, "and doubt not but thou wilt bring back with thee thy companion; and tell Talbot, that if he will arm himself, I will do the same, and let him come before the walls of the town, and if he can take me he may burn me; and if I discomfit him, let him raise the siege, and return unto his own native country."

Soon after her arrival at Orleans, she made an attack on Fort St. Soup, which she carried sword in hand, as well as the bulwarks of St. John, and of the Augustins. In one of the assaults of the English, she received a dangerous wound in the neck, and as a large quantity of blood issued from it, her followers began to fear for her life; but she, to reanimate them, said, "It was not blood, but glory, that flowed from her wound."

The siege of Orleans was raised the 8th of May. Joan of Arc carried the news to the king, and entreated him to come and be crowned at Rheims, then in possession of the English. The siege of Gergeau was next undertaken; when, after lying eight days before the town, which was most vigorously defended, Joan of Arc went into the ditch with her standard in her hand, at that part where the English made the most vigorous defence: she was perceived, and a heavy stone thrown upon her, which bent her to the ground; notwithstanding which, she got up, and cried aloud to her companions, "Frenchmen, mount boldly, and enter the town; you will find no longer any resistance." Thus was the town won.

She next took possession of Auxerre, Troyes, and Chalons, thus opening for the king the road to Rheims, which city flung open its gates as soon as he appeared before it; and the next day, the 17th of July, he was crowned. The Maid of Orleans assisted at the ceremony in her armor, with her standard in her hand. The judges interrogated her, "How she dared to come to the coronation with her banner in her hand?" To which she answered, "That it was but justice, that the banner which had its share of the labor, should also share in the honor."

Joan of Arc, having accomplished the object of her mission, raising the siege of Orleans, and crowning the king at Rheims, wished to return to her parents; but her presence inspired too much confidence, and had been attended with too great success, for this to be permitted. She, therefore, accompanied the king to Crepi, to Senlis, and afterwards to Paris. Here she displayed her wonted courage, but received a severe wound. In the siege of Compeigne, in 1430, she made a sally, at the head of a hundred men, over the bridge, and twice repulsed the besiegers; but seeing a very strong reinforcement coming against her, she began her retreat; and although it was late, and she and her troops were surrounded, yet, after performing prodigies of courage she disengaged her company, who fortunately re-entered the town. The heroine remained at the rear, to facilitate their retreat, and when she wished to enter, the gates were shut: she immediately turned round to her enemies, and charged them with a courage worthy of a better fate. She seemed not to expect any assistance, and suspected some treachery, for when she made the sally, she exclaimed, "I am betrayed!" During the time she was defending herself, her horse stumbled, and she fell. This obliged her to surrender herself to Lionel Vasture, of Vendome, who gave her up to John, of Luxemburg. This nobleman, forgetting the respect a

brave man should show to courage, and regardless of the sex of his captive, basely sold her to the English for ten thousand livres. From the moment she was a prisoner, this heroine was forgotten. The king made no attempts to redeem her; and although at the time, he had many English prisoners of the highest rank, he did not offer one of them in exchange for her. This neglect of Joan of Arc, will be an eternal blot on the memory of the ingrate Charles VII.

On Joan being made a prisoner, the English indulged in as great rejoicing as if they had conquered the whole kingdom. The Duke of Bedford thought it proper to disgrace her, in order to reanimate the courage of his countrymen; and this heroine was condemned at Rouen, by Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, and five other French bishops, to be burnt alive, for magic and heresy. During her confinement in prison, she leaped from the top of the tower of Beaurevoir, in hopes of escape; but she was retaken, and her cruel sentence put in execution on the 24th of May, 1431. She was quite undaunted at the sight of the stake and scaffold, which she mounted as boldly as she had formerly done the breach at an assault.

Thus perished this extraordinary girl, in the nineteenth year of her age. Her execution was as disgraceful to the English, as the cold neglect with which she was treated in her misfortunes was to the French monarch.

DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC, BY BALBOA.

COLUMBUS had first seen land in the new world on the 12th of October 1492, when he landed on the island of Guanahani, after a voyage of little more than two months, he having sailed from the port of Palos, in Spain, on the 3d of August. It was six years later, when he surveyed the coast of the continent by Paria and Cumana. With the nobler mind of Columbus, territory was the grand object, and colonization the means. With the fierce and narrow spirit of the times, gold was the object, and the sword the means. But the natives of the islands first discovered were found poor; their gold was chiefly confined to the ornaments of their persons. The Spaniards who landed on the continent were equally disappointed. They saw before them a magnificent country, yet nearly in a state of nature, vast forests, mighty rivers, ranges of mountains; all the features of a



Death of Joan of Arc, or Maid of Orleans.—Page 20.



Balboa discovering the Pacific Ocean.—Page 24.



dominion wide enough for the widest ambition of conquest, or the richest enjoyment of life; but no treasure. Still their avarice was kept in a perpetual fever by the Indian stories of gold in profusion, farther to the west, and beyond a sea which stretched to the extremities of the globe. Yet all the various expeditions which were sent to penetrate into these lands of opulence, were defeated, and the chief part of the adventurers perished by the diseases of the climate, by the inclemency of seasons, alternately the most tremendous storms and the fiercest sunshine, or by the perils of the seas, which to this hour severely try the skill of the seamen. But the "empires of the west" were still the cry of the Indians, and fresh troops of daring adventurers hurried forward year by year, to throw away their lives on the swamps and shoals of the New World. Time, however, produced experience, and the vigor of discovery was gradually turned to the means of reaching those golden regions by sea. The Indians persevered in the report, that the nearest access to this great highway to the treasures of America was across the mountain range of Darien, and at length a Spaniard was found bold enough to attempt once more, and fortunate enough to achieve, a task which had baffled so many of his intrepid countrymen, and which was destined to give a well deserved immortality to his name. Vasco Nunez de Balboa was born at Xeres de los Caballeros. His family was of the order of Spanish gentry. He commenced his career, at an early age, in that mingled character of trader and soldier which characterized all the first voyagers to America. After some experiments in the general pursuit of wealth, which failed, he settled in Hispaniola, where he cultivated a farm. But Balboa was not of the order of spirits who are content with the quiet indulgence of life. A new expedition was announced for the west. He determined to follow it. But he was loaded with debt, and the governor had published an express ordinance that no debtor should be suffered to leave the island. Balboa was rolled on board one of the brigantines in a cask, and made his appearance on deck only when the ship was far out at sea. The commander of the expedition was indignant, and threatened to send him back; but Balboa, handsome and active, intelligent and plausible, was not a man to be repelled, in the day when every Spaniard had his value, and he soon rose into favor. A colony had been already established at the celebrated Isthmus, on its eastern side. Balboa within a short period became its governor, and there he distinguished himself by all the talents of command. His position singularly

required them. Columbus had found the Islanders a timid and innocent race, being in a state of primitive simplicity. But the adventurers who had pierced the continent often found themselves encountered by daring tribes, with some knowledge of discipline, and sometimes capable of returning their losses by bloody revenge. The tribes which surrounded the colony of Darien were the most daring, disciplined, and vigorous, which the Spaniards had ever met; and nothing but incessant vigilance, and the display of the most desperate intrepidity in the field, could secure the invaders.

Indian rumors of the golden country continued to inflame the Spaniards, and all hearts were at length stimulated to attempt the conquest of a king, Dabaibe, who was said to be living in a city filled with treasures, and who worshiped an idol of solid gold. Distance, disease, mountains covered with eternal snows, and oceans tossed by perpetual storms, could not now restrain the adventurers; and Balboa put himself at the head of his countrymen, whose prize was to be the measureless plunder of this king and his temple. But the surrounding Caciques must be first conquered; and their daring and continued resistance cost long hostilities. Still, the Spaniards advanced; and even from their encounters with the natives, they derived new stimulants for their frenzy of gold. An alliance with Comogre, a gallant mountain chieftain, at the head of three thousand warriors, gave them additional confidence. His son met the Spanish troops with a present of sixty slaves, and four thousand pieces of gold. A picturesque incident now occurred. Balboa, after deducting the fifth of the treasure for the King, ordered the rest to be weighed and distributed among the troops. Some dissatisfaction arose, and swords were drawn. The young Indian looked on, first with astonishment, and then with scorn. Advancing to the scales, with a contemptuous smile, he threw them on the ground, exclaiming, "Is it for this trifle that Spaniards quarrel? If you care for gold, go seek it where it grows. I can show you a land where you may gather it by handfuls."

This intelligence brought all the Spaniards round him, and he proceeded to detail his knowledge.

"A Cacique, very rich in gold," said he, "lies to the south six suns off." He pointed in the direction. "There," said he, "you will find the sea. But there you will find ships as large as your own, with sails and oars."

If this announcement made the Spaniards pause, his next must have kindled them into all their original flame.

"The men of these lands," said he, "are so rich, that their common eating and drinking vessels are of gold."

This was their first knowledge of Peru.

The time was now come, when the second great discovery of the Western World was to be made. Balboa, formally appointed governor of the Darien, determined to ascertain for himself and the world the wonders that lay beyond the mountains. He rapidly collected a hundred and ninety Spanish soldiers, a thousand Indians, and with some bloodhounds, which were deemed a necessary part of an Indian enterprise, and which sometimes proved a formidable one to the unfortunate natives, he marched into the wilderness.

The Indian tribes were instantly roused; and the Spaniards had scarcely reached the foot of the Sierra, when they found their warriors, headed by their Caciques, drawn up in a little army. The Indians, like the ancient Greeks, first defied the enemy by loud reproaches and expressions of scorn. They then commenced the engagement. Torecha, their king, who, if the Indians had found a bard or historian, might have been a Hector or Leonidas, stood forth in front of his people, clothed in a regal mantle, and gave the word of attack. The Indians rushed on with shouts; but the Spanish crossbows and muskets were terrible weapons to their naked courage. The Indians were met by a shower of shafts and balls, which threw them into confusion. They saw before them the bearers of what to their conceptions were the thunder and lightning, followed by a more certain and sweeping death than was inflicted by those weapons of angry Heaven. Their heroic king, and six hundred of their warriors, were soon left dead on the spot; and over their bodies Balboa marched to the plunder of their city.

Balboa now commenced the ascent of the mountains. The distance from sea to sea is, at its extreme width, but eighteen leagues, and, at its narrowest, but seven. The distance to the Pacific from Careta, the commencement of their march, is but six days' journey; but with them it cost twenty days. The great mountain chain, which forms the spine of the New World from north to south, composes the Isthmus; and the march of the Spaniards was impeded by all the difficulties of a mountainous region, in a burning and unhealthy climate, and in a soil overgrown with the wild and undisturbed vegetation of ages. But the moment that was to repay, and more than repay, all these fatigues, was at hand. Of all the strong and absorbing pleasures of the human mind, there is none equal to the plea-

sure of new knowledge. Discovery, in whatever form of science, fills the mind with something more nearly approaching to an ecstasy, than any other delight of which our nature is capable. The sudden opening of those portals, which have hitherto hopelessly excluded us from the peculiar knowledge that we longed to possess—the vast region of inquiry, feeling, fame, and truth, that often seems to be given for our especial dominion by a single fortunate step—the new and brilliant light that flashes over the whole spirit of man, in the sudden seizure of one of those great principles which are the key to knowledge,—altogether make a combination of high and vivid impulses, unrivaled in the history of human enjoyment. Philosophers and kings might envy the feelings of Balboa, when, after toiling through forests that seemed interminable, his Indian guides, the Quarequonos, pointed out to him, among the misty summits of the hills before him, the one from which the object of all his toils, the Pacific was visible. Balboa proudly reserved the honor of this magnificent discovery for himself. He commanded his troops to halt at the foot of the hill. He ascended alone, with his sword drawn, like a conqueror taking possession of a citadel won after some arduous siege, and, having reached the summit, cast his eyes around. The Pacific spread out before him.

The fierce religion of the Spaniards mingled in all the transactions of the time, and they were superstitious in the midst of massacre. But the view which now opened on the heroic discoverer's eyes—the multitude of visions and aspirations of grandeur, dominion, and honor, called up with that view—the sight of those waves, which led to realms richer than all that the Old World had dreamed of wealth, and teeming with strange and splendid products of every kingdom of nature—the waves, on whose borders lay Mexico and Peru almost at his feet, on whose remoter shores lay China and Hindostan, countries which nature and fable had alike delighted to fill with wonders, the seat of mysteries, of wealth, religion, kingly state, and fantastic, yet high-toned superstition—all justified the influence of a noble feeling, the gratitude of a heart astonished and overwhelmed by his high fortunes. Balboa fell on his knees, and weeping, offered his thanksgiving to Heaven, for the bounty that had suffered him to see this glorious sight. His troops had watched his ascent of the mountain with the eagerness of men who felt their fates bound up in his success, but when they saw his gestures of delight and wonder, followed by his falling on his knees, and prayer, they became incapable of all restraint,

they rushed up the hill, exultingly saw the matchless prospect for themselves, and, sharing the spirit of their leader, offered up their thanksgivings along with him. Balboa's address to the troops was worthy of his vigorous mind; brief, bold, and powerful, it touched upon all the true points of excitement, and was the sounding of the trumpet to those victories which were yet to transfer the wealth of Mexico and Peru into the hands of his country.

"Castilians," exclaimed he, "there lies the object of all your desires, and the reward of all your labors. There roll the waves of that ocean of which you have so long heard, and which inclose the incalculable wealth that has so long been promised to you. You are the first who have reached these shores, and looked upon these waves. Yours alone, then, are the treasures, yours alone the glory of bringing these immense and untraveled dominions under the authority of our king, and to the light of our holy religion. Onward, then, and the world will not see your equals in wealth and in glory."

This stately ceremonial was not yet at an end. A great tree was cut down upon the spot, stripped of its branches, formed into a cross, and fixed on the summit of the mountain, in sign of the faith of Spain.

But the coast was still to be reached. Balboa fought a battle with the Indian chief who defended the lower passes of the Cordillera, defeated him, and at last stood upon the shore of the ocean. On the rising of the tide, the Spanish leader in complete armor, with his unsheathed sword in one hand, and a banner in the other, on which was painted the Virgin, with the arms of Castile at her feet, marched into the surges, crying out, "Long live the high and mighty sovereigns of Castile! In their names I take possession of these seas and regions; and if any other prince, whether Christian or Infidel, pretend any right to them, I am ready and resolved to oppose him, and assert the just claims of my sovereigns."

Balboa had still one brilliant moment of life to come, the reception by his countrymen. On the 19th of January, 1514, he reached his colony of Darien; his expedition had occupied four months and a half; his triumph was complete. The whole population poured down to the shore to meet him, to hail him as the honor of the Spanish name, as the author of their fortunes, as less a man than a gift of Heaven, to guide them into the possession of glories and riches incalculable. All the titles of Spanish admiration were lavished on the hero, and a popular homage, never more nobly employed, proclaimed him Con-

que'or of the Mountains, Pacificator of the Isthmus, and Discoverer of the Austral Ocean; not, like other warriors of the Old World or the New, the vanquisher of men, but the conqueror of nature.

It is but justice to this celebrated man, to acknowledge that he exhibited himself worthy of his splendid popularity. Success only invigorated his high natural qualities; prosperity never made him arrogant, power tyrannical, nor wealth avaricious. He was singularly respected by his people, and beloved by the Indians, during his whole career. Long after its close, it was said of him, that in conciliating the general esteem, "no captain of the Indies had ever done better than Vasco Nunez."

But the jealousy of the Court of Spain, at all times the most incapable of governing by the generous qualities of power, soon marked Balboa for its vengeance. His virtues and talents were his accusers. His authority was now superseded by the arrival of Pedrarias a man of singular craft and cruelty. Whether his indignation at this insult was his crime, or the determination of the Court to ruin him drove him into treason, is still doubtful. But after a long train of angry remonstrances on his side, and sullen artifice on that of the new governor, in the course of which Pedrarias even gave him his daughter, Balboa, with some of his principal friends, was beheaded "as a traitor, and usurper of the dominions of the Crown." He died at forty-two. His country, with the usual tardiness of public gratitude, did him honor when it was too late, and Spain has ever since reckoned him among the most memorable of those memorable men who gave her a new world.*

PIZARRO, THE CONQUEROR OF PERU.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO was born of an unknown mother, and his birth, the old birth of the founders of kingdoms, was, like that of an ancient hero, adorned with romance. It was said that he had been left exposed at the gate of a church in Truxillo, and in that state was found and suckled by a sow. His first occupation was that of a swineherd; but it is more certain that his education was totally neglected. To his last hour he

* Blackwood's Magazine.

could not write his own name; he probably could not read. It was said, too, as an extraordinary instance of the chance of life, that his first idea of the Western World arose from his fear of returning to the owner of the swine which he tended, some of them having strayed. He found four travelers on the road, who were going to Seville, then the emporium of all Spanish discovery. He followed them, formed his resolution, embarked for St. Domingo, and commenced his sanguinary but splendid career.

But Garcilosa, more jealous for the fame of his distinguished countryman, declares him to have been the son of Captain Pizarro, by a known mother, though a dishonored one, Francisca Gonzales, a native of Truxillo. It is also affirmed that he began his career in the Italian wars. Like many of the famous men of Europe in his birth, he was unlike them in his long obscurity. Pizarro, though involved in the most enterprising of all services, was unheard of till he was past thirty; when, in the last expedition of Ojedo to Terra Firma, he was appointed to command as his lieutenant, in the colony of Uraba. He was now at length emerging, for the trust implies known fidelity and courage. Still, for fourteen years, he continued active, acquiring experience, unconsciously fitting his mind for his great achievement, but still subordinate.

After years of thankless service, he was suddenly roused from his obscurity by the proposal of a "contract" for a voyage of adventure in the south. His partners were an ecclesiastic, Hernando du Lucque, who supplied the money for the expedition, 20,000 *ouzas* of gold, and Diego de Almagro, a soldier of remarkable spirit, sagacity, and daring. A few volunteers were soon procured among the disbanded adventurers who still lingered on the shores of Darien; but their first attempts were baffled by a succession of storms, which reduced them to the extremities of famine. The Governor of Panama, moved by the remonstrances of the sufferers, sent a vessel to the Island of Gallo, to bring back all who were willing to return.

On this occasion Pizarro proved himself by one of those striking acts which characterize the man made for great enterprises. He stood in front of the soldiers, already tumultuous with the hope of escaping the horrors of their situation.

"Go!" he exclaimed, "to Panama, you who desire the labor, the indigence, and the contempt, that will there be your portion. I grieve that you should thus cast away the fruits of your struggle, at the moment when the land, announced to us by the Indians of Tumbez, awaits your appearance, to load you with wealth

and glory. Go, then, but never say that your captain was not the first to confront all your dangers and hardships, and was not always watchful of your safety at the expense of his own."

This gallant appeal failed. The recollections of the island were fearful. Pizarro saw that he was on the point of being abandoned, and he made a last effort, at least to save himself from being involved in the general shame. Unsheathing his sword, he drew a line with it on the sand from east to west, and pointing southward, exclaimed, "This way leads to Peru and to gold—that to Panama and beggary. Let all good Castillians make their choice."

With these words he strode across the line. Thirteen only followed. There are few facts more striking in history, than the simple means by which an imperishable fame may sometimes be obtained. The names of these thirteen obscure men are recorded as those of heroes; to this hour they share the homage of their country.

At the close of a year spent in desperate effort, in unparalleled hardship, and continued anxieties from the restless and disaffected spirit of his crews, Pizarro returned to Panama as poor as at the commencement of his voyage, but with all the merit due to skill and courage, and with the incomparable hope of having at length achieved the discovery of the true land of the precious metals, Peru.

On Pizarro's return along the coast towards Panama, he had been received with signal hospitality by the Indians of a tribe bordering on the ocean. Their queen, Capillani, welcomed Pizarro, the chieftain, and his companions, with delight and wonder; and, as it was his policy to avoid offense for the time, he repaid their courtesy with all the resources of European gratitude. But the scene maddened one of his warriors, Pedro Alcon, a man of some personal attractions, which he cultivated with a care that had often excited the ridicule of his fellow adventurers. On his landing, he instantly fell in love with the Indian queen, by whom he imagined that his passion was returned. To leave a queen to despair was forbidden by all the laws of gallantry, and Pedro Alcon demanded that he should be suffered to take up his residence in her dominions. Pizarro was inflexible, and the brain of the man of gallantry instantly took fire; but his flame was now changed from love to ambition. He declared against all further obedience, flourished round the shore with a broken sword, with which he threatened to conquer his companions, and pronounced them "villanous usurpers of the land which belonged to him and



Pizarro "drew a line on the sand with his sword, exclaiming This way leads to Peru and to gold—that way to Panama and beggary."—Page 28.



Assassination of Pizarro.—Page 38.

the king his brother." But his scepter was remorselessly wrung from his hand; his royal person was seized in all its finery of velvet doublet, gold-net head-dress, and medalliard cap; he was fettered and placed under the deck. This judicious treatment, which might have been advantageously tried with many a candidate for empire, cured Alcon of both love and glory. He returned with his companions to Panama, was "viceroy over the king" no more, and the reign of Trinculo was at an end.

Pizarro was now to re-enter the world on a statelier scale. He sailed for Europe, armed with the rights and fame of a great discoverer, the most resistless claim of the age to the respect of kings and people. His demands were in proportion. He required the government of the newly-discovered lands for himself, the Captaincy for his companion Almagro, and the Bishopric for his partner, Hernando Lucque.

His first reception in Spain was an ill-omen. He was arrested at the suit of an individual, for a debt incurred by the settlers of Darien; but Pizarro had not sailed across the Atlantic to perish in a Spanish prison. He applied to the government, by whom he was released, and when free, he journeyed direct to the presence of Charles the Fifth, at Toledo. There was no sovereign of his day on whom fortune had so long, so steadily and so munificently poured her favors. But this period found Charles at the height of his prodigality. France had just fallen before him at the battle of Pavia; Italy was his conquest, the French king his prisoner, the Pope his vassal; and he was on the point of receiving the imperial crown at Bologna. At this moment Pizarro came, to confer on this Master of Europe, and its iron strength, the supremacy of a kingdom, almost its equal in size, and overflowing with the richest produce that earth offers on its surface, or in its bosom. Cortes and Pizarro, the brother-conquerors, had come to deposit at the foot of the throne the keys of Mexico and Peru. Pizarro's handsome figure, bold countenance, and dignified demeanor, won for him the universal admiration of a court crowded with all that was noble, brave, or lovely, in Europe. His address to the Emperor was full of the grave magnificence that habit and nature have taught the Spaniard to feel beyond all other men. Charles suffered his reserve to give way, and the hero was named Pacificator of the new empire, without a superior, and without an equal.

Pizarro, now at the fountain head of honors, determined to slake his thirst to the full, if the ambition of such a man was

wealth ever to be satisfied. To obtain for himself the order of St. Jago, and a coat of arms which exhibited in a singular degree his conception of his own high merits, he adopted the imperial device of the Black Eagle grasping the two Pillars of Hercules; and as an emblem of his South American triumphs, the city of Tumbez, walled and towered, with a lion and tiger at its gates, and in the distance the sea on one side, with the rafts of the country, and on the other the flocks and herds. Round the blazon was the inscription—" *Caroli Caesaris auspicio et labore ingenio, ac impensa Ducis Pizarro, inventa, et pacata.*" This extraordinary stream of fortune, flowing in upon an obscure individual may entirely excite our wonder. But there was a moment of his triumph which may justly excite our envy. In the interval of preparation for his return to Peru, Pizarro made a visit to the place of his birth. His parents were still living, and their gallant and fortunate son had the rare delight of giving them honor in the sight of mankind. He found his four brothers in Truxillo, offered them all appointments, and subsequently took them all with him to Peru, in chase of wealth and honors like his own.

Still, those honors were for a conquest that existed only in anticipation. And when Pizarro at last sailed from Panama, he could muster for the conquest of one of the mightiest regions of the globe, but three small ships and 183 men.

The empire which Pizarro now sailed to conquer, was the most extensive, powerful, and civilized of the south; extending from north to south along the Pacific more than 2000 miles. All the nations of Paganism begin their history by a fable, yet the fable has some features of strong resemblance in them all. A legislator, a soldier, or prophet suddenly appears, from some unknown region, suddenly reconciles the people to civilization, instructs them in the useful arts, furnishes them with a government and laws, and then as suddenly takes wing, leaving the world to wonder whence he came, or whither he goeth. Manco Capac and Mama Oello were thus the beneficent Genii of Peru. They came from an unknown country. Manco taught the people to till the ground, and Mama taught them to spin flax. They founded the city of Cuzco. The tradition went further that they built a temple to the Sun, established his worship, and gave a code of laws. They transmitted the kingdom to a line which pronounced themselves to be the pure blood of the Sun, and preserved the purity of their blood by the extraordinary precaution of marrying their own sisters, the offspring of those unnatural unions being alone eligible to the throne.

In the course of four centuries from the days of Manco Capac, the Peruvians counted twelve princes, who continued to conquer the provinces adjoining to Cuzco, until Huayna Capac, the prince contemporary with the arrival of the Spaniards in America, completed the empire by conquering Quito. The empire now extended from Chili to Quito, and the vigorous administration of the Inca promised to civilize the rude tribes which composed the chief population with great rapidity. His reign was said to have been the means of establishing three great features of civilization—a common language, a chain of posts for the conveyance of the government orders through his kingdom and high-roads, two great lines of communication which reached from Cuzco to Quito, a distance of more than 1500 miles, passing over mountains, through marshes, across deserts, and furnished at intervals with caravanseras large enough to contain thousands of troops; and so far was this system of accommodation carried, that in some instances these caravanseras were furnished with the means of repairing the equipments and arms of the troops and travelers.

The long delay of the Spanish invasion was among the most memorable instances of that fortune which gave the New World into the hands of the Old. A few years earlier would have found Peru under the government of a vigorous, sagacious, and warlike king, by whom the adventurers might have been extinguished at a blow. But they came in at the time of a disputed succession. The mighty empire of Peru was laid open to them by a civil war. An inexperienced sovereign, a doubtful title, and a divided allegiance, broke down the chief barriers against the foreign enemy, and Spanish arms, and Spanish thirst of gold, did the rest.

The history of the succession and the overthrow alike prove that man is the same every where, and that the same causes will produce the same disasters at the Line as at the Pole. Huayna Capac, the conquering monarch, in whose reign the empire had risen to its greatest height, left at his death the scepter to Huascar, his son, by the Coya or empress; and the province of Quito to Atahualpa, an elder, but illegitimate son, by the daughter of the chief Cacique of Quito. Atahualpa raised the standard of rebellion in Quito, was overthrown, and flung into chains. From these he got free, pretending that the Sun, father of his fathers, had changed him into a lizard, and thus enabled him to escape. He now raised an army, marched to Cuzco, and took Huascar prisoner. At this period the usurper received the first intelligence of the approach of the

Spaniards, against whom he marched without delay. Pizarro, after two months occupied in a march which, in later times, has occupied scarcely more than a week, entered the Peruvian city of Caxamalca, on the 15th of November, 1532. A formidable vision now rose before him on the range of mountains; the army of the Inca lay encamped to bar his progress to Cuzco, and encamped with a regularity that told him he was at last to encounter an army that might task all his powers.

But Pizarro had probably even now intended to trust to a more effective weapon with a simple and generous people than the sword. Establishing his quarters in the principal square of the city, which, from its being surrounded with a high wall, served as a citadel, into this fortress he formed the design of alluring the Inca; and the steps by which he proceeded are well calculated to exhibit the remorseless craft and dexterous audacity of this celebrated man. Sending two of his officers with detachments of cavalry to bear his homage to the Inca, Atahualpa came forth in his pomp to meet these warlike envoys. Seated on a throne of gold and jewels, he sent to demand the purpose of their entering his country. They answered, that their captain, Don Francisco Pizarro, greatly desired to be admitted to his presence, to give him an account of his reasons for coming to Peru, and to entreat him to sup in the city on that night, or dine with him on the following day. The Inca replied, that it was then late, but that he would enter the city on the following day;—that he should enter with his army, a measure, however, which ought not to disconcert the Spaniards.

The day was a memorable one in the annals of the Incas. Atahualpa, probably excited by a hazardous curiosity, proceeded to the city at the head of 20,000 of his warriors, attended by a multitude of women, as bearers of the luggage. The person of the sovereign was a blaze of jewels. He was borne on a litter plated with gold, overshadowed with plumes, and carried on the shoulders of his chief nobles. On his forehead was the Borla, the sacred tuft of scarlet, which he wore as the descendant of the Sun. The whole moved to the sound of music, with the solemnity of a religious procession. At this moment there was remaining a chance of averting the fall of the empire. The slowness of the procession had brought it late into the evening, and the Peruvians began to pitch their tents in evident preparation for halting for the night. But Pizarro had made preparations for treachery, which could scarcely fail of being discovered by a multitude suffered to remain so close to the spot. He had placed musketry in ambush, planted his

cannon so as to command the gates, divided his cavalry into squadrons, under his principal officers, for the attack; and, forming a body-guard of twenty shield-bearers, prepared to capture, or destroy, his unhappy guest. Some of the Spanish historians, solicitous for the honor of their country, argue, that the Inca was only caught in his own snare, that his object was to destroy the Spaniards, and that his request that the horses and dogs might be tied up, was a proof that he contemplated violence. But Spanish honor ought to be sustained on firmer grounds. The Inca's request that these animals should be kept out of sight, which most alarmed his people, and of course most easily disposed them to retaliation, was a perfectly natural one. His dismissal of three-fourths of his escort was a sign of peace, when he might have brought his whole army with him. His personal entrance within the walls was an obvious risk, which he must have felt, and might have avoided by awaiting Pizarro in his camp. And the true place for practicing any violence against the Spaniards would as obviously have been the open field; for, defective as Peruvian warfare might be, the Inca was a soldier, and must have known how much more important numbers are in the open field, than in narrow streets and among walls. The natural conclusion evidently is, that the unfortunate Indian was stimulated to his ruin by his curiosity; that he put himself in hazard to see a race of men who appeared to the Indian eye the most powerful, strange, splendid, and exalted of mankind; a race who, coming from the rising sun, were the direct inheritors of his fire, his luster, and his supremacy.

On the Inca's entering within the fatal gates from which he was never to return, this curiosity was his chief emotion. Forgetting the habitual oriental gravity of the throne, he started up and continued standing as he passed along, gazing with marked eagerness at every surrounding object. Valverde, the Dominican friar, now approached, bearing a cross and a Bible. The friar commenced a harangue which must have been singularly repulsive to the native ear. He declared that the Pope had given the Indies to Spain; that the Inca was bound to obey; that the book which he carried contained the only true mode of worshiping Heaven; and that the new governor of Peru offered its Inca peace, unless he would see his country the victim of war.

"Where am I to find your religion?" said the Inca

"In this book," said the priest.

The Inca declared that whatever might be the peaceful in-

tentions of the Spaniards, "he well knew how they had acted on the road, how they had treated his Caciques, and burned his cottages." He then took the Bible, and turning over some of the leaves, put it eagerly to his ear.

"This," said he, "has no tongue; it tells me nothing."

With these words he flung it contemptuously on the ground. The friar exclaimed at the impiety, and called on his countrymen for revenge. The Inca soon felt the danger of his situation; and turning, spoke some words to his people, which were answered by murmurs of indignation and vengeance. At this moment Pizarro gave the signal to the troops; a general discharge of cannon, musketry, and cross-bows, followed, and smote down the unfortunate Peruvians. The cavalry were next let loose, and they broke through the king's guard at the first shock. The time was now come to consummate this bloody treachery. While the Inca was in the first terror and astonishment, Pizarro rushed forward at the head of his shield-bearers, to seize him. He found the unfortunate sovereign surrounded by a circle, singularly displaying the passive fortitude and devoted loyalty that characterize the Indian of the East to this hour. They never moved, except to throw themselves upon the Spanish swords. They saw that their prince was doomed; and they unresistingly gave themselves up to his fate. The circle rapidly thinned, and the Inca must have perished by the happier death of combat. But Pizarro felt the importance of such a prize in his hands, and determined to seize him alive. Calling aloud to his soldiers to lift no hand against the Inca, he forced his way to the litter, and grasping Atahualpa's mantle, suddenly dragged him to the ground. The Peruvians, seeing his fall in the midst of a crowd of Spanish lances, conceived that he was slain; and, by another similarity to oriental customs, instantly gave up the battle. With the supposed death of the sovereign, all struggle was at an end. The only effort now was for flight. The multitude, in the force of despair, burst through one of the walls, and fled over the open country. Two thousand lay dead within the gates. The surprise had been so complete, that not a single Spaniard had fallen; and but one was wounded, Pizarro himself, whose hand had been struck by the lance of one of his own soldiers, in the general rush to seize the person of the Inca.

The scene of triumph, plunder, and glittering anticipation that followed, is unrivaled. The dreams of Spanish avarice were now to be dreams no more. They had played a sanguinary and most guilty game; but they were now to enjoy

its gains, to a degree never enjoyed by man before. The captive prince, at length learning the true purpose for which the invaders came, began to treat for his ransom. He offered to cover the floor of the chamber, in which the Spaniards had assigned his quarters, with wedges of gold and silver; but on seeing that his jailors received the offer with the laugh of incredulity, which he construed into the laughter of contempt, he started haughtily on his feet, and stretching his arm as high as it could reach, told them that he could give them that chamber full, to the mark which he then touched with his hand. It is still remembered that this chamber was twenty-two feet long, and sixteen wide, and that the point which he touched on the wall was nine feet high. The offer implied a quantity of wealth almost incalculable. Pizarro hesitated no longer, but instantly despatched three of his soldiers with the Inca's messengers to hasten the arrival of this unparalleled ransom.

The chief treasure of the land had been stored in the temples, and the prince's order had been directed to the priests, to send it without delay to Caxamalca. The Spanish collectors were received, through the long route of six hundred miles to Cuzco, with all but divine honors. And their own astonishment was not less excited by the contrast of the noble and lovely country through which they now traveled, with the rude deserts and inhospitable tribes on the borders of the empire. They were compelled perpetually to admire the breadth and excellence of the roads, the neatness of the cottages, the richness of the cultivation, and the magnitude, regularity, and wealth of the cities. All these impressions must have derived a part of their force from the memory of the rude parts of Spain, and of the desolate and death-dealing regions through which the early adventurers had toiled their way to the barriers of Mexico and Peru. But nothing can account for the recorded sustenance of the multitudes of Peru, their wealth, their laws, their fabrics of cotton, and even their attempts in science and literature, but the existence of a wise and ancient frame of government, the recollections of a civilized origin, and the intelligence of a sagacious, peaceful, and active public mind.

The profligacy of the Spanish messengers defeated their mission. The Indians had no sooner discovered that their new gods were less than man, than they buried their treasures. The ornaments of the temples were concealed by the priests, and the messengers were eluded, until Pizarro was compelled to send his brother Hernando, with twenty horse, to secure the performance of the treaty. Even this resolute and keen plun-

derer was comparatively baffled. But he brought back with him twenty-six horse loads of gold, and a thousand pounds weight of silver. Additional treasure was brought by some of the captive Caciques and generals of the Inca, and Pizarro at length proceeded to make the first division of this magnificent spoil.

After deducting the fifth for the king, the portion to each horse-soldier was 9000 pesos (ounces) of gold, and 300 marcas (eight ounces each) of silver. The share allotted to the commander-in-chief amounted to 57,220 pesos of gold, and 2350 marcas of silver, besides the gold tablet from the litter of the Inca, valued at 25,000 pesos. This was the full triumph of avarice; the next crisis was to be the struggle of ambition; a fierce, fruitless, and gloomy struggle, which, after cheating these daring men with gleams of success, and compelling them to feel the whole misery of precarious power, laid them all in succession in a bloody grave. The government of the empire was next to be seized. Pizarro had hitherto practiced the dexterous policy of governing by a fallen king; but ambition blinded him, and he resolved to seize the empire in his own name. The Inca was charged with fomenting insurrection, and by a foul blot upon even the blotted name of Spanish honor, he was put to death. His Caciques and nobles shared his fate, or were scattered through the continent. A boy, the son of the Inca, was substituted a puppet on the throne; and Pizarro, after a series of battles, in which the Peruvians proved at once their despair, their devotedness, and their inferiority to the Spanish discipline and arms, in the November of 1533 took possession of the royal city of Cuzco.

A new scene of riot and plunder ensued on this new triumph. But the spoil of Cuzco was to be divided among 480 claimants. Still, each individual received 4000 pesos; enormous opulence! but the curse of guilty gain was upon it. The value of the treasure, of course, rapidly diminished, with its accumulation. It was soon given into the hands of the multitude who follow in the skirts of an army to plunder the plunderers. The common necessities of life became beyond the power of purchase; and the Spaniard was seen at once tottering under loads of gold, and perishing for want of bread.

Avarice had now been banqueted on the most lavish feast ever offered to the love of gold. Ambition, too, had been banqueted on a mighty empire. Personal honor, the third great stimulant of minds capable of being influenced by the feelings of the world, were now to be lavished on Pizarro and his asso-

ciates. Never were obscure men so long and magnificently indulged by fortune. Hernando brought back for himself the order of St. Jago, the title of Admiral, and a patent for raising a new army; for the Marshal Almagro, the government of a territory of six hundred miles along the coast; and for his brother the title of Marquis, and an extension of sixty leagues to his government, including the city of Cuzco. The friar, Valverde, was appointed Bishop of Cuzco by the Pope.

Pizarro had now ascended the height from which all change must be descent. He quickly felt the calamity of having nothing more to hope, and having every thing to fear. Sudden and desperate dissensions broke out in the empire, which continued to put him in peril, and hazard the extinction of his entire authority, at a period when he longed only for rest. A still more formidable peril arose from the indignation of his associate, Almagro, a man of great sagacity and bravery, but an unequal match for Pizarro in craft and self-command. Civil war commenced, and the Indians saw with delight the rival lances couched, which were to avenge them on their tyrants. In the decisive battle, in which Almagro, incapacitated by illness, gave the command to Orgonez, the troops of Pizarro, commanded by his brother Hernando, totally defeated those of the Marshal. Almagro, unable to sit upon his horse, was the unhappy spectator of the defeat from the side of the mountain, and flying to the city of Cuzco, was taken prisoner, tried for treason, and strangled in prison at the age of sixty-three. But there were other spectators of this memorable engagement—the Indians, who crowded the hills, as the two armies advanced against each other, expressed their joy by wild gestures and shouts which rent the air. And at the close of the battle, when the field was left silent, and covered with the fallen Spaniards, they poured down, like troops of wild beasts, to make havoc of the corpses, and insult and mutilate the remnants of those whom they knew only as murderers and oppressors. A still deeper vengeance was at hand. Hernando Pizarro had been sent to Europe with a new instalment of treasure for the king. But the reports of the civil war had already reached the royal ear—the ambition of his family probably sharpened the sense of royal justice—and it became politic to coerce the most powerful and daring brother of a man, who might take the first advantage of his situation to place himself on the throne of Peru. Hernando was ordered to stand his trial at the demand of Diego de Alvarado, the friend of the dead Almagro. His sentence was that of imprisonment. He was removed from prison to

prison, until at length he was placed in the castle of *La Moto de Medina*, where he languished forgotten, till the year 1560.

Pizarro, now Marquis de las *Caschaz*, unmoved by the fate of his brother, proceeded in a course of violence and haughtiness, which hourly increased the hostility of his enemies and the disgust of his friends. Diego, the son of *Almagro*, was growing into reputation, and his sword already longed to avenge the blood of his father. A conspiracy was formed in *Lima*, among the partisans of *Almagro*, and the discontented soldiers of the governor. Pizarro was in vain warned of designs, which soon became obvious to every eye but his own. The conspirators, at noonday, rushed into his house, found him with but two of his friends and two pages, and killed all who were in the room. After a long struggle, Pizarro, who had been brought to the ground by a thrust in the throat, and found himself dying, asked only for a confessor. His only answer was a pitcher of water violently flung in his face. He fell back and died, closing his famous career at the age of sixty-five—a course of the most memorable fortune, sustained by the most heroic daring, the most dexterous sagacity, and the most persevering determination; but degraded by the most unhesitating fraud, and stained by the most remorseless cruelty. In the age of Paganism, Pizarro would have been ranked among the immortals as a hero. In the middle ages, he might have been characterized as possessed by a fiend. In our more sober time, we can only lament the perversion of noble powers, and still nobler opportunities, the waste of genius and valor, in the service of rapacity and crime.*

SUFFERINGS OF WILLIAM LITHGOW, BY THE INQUISITION.

WILLIAM LITHGOW, a native of Scotland, was urged by the strongest inclination to travel. After having visited many parts of Europe, he was arrested, in 1620, at *Malaga*, in Spain, and thrown into prison, under the pretense of his being a spy. His own account of his travels and sufferings was printed in London, in 1640. The details, which bear every mark of truth, (says the *Retrospective Review*,) are heart-rending, and fill us with horror at the pitch of cruelty to which human nature

may be degraded, by ignorance and bad government. Lithgow was accused of giving information to the English ships, respecting the return of the Plate fleet, and was imprisoned in the palace of the governor.

“The day following, the governour entred my prison alone, intreating mee to confesse I was a spy, and hee would be my friend, and procure my pardon, neither should I lacke (intirim) any needeful thing; but I still attesting my innocency, hee wrathfully swore I should see his face no more, till grievous torments should make me doe it, and leauing mee in a rage, hee observed too well his condition.

“But withall in my audience, he commanded Areta, that none should come near mee, except the slave, nor no food should be giuen mee, but three ounces of moosted browne bread, every second day, and a fuleto or English pint of water, neither any bed, pillow, or coverlet to be allowed mee: and close up, said he, this window in his roome, with lime and stone, stop the holes of the doore with double matts, hanging another locking to it; and to withdraw all visible and sensible comfort from him, let no tongue nor feete be heard neare him, till I have my designes accomplished: and thou, Hazior, I charge thee at thy incomings to have no conference with him, nor at thy out goings abroad to discover him to the English factors, as thou wilt answer upon thy life, and the highest torments can be devised.

“These directions delivered, and alas, too accessary to me in the performance; my roome was made a darke-drawn dungeon, my belly the anatomy of mercillesse hunger, my comfortlesse hearing, the receptacle of sounding bells, my eyes wanting light, a loathsome languishing in dispaire, and my ground lying body, the woefull mirrour of misfortures, every houre wishing anothers’s comming, every day the night, and every night the morning.

“And now being every second or third day attended with the twinckling of an eye, and my sustenance agreeable to my attendance, my body grew exceeding debile and infirme, inso-much that the governour (after his answers received from Madrile) made haste to put in execution his bloody and mercillesse purpose before Christmas holy dayes, lest the expiring of the twelfth day I should be utterly famished, and unable to undergoe my tryall, without present perishing, yet unknowne to mee, save onely in this knowledg, that I was confined to die a fearefull and unacquainted death: for it is a current custome with the Spaniard, that if a stranger be apprehended upon any suspicion, he is never brought to open tryall, and common jaile,

but clapped up in a dungeon, and there tortured, im poisoned, or starved to death. Such meritorious deeds accompany these onely titular Christians.

“ In end, by God’s permission, the scourge of my fiery tryall approaching; upon the forty-seventh day after my first imprisonment, and five dayes before Christmas, about two of clock in the morning, I heard the noise of a coach in the fore streete, marvelling much what it might meane.

“ Within a pretty while I heard the locks of my prison-doore in opening; whereupon, bequeathing my soule to God, I humbly implored his gracious mercie and pardon for my sinnes; for neither in the former night, nor this, could I get any sleep, such was the force of gnawing hunger, and the portending heavinessse of my presaging soule.

“ Meanwhile the former nine sergeants, accompanied with the scrivan, entered the room without word speaking, and carrying mee thence, with irons and all, on their armes through the house to the street, they laid mee on my backe in the coach: where two of them sat up beside me, (the rest using great silence) went softly along by the coach side.

“ Then Baptista the coachman, an Indian negro, droving out at the sea gate, the way of the shoare side, I was brought westward almost a league from the towne, to a vine-presse house, standing alone amongst vineyards, where they inclosed mee in a roome till day-light, for hither was the racke brought the night before, and privily placed in the end of a trance.

“ And all this secresie was used, that neither English, French, or Flemings, should see or get any knowledge of my tryall, my grievous tortures, and dreadful dispatch, because of their trecherous and cruel proceedings.

“ At the breach of day, the governour, Don Francisco, and the alcade, came forth in another coach: where when arrived, and I invited to their presence, I pleaded for a trench-man, being against their law to accuse or condemne a stranger, without a sufficient interpreter. The which they absolutely refused, neither would they suffer or grant mee an appellation to Madrid.

“ And now after long and new examinations, from morning to darke night, they finding my first and second confession to runne in one, that the governour swore, I had learned the art of memory: saying, further, is it possible hee can, in such distresse, and so long a time, observe so strictly, in every manner, the points of his first confession, and I so often shifting him too and fro.

“ Well, the governour’s interrogation and my confession be

ing mutually subscribed, he and Don Francisco besought mee earnestly to acknowledg and confesse my guiltiness in time; if not, he would deliver mee in the alcade's hands there present: saying, moreover, thou art as yet in my power, and I may spare or pardon thee, providing thou wilt confesse thyselfe a spie and a traytour against our nation.

"But finding mee stand fast to the marke of my spotlesse innocency, he, invective and malicious hee, after many tremendous threatenings, commanded the scrivan to draw up a warrant for the chiefe justice; and done, he set his hand to it, and taking me by the hand, delivered me and the warrant in the alcade major's hands, to cause mee to be tortured, broken, and cruelly tormented.

"Whence being carried along on the sergeant's armes, to the end of a trance or stone gallery, where the pottaro or racke was placed, the encarnador, or tormentor, began to disburden me of my irons, which being very hard inbolted, he could not ram-verse the wedges for a long time: whereat the chief justice being offended, the malicious villaine, with the hammer which hee had in his hand, stroake away above an inch of my left heele with the bolt. Whereupon I grievously groaning, being exceeding faint, and without my three ounces of bread, and a little water for three dayes together: the alcade said, O traitor, all this is nothing but the earnest of a greater bargaine you have in hand.

"Now the irons being dissolved, and my torments approaching, I fell prostrate on my knees, crying to the heavens,

"O great and gracious God, it is truely knowne to thy all-seeing eye, that I am innocent of these false and fearfull accusations, and since therefore, it is thy good will and pleasure, that I must suffer, now by the sclerate hands of merciless men; Lord, furnish mee with courage, strength and patience, least by an impatient minde, and feeble spirit, I become my own murderer, in confessing myselfe guilty of deathe, to shun present punishment. And according to the multitude of thy mercies, O Lord, be mercifull to my sinfull soule, and that for Jesus thy Sonne and my Redeemer his sake.'

"After this, the alcade and scrivan being both chaire-set, the one to examining, the other to write downe my confession and tortures: I was by the executioner stripped to the skin, brought to the racke; and then mounted by him on the top of it: where eftsoones I was hung by the pareshoulders, with two small cords, which went under both my armes, running on two rings of iron that were fixed in the wall above my head.

“ Thus being hoysed, to the appointed height, the tormentor disscended below, and drawing downe my legs, through the two sides of the three planked racke, hee tyed a cord about each of my ankles: and then ascending upon the racke, hee drew the cords upward, and bending forward with mainforce my two knees against the two planks; the sinnewes of my hams burst asunder, and the lids of my knees being crushed, and the cords made fast, I hung so demayned for a large houre.

“ At last the encarnador, informing the governour that I had the marke of Jerusalem on my right arme, joyned with the name and crowne of King James, and done upon the holy grave; the coridigor came out of his adjoyning stance, and gave direction to tear asunder the name and crowne (as he said) of that heretike king, an arch-enemy to the holy Catholic church: then the tormentor, laying the right arme above the left, and the crowne upmost, did cast a cord over both armes seven distant times: and then lying downe upon his backe, and setting both his feete on my hollow-pinchd belly, he charged and drew violently, with his hands, making my wombe support the force of his feet, till the seven several cords combined in one place of my arme (and cutting the crowne, sinewes, and flesh to the bare bones) did pull in my fingers close to the palme of my hands; the left hand of which is lame so still, and will be for ever.

“ Now mine eyes began to startle, my mouth to foame and froath, and my teeth to chatter like to the doubling of drummers' stickes. O strange inhumanity of men, monster manglers! I surpassing the limits of their national lavv; three score tortures being the tryall of treason, which I had and was to endure: yet thus to inflict a seaven-fold surplussage of more intollerable cruelties: and, notwithstanding of my shivering lips, in this fiery passion, my vehement groaning, and blood springing fonts, from armes, broaken sinewes, hammes, and knees; yea, and my depending weight on flesh-cutting cords, yet they stroake mee on the face with cudgels, to abate and cease the thundring noise of my wrestling voice.

“ At last, being loosed from these pinnacles of paine, I was hand-fast set on the floore, with this their incessant imploration: ‘ Confesse, confesse, confesse, in time, for thine inevitable torments ensue:’ where finding nothing from me but still innocent, O I am innocent, O Jesus! the Lamb of God have mercy upon mee, and strengthen mee with patience to undergo this barbarous murder.

“ Then by command of the justice, was my trembling body

laid above, and along upon the face of the racke, with my head downeward, inclosed within a circled hole; my belly upmost. and my heeles upward toward the top of the racke, my legs and armes being drawne assunder, were fastened with pinnes and cords, to both sides of the outward planckes; for now was I to receive my maine torments.

“Now what a pottaro or racke is (for it stood by the wall of timber,) the upmost end whereof is larger than a full stride; the lower end being narrow, and the three planckes joyning together are made conformable to man’s shoulders; in the downmost end of the middle plancke there was a hole, wherein my head was laid: in length it is longer than a man, being interlaced with small cords from plancke to plancke, which divided my supported thighes from the middle plancke; through the sides of which exterior planckes there were three distant holes in every one of them; the use whereof you shall presently heare:

“Now the alcade giving commission, the executioner layd first a cord over the calfe of my leg, then another on the middle of my thigh, and the third cord over the great of my arme; which was severally done on both sides of my body receiving the ends of the cords, from these sixe severall places through the holes made in the outward planckes, which were fastened to pinnes, and the pinnes made fast with a device: for he was to charge on the outside of the planckes, with as many pinnes as there were holes and cords; the cords being first layd meet to my skin: and on every one of these sixe parts of my body, I was to receive seven severall tortures: each torture consisting of three winding throwes of every pinne; which amounted to twenty one throwes in every one of these five parts.

“Then the tormentor having charged the first passage above my body, (making fast by a device each torture as they were multiplied,) he went to an earthern jarre standing full of water, a little beneath my head: from whence carrying a pot full of water, in the bottome whereof there was an incised hole, which being stopped by his thumb, till it came to my mouth, he did poure it in my bellie; the measure being a Spanish sombre, which is an English pottle; the first and second services I gladly received, such was the scorching drouth of my tormenting paine, and likewise, I had drunke none for three daies before.

“But afterward, at the third charge perceiving these measures of water to be inflicted upon me as tortures, O strangling tortures! I closed my lips againe-standing that eager credulity.

"Whereat the alcalde intraged, set my teeth assunder with a payre of iron cadges detaining them there, at every severall turne, both mainely and manually; whereupon my hunger clungd belly waxing great, grew drum-like imbolstered; for it being a suffocating paine, in regard of my head hanging downward, and the water re-ingorging itselfe, in my throat, with a struggling force, it strangled and swallowed up my breath from queling and groaning.

"And now to prevent my renewing griefe, (for presently my heart faileth and forsaketh me,) I will onely briefly avouch, that betweene each one of these seven circular charges I was aye re-examined, each examination continuing halfe an houre: each halfe houre a hell of infernall paine; and betweene each torment, a long distance of life-quelling time.

"Thus lay I five houres upon the racke, betweene foure a clocke afternoone, and ten a clocke at night, having had inflicted upon mee sixtie severall torments: neverthesse, they continued mee a large halfe houre (after all my torments) at the full bending, where my body being all begored with blood, and cut through in every part, to the crushed and bruised bones, I pittifully remained, still roaring, howling, foaming, bellowing, and gnashing my teeth, with insupportable cries, before the pinnes were undone, and my body loosed.

"True it is, it passeth the capacity of man, either sensibly to conceive, or I patiently to express the intollerable anxiety of mind, and affliction of body, in that dreadfull time I sustained.

"At last my head being by their armes advanced, and my body taken from the racke, the water regushed abundantly from my mouth; then they recloathing my broken, bloody, and cold trembling body being all this time starke naked, I fell twice in a sounding trance: which they againe refreshed with a little wine, and two warme eggs, not for charity done, but that I should be reserved to further punishment; and if it were not too truly known those sufferings to be of trueth, it would almost seem incredible to many, that a man being brought so low with starving hunger, and extreme cruelties, could haue subsisted any longer reserving life.

"And now at last they charged my broken legs, with my former eye-frighting irons, and done, I was lamentably carried on their armes to the coach, being after midnight, and secretly transported to my former dungeon without any knowledge to the towne, saue onely these my lawless and mercilesse tormentors: where when come, I was laid with my head and my heeles alike high, on my former stones.

"The latter end of this woefull night, poor mourning Hazer, the Turke, was set to keepe mee, and on the morrow the governour entred my roome, threatning me still with more tortures to confesse; and so caused hee every morning long before day, his coach to be rumbled at his gate, and about mee where I lay a great noise of tongues, and opening of doores: and all this they did of purpose to affright and distract mee, and to make mee beleieve I was going to be racked againe, to make mee confesse an untrueth; and still thus they continued every day of five dayes till Christmas.

"Upon Christmas daye, Mariana, the ladie's gentlewoman, got permission to visit mee, and with her licence shee brought abundance of teares, presenting mee also with a dish of honey and sugar, some confections and reasons in a great plenty to my no small comfort, besides using many sweet speeches for consolation's sake.

"Shee gone, and the next morning of St. Iohn's day come, long ere day the towne was in armes, the bells ringing backward, the people shouting, and drums beate, whereon my soul was ouerjoyed, thinking that the Moores had seized upon all: and in the afternoone the Turke comming to mee with bread and water, being by chance the second day, I asked him what the fray was? who reply'd be of good courage, I hope in God and Mahomet, that you and I ere long shall be set at liberty, for your countreymen, the English armado, and mine the Moores, are joyned together, and comming to sack Malaga: And this morning post came from Allagant to premonish the governour thereof; whereupon he and the towne have instantly pulled downe all the coppet shops, and dwelling houses that were builded without the shore side adjoyning to the townes wall: but yet said hee, it is no matter, the towne may easily be surprised, and I hope wee shall be merry in Algier, for there is above a hundred sayle seene comming hither; and therewith kissing my cheeke, he kindly left mee.

"Indeed, as for such news from Allagant; the detriment of twenty-eight houses, the shoar-planted cannon, the suspicion they had of the English, and the towne foure dayes in armes, were all true, save onely the confederacy of the English with the Moores, that was false.

"Witnesse Sir Richard Halkins, and the captaines of his squader, who a little after Christmas comming to the road, went to the governour to cleare himselfe, and the fleet of that absurd imputation laid to their charge. The twelfth day of Christmas expired, they began to threaten mee on still more tortures, even

till Candlemasse: in all which comfortlesse time, I was miserably afflicted with the beastly plague of gnawing vermin, which lay crawling in lumps, within, without, and about my body: yea, hanging in clusters about my beard, my lips, my nostrils and my eyebrows, almost inclosing my sight.

“And for a greater satisfaction to their mercilesse mandes the governour caused Areta, his silver plate keeper, to gather and sweep the vermine upon me twice in eight dayes, which tormented me to the death, being a perpetual punishment; for mine armes being broke, my fingers lucken, and sticking fast to the palms of both hands by reason of the shrunk sinewes, I was unable to lift mine armes, to stirre my fingers: much less to avoid the filthy vermine: neither could my legs and feet performe it, being impotent in all. Yet I acknowledge the poore infidell, some few times, and when opportunity served, would steale the keys from Areta, and about midnight would enter my room, with sticks and burning oyle, and sweeping them together in heapes, would burn the greatest part, to my great release; or doubtlesse I had beene miserable eat up, and devoured by them.

“And now some eight dayes before Candlemasse, the slave informed mee, that an English seminary priest, born in London, and belonging to the Bishops Colledge of Malaga; and a Scottish Cowper named Alexander Lay, borne in Dunbar, and there married, were in translating all my bookes and observations out of English, in the Spanish tongue, bringing every other dayes numbers of wrot papers to the governour, and for their paines had thirty ducats allowed, and that they were saying, I was an arch-hereticke to the pope, and the Virgin Mary.

“Having re-dounded him concealed thanks, I was assured of their bloody inquisition, preparing myselfe in God, with faith, and patience to receive and gain-stand it; for my spiritual resolution was surely founded; being sightless of company, and humane faces, I had intirely the light of my soule celebrate to God Almighty.

“And hereupon the second day after Candlemasse, the governour, the inquisitor, a canonicall priest, entered my dungeon accompanied with two Jesuites, one of which was predicator, and superior of the Tiatinean colledg of Malaga: where being chaire set, candle lighted, and doore locked; the inquisitor, after diverse frivolous questions, demanded mee if I was a Roman Catholik, and acknowledged the pope's supremacy. To whom I answered, I was neither the one, or did the other. And what power (said I) have you to challenge mee of my religion,

since it is a chiefe article, of the former concluded peace, that none of our king's subjects should be troubled by your inquisition; but as you have murdered mee for alledged treason, so you meane to martyr mee for religion.

"And you governour, as you have tortured and hunger-starved this helplesse body, consumed with cold and vermine to the last of my life; the Almighty God who revealeth the secrets of all things (although I be never relieved) will certainly discover it to my countrey and to the world. And is this the best of your good deeds you repay to our mercifull king, who then being onely king of Scotland, in the time of your just over-throw of eighty-eight, gave secourse to thousands of your ship-wracked people for many moneths; and in the end caused transport them safely to their desired ports. Leaving to the world's memory an eternall stampe of Christian bounty, mercy, and royal charitie: and your acquittance to him, is an imputation of treachery to his fleete, detaining and mis-regarding his letters and seales, and now imposing to a tormented innocent, your lawlesse inquisition.

"To which the governour answered, all that was true, but it was done more through feare than love, and therefore deserved the lesser thanks; but (intrin) wee will follow the uttermost of our ends. And the Jesuite predicator, to confirme his words, said there was no faith to bee kept with heretickes, which directly, or indirectly, is the sublime policy of conquerors, which our mighty and innumerable nation evermore taketh notice of and observeth.

"Then the inquisitor arising, expressed himselfe thus: 'Behold the powerfull majesty of God's mother, commander of her Sonne, equall to the Father, wife of the Holy Ghost, Quenne of Heaven, protector of angels, and sole gubernatrix of the earth, &c. How thou being first taken as a spy, accused for treachery, and innocently tortured, (as we acknowledge we were better informed lately from Medrile of the English intention,) yet it was her power, her Divine power, which brought these judgments upon thee, in that thou hast wrote calumniously against her blessed miracles of Loretto; and against his holinesse, the great agent and Christ's vicar on earth: therefore thou hast justly falne into our hands by her speciall appointment; thy books and papers are miraculously translated by her speciall providence with my owne countreyemen; wherefore thou mayest clearly see, the impenetrable mysteries of our glorious lady in punishing her offenders; and for a humble satisfaction, repent thee of thy wickednesse, and be converted

to the holy mother church. And after many such like exhortations of all the foure, the inquisitor assigned me eight dayes for my conversion; saying that he and the Tiatines would twice a day visite mee in that time, intreating mee to bee advised againe the next morning, of these doubts and difficulties that withstood my conscience.

"Then in leaving me, the Jesuite predicator making a crosse upon my crossed brest, said, My sonne, behold you deserve to be burnt quick; but by the grace of our Lady of Loretto, whom you have blasphemed, we will both save your soule and body: spewing forth also this fæminine Latine; *Nam mansueta et misericordiosa est Ecclesia, O Ecclesia Romana! extra quem non est salus*: They gone, and I alone all this night, was I instant with my God, imploring his grace to rectify my thoughts, illuminate my understanding, confirme my confidence, beatific my memory, to sanctifie my knowledge, to expell the servile feare of death, and to save my soule from the intangling corruption of any private ends, illusions, or mundane respects whatsoever.

"The next morning, the three Ecclesiasticke returned, and being placed with chaires and candles, the inquisitor made interrogation, of what difficulties, errours, or mis-beleefe I had: to whom ingenuously I answered I had none, neither any difficulty, errour, nor mis-beleefe; but was confident in the promises of Jesus Christ, and assuredly believed his revealed will in the Gospell, professed in the Reformed Catholik church; which being confirmed by grace, I had the infallible assurance in my soule, of the true Christian faith.

"To these words hee answered, thou art no Christian, but an absurd hereticke, and without conversion; a member of perdition; whereupon I replied, Reverend sir, the nature of charity and religion, doe not consist in opprobious speeches; wherefore if you would convert mee, as you say, convince mee by argument: if not, all your threatnings of fire, death, nor torments, shall make me shrink from the truth of Gods word in sacred scriptures. Whereupon the mad inquisitor clapped mee on the face with his foote, busing mee with many raylings, and if the Jesuits had not intercepted him, hee had stabbed mee with a knife; where, when dismissed, I never saw him more."

It appears that the governor had given him up to the Inquisition; and, as the arguments of the priests took no effect upon him, he is condemned to death.

"But hauing satisfied his bewitching policy with a Christian

constancy, they all three left mee in a thundering rage; vowing I should that night have the first seal of my long sorrowes and directing their course to the Bishop and Inquisitor, (for the governour had wrested the inquisition vpon mee, to free him of his former aspersion layde vpon the English fleet, and my tryall therefore, converting it all to matters of religion,) the inquisition, I say, sat forth with, where first I was condemned to receiue that night eleuen strangling torments in my dungeons: and then after Easter holidayes, I should be transported privately to Grenada, and there, about midnight, to be burnt body and bones into ashes, and my ashes to be flung into ayre: well, that same night, the scriuan, sergeants, and the young English priest, entered my melancholy stance: where the priest, in the English tongue vrging mee all that he could (though little it was he could doe) and vnpreuailing, I was disburdened of my irons, vnclothed to my skin, set on my knees and held vp fast with their hands: where, instantly, setting my teeth assunder with iron cadges, they filled my belly full of water, euen gorgeing to my throate: then, with a garter, they bound fast my throate, till the white of mine eye turned vpward; and being laid on my side, I was by two sergeants tumbled too and fro seuen times through the roome; euen till I was almost strangled: this done, they fastened a small cord about each one of my great toes, and hoysing mee therewith to the roofof a high loft, (for the cords runne on two rings of iron fastned above,) they cut the garter, and there I hung with my head downward, in my tormented weight, till all the gushing water dissolved: this done, I was let downe from the loft, quite senselesse, lying a long time cold dead among their hands: whereof the governour being informed, came running vp stayres, crying, is he dead? O fie, villans, goe fetch me wine, which they powred in my mouth, regayning thereby a slender sparke of breath.

"These strangling torments ended, and I re clothed, and fast bolted againe, they left mee lying on the cold floore praying my God, and singing of a Psalme. The next morning the pittifull Turke visiting mee with bread and water, brought mee also secretly, in his shirt-sleeve, two handfulls, of raisons and figges, laying them on the floore amongst the crawling vermine, for having no use of armes nor handes, I was constrained by hunger and impotency of time, to licke up one with another with my tongue: this charity of figs the slave did once every weeke or fortnight, or else I had long ere then famished."

His miserable situation becomes known to the English in Malaga, by an accident, and he is released.

"But now to abbreviat a thousand circumstances of my lamentable sufferings, which this volume may not suffer to contain. By God's great providence, about a fortnight before Easter, anno 1621, there came a Spanish cavaliere, of Grenada, to Malaga, whom the governour, one night, invited to supper, being of old acquaintance; where, after supper, to intertaine discourse, the governour related and disclosed to the stranger, (God working thereby my discovery and deliverance,) all the preceedings and causes of my first apprehending, my confessions, torments, starvings, their mistaking of the English fleete, and finally, the wresting of the Inquisition upon me, and their condemnatory sentence; seeming also much to lament my misfortunes, and praising my travailes and deserts.

"Now all this while, the gentleman's servant, a Flandrish Fleming, standing at his maister's back, and adhering to all the governour's relations, was astonished, to heare of a sakelesse stranger, to have indured, and to indure such damnable murther and cruelty. Whereupon, the discourse ending, and midnight past, the stranger returned to his lodging; where the Fleming having bedded his master, and himselfe also in another roome, he could not sleepe all that night, and if hee slumbered, still hee thought hee saw a man torturing, and burning in the fire; which he confessed to Mr. Wilds when morning came.

"Well, he longed for day, and it being come, and hee cloathed, hee quietly left his lodging, inquiring for an English factor, and coming to the house of Mr. Richard Wilds, the chiefe English consul, hee told him all what hee heard the governour tell his master, but could not tell my name; onely master Richard Wilds conjectur'd it was I, because of the others report of a traveller, and of his first and former acquaintance with me there.

"Whereupon the Fleming being dismissed, hee straight sent for the other English factors, Mr. Richard Busbitch, Mr. Iohn Corney, Mr. Hanger, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Rowley, and Mr. Woodson; where advising them, what was best to be done for my reliefe, they sent letters away immediately with all post diligence, to Sir Walter Aston, his majestie's ambassadour lying at Madrile. Vpon which hee, mediating with the king and counsell of Spaine, obtained a straight warrant to command the governour of Malaga, to deliuer mee ouer in the English hands; which being come, to their great dislike, I was released on Easter Saturday before midnight, and carryed vpon Hazier, the slaue's backe, to Master Busbitche's house, where I was carefully attended till day light.

"Meanwhile, oy great fortune, there being a squader of his majestie's ships lying in the road, Sir Richard Halkins came early ashoare, accompanied with a strong trayne, and receiued mee from the merchants; whence I was carryed on men's armes, in a pair of blankets, to the Vanguard, his majestie's ship. And three dayes thereafter, I was transported to a ship, bound for England, the fleete's victualler, named the Good Will, of Harwich, by direction of the General, Sir Robert Maunsell: where being well placed, and charge given by Sir Richard Halkins to the ship's master, William Westerdale, for his carefulness toward the preservation of my life, which then was brought so low and miserable. The aforesaid merchants sent me from shoare, besides the ship's victuals, a suite of Spanish apparell, twelue hens, with other poultry, and a barrell of wine, a basket full of egges, two roves of figges and raisins, two hundred oranges and lemmons, eight pounds of sugar, a number of excellent good bread, and two hundred realls in siluer and gold; besides two double pistolls, Sir Richard Halkins sent mee as a token of his loue."

When Lithgow arrived at Deptford, he was carried upon a bed to Theobalds, where the king resided, and placed in the Privy Gallery, to be seen by the king. James sent him to Bath, at the royal expense, where he stayed twenty-seven weeks, and appears to have recovered his health and strength, excepting in his left arm. Various attempts were made to procure redress from Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador; and one of them was backed so forcibly by violent conduct on the part of Lithgow, that some sort of a challenge passed, and the poor pilgrim was imprisoned again in the Marshalsea, at Southwark, "whence," he says, "he returned with more credit, than Gondomar did with honesty to Spain."

In the reign of Charles, Lithgow brought his case, by a bill of grievances, before the Upper House; but he never appears to have obtained any satisfactory redress.

ESCAPE OF MR. BOWER FROM THE INQUISITION.

MR. ARCHIBALD BOWER, author of the history of the lives of the popes, was born in Scotland, and at five years of age was sent over by his parents, (who were Roman Catholics,) to an uncle in Italy, where he was educated, and became so great

a proficient in learning, that he was appointed professor of rhetoric and logic, in the college at Macerata. At this place there is an office of the inquisition, called the holy tribunal, which consists of an inquisitor general, (who is president thereof,) and twelve counselors, who are chosen by him indifferently from the ecclesiastics, or the laity. Each of these has a salary of about 200*l.* sterling per annum, and an apartment in the house of the inquisition, which is a grand building, and the residence of the inquisitor general, who provides a table for them. Much honor and many great privileges, besides a certainty of good preferment, are attached to the situation. One privilege is, that if they commit ever such enormous or flagitious crimes against the law, even murder, they cannot be apprehended without leave from the inquisitor general, which gives them opportunity to escape.

The counselors cannot be absent a single night, without leave from the inquisitor. Offenses against the faith or practices of the church alone come under the cognizance of this court; and these are generally very trifling—such as saying or doing any thing disrespectful, with regard to their saints, images, relics, or the like.

When a person is accused, the inquisitor general summons the council, which always meets in the night, and if any member should happen to be absent, his place is supplied by a notary, for all trials must be in full court. The president then notifies the crimes, without naming the informer or the criminal.

Any of the council may object to the information; and if the number of objectors amount to four, the inquisitor is obliged to disclose the evidence, or more properly, the informer; after which, if the objections are still persisted in, the cause must be carried to the high court at Rome: otherwise their opinions are taken, whether or not the offense be such as the holy tribunal ought to notice. If it is determined to proceed against the criminal, the inquisitor general orders any one of the council whom he pleases, to apprehend him at the dead hour of the night. A proper guard is assigned for that purpose, who with dark lanterns and arms, attend him to the poor wretch's abode; where, with the utmost silence and secrecy, (for nobody dare to make any noise or resistance, on pain of excommunication,) he is seized and conveyed into one of the dismal dungeons of the inquisition house. There the poor creature is confined seven or eight days, without the least glimpse of light, uninformed of the crime of which he is accused, and without other sustenance than a little bread and

water, once a day. The key of the dungeon is given to the counselor who makes the arrest, and is delivered up by him the next morning to the inquisitor general.

The term of seven days being expired, the court is summoned for the trial, when a notary attends to write down what the criminal says, and a surgeon to feel his pulse, and to tell them how much he can bear. The machines, or engines for torture being fixed, the accused is brought in; and without being told either his offense or his accuser, and denied the liberty of expostulating, he is exhorted to confess what crime he has been guilty of; and though he make immediate confession, even of the offense with which he is charged, yet he must ratify it on the torture, that being, as they term it, "a witness;" if he cannot recollect, or refuse to confess, he is put to the torture, for not exceeding one hour.

A counselor is placed close to him on one side, to observe that all be done according to their rules, and the surgeon on the other, to ascertain the degree of torture he is able to support. If the accused survive this hour, and does not confess, he is carried back to prison for another week, and then tortured again. Should he appear to make any effort to confess, he is borne up a little, while speaking, but at whatever time he confesses, he is nevertheless tortured afterwards to confirm it, and must likewise undergo such punishment as the inquisition please to inflict for the supposed crime. This is generally imprisonment in one of their horrid dungeons, for one, two, or three years, or more frequently for life; for few, very few that are so unfortunate as to get into the inquisition, live to come out. Numbers, notwithstanding the barbarous assiduity used to preserve them for farther misery, expire under the torture, or in a few days, sometimes only hours after.

Mr. Bower mentions three different kinds of torture:

1st. That which they reckon the most exquisite, and therefore called the queen of tortures. In this, the criminal's hands are tied behind his back, and fastened to a rope, which, by means of four cords drawn over pulleys at each corner of the lofty room, enables them to hoist him up to the ceiling in an instant, when he is let down again within a few inches of the ground. This process is thrice repeated; and by the sudden jerk all his bones are dislocated. The wretch is suffered to hang so disjointed until the hour is expired, or he confesses.

2d. The second instrument is something like a smith's anvil, fixed in the middle of the floor, with a spike not very sharp at the top. Ropes are attached to each corner of the room, as in

the former instance, to which the criminal's legs and arms are fastened, and he is drawn up a little, and then he is let down with his backbone exactly on the spike of iron where his whole weight rests. The third torture is that which they term a slight torture, and applied only to women. Matches of tow and pitch are wrapped round their hands, and then set on fire, until the flesh is consumed.

While Mr. Bower was professor in college, the inquisitor general contracted a great intimacy with him. One day, as they were in conversation, he said, "Mr. Bower, I have a design upon you,"—a speech, which, from an inquisitor general, notwithstanding his avowed friendship, carried some terror in it. But he soon explained himself by stating, that one of the members of the council was so ill, that he daily expected death; and whenever it happened, he intended him the honor of filling the place. Mr. Bower received this declaration with high satisfaction and proper acknowledgments. Soon afterwards the sick member died, when the inquisitor general sent for Mr. Bower, who, though he had so much reason to guess the occasion, was somewhat alarmed, but went immediately. On his arrival, the inquisitor general informed him, that he had sent for him to perform his promise, and embracing him, said, "you are now one of us." A council was convened on the same night, and Mr. Bower was presented and received with the usual forms. After taking the oath of secrecy, a book, called the Directory, was delivered to him, containing rules for the decision and conduct of the inquisitor; and which, for greater caution, was in manuscript. When any member is dangerously indisposed, or is appointed to a higher office, he is obliged to seal his copy with the inquisition seal; after which it is death to open or retain it. Mr. Bower returned home much pleased with his good fortune; and being desirous to be better acquainted with the nature of his new employment, instead of going to bed, perused his Directory. But what was his astonishment and concern to find it consist of rules more barbarous, infamous, and inhuman, than can be conceived! Rules, however, which he flattered himself could not be observed, until experience convinced him of the contrary, and he saw the practice exemplified. Within a fortnight after Mr. B.'s admission, a poor man was brought to the office. His case was this: he had an only daughter that fell sick, for whom he prayed to the Virgin Mary: "Holy Mother of God! command thy Son, that my daughter may recover." The daughter died; consequently the Virgin had not heard his prayers; and being grieved to the heart

for his loss, he threw away a medal of the Virgin, which he used to carry about him, and the fact being reported to the inquisition, the poor wretch was put to the torture. It is not possible to express what Mr. B. then felt, and continued to feel during his attendance at the inquisition, where he was obliged to be, not only witness of, but consenting to, barbarities his heart disapproved, and which were frequently inflicted on persons he believed as innocent as himself. It is extraordinary, that the violent emotions, which, in spite of all his endeavors to suppress, would frequently discover themselves, did not give his brethren cause to suspect him, especially as the inquisitor general had once made an observation, that Mr. B. generally objected to the evidence; saying, with great warmth, and striking the council board, "Mr. Bower, you always object."

On one occasion, he evidently proved how little he was gratified by being a member of such a society. It being his turn to sit by a person who was receiving the torture, he chanced to look on the sufferer's countenance, and conceiving that he saw death in his distortions, he instantly fainted away, and was carried to his chair, at the council board. When he recovered, the inquisitor general exclaimed, "Mr. Bower, take your place! you do not reflect that what is done to the body is for the good of the soul, or you would not faint thus." Mr. B. replied, that it was the weakness of his nature; he could not help it. "Nature!" said the inquisitor, "you must conquer nature by grace!" Mr. B. promised that he would endeavor to do so. The poor man at that moment expiring, the discourse concluded.

Mr. Bower now projected his escape, and revolved in his mind every possible method of effecting it; but when he considered the formidable difficulties with which each was attended, and the fatal consequences, if he failed; his suspense, added to the painful circumstances in which he was placed, was scarcely supportable. At length, an event occurred, which fixed his resolution, at the same time that it afforded the inquisitor general an opportunity to perceive how far dictates, more tender than those of nature, might be suppressed (subdued they could not be) in Mr. Bower.

A person was accused to the inquisition, for remarking to a companion, on meeting two Carthusian friars, "what fools are these, to think they shall gain heaven by wearing such cloth, and going barefoot! they might as well be merry, and do as we do, and they would get to heaven as soon."

This individual was a nobleman, the most intimate and only friend of Mr. Bower, who maintained an intercourse with him.

after being made a counselor of the inquisition, for all ranks of people are cautious how they correspond with the inquisition, &c. Walking in his garden with his lady, and seeing two friars pass, with their feet and heads bare, and in the mortifying garb of their order, after they were gone some distance, and, as he thought, out of hearing, he expressed his surprise to his lady, that any person should be so far infatuated, as to believe that such a particular dress could be meritorious in the sight of God. Unhappily, the friars overheard him, and reported his words to the inquisition.

All Mr. Bower's compassion was excited, for he knew that the culprit would be treated with the utmost malice and severity; this being deemed a heinous offense against the church. But how great was his distress when he heard the name denounced of his dearest, his only friend; and when the inquisitor concluded, by saying, "And you, Mr. Bower, I order to apprehend him, and bring him here, between two and three this morning." "My lord, you know the connection"—Mr. Bower was proceeding, but the inquisitor sternly interrupted him. "Connection! what! talk of connection when the holy faith is concerned!" and rising up to go away—"see that it be done; the guards shall wait without;" and as he passed him, said—"this is the way to conquer nature, Mr. Bower!" What passed in Mr. Bower's breast during the interval which elapsed before the time appointed, (being about an hour,) those who have not tenderness enough to represent to themselves, cannot be made sensible by all the powers of language. To give his friend notice, was impossible; for the myrmidons were waiting without. To refuse going, would be fatal to himself, without benefiting his friend. When told that the hour was come, he went with his awful retinue, and knocked at the door; when a maid servant, looking out of the window, asked who was there. Mr. Bower replied, "the holy inquisition! come down and open the door, without waking any body, or making the least noise, on pain of excommunication." Down came the poor girl, in such trepidation as to be scarcely able to stand. "Show me the way to your master's room!" "I knew the way as well as she," said Mr. Bower, when he related this in such a tone of voice and manner, as declared that all the sweet familiarity which subsisted between them, and the many friendly interviews they had had, perhaps in that very apartment, occurred at that instant to his mind.

The nobleman and his lady, to whom he had been married but six months, were asleep when they entered. The lady

waking first, shrieked out; upon which one of the ruffians gave her a blow on the head, and made the blood gush out; for which Mr. Bower severely reprov'd him. The nobleman, who was by this time awakened, cried out, with hands and eyes lifted up in astonishment, "Mr. Bower!" and nothing more; implying thereby, every aggravating circumstance, and emphatically expressing the strong emotions of his soul. No wonder that Mr. Bower was obliged to turn from him, whilst executing his commission. Nor did he dare, during the following scenes of this dreadful catastrophe, to look towards him lest his eyes should speak the language of his heart so plainly as to be understood, not only by his friend, but by the whole court.

The ensuing morning, when Mr. Bower delivered the key of the prison, and announced the arrest, the inquisitor general said to him, "this is done like one who is desirous, at least, to conquer the weakness of nature."

The nobleman underwent the queen of tortures, but was released by death, three days after the infliction. His estate, as usual, was confiscated to the inquisition; reserving a small provision only for his widowed lady, and to the child, if she should prove pregnant. It may be supposed that Mr. Bower was now fully determined on an adventure, the most desperate that man ever undertook, and of which history can scarcely produce an equal. The manner of it was all that remained for consideration. It occurred to him, to solicit permission to make a pilgrimage to Loretto, and for that purpose he waited on the inquisitor general several times; but conscious of his secret intentions, whenever he attempted to speak, he dreaded, lest his words should falter on his tongue, and his very confusion betray him; so that still he returned as he went. One day, however, while in familiar conversation, he had the courage to say, "my lord! it is long since I was at Loretto; will your lordship give me leave to go thither for a week?" to which the inquisitor general gave an immediate assent.

The anxiety of a mind filled with a project of such importance, occasioned Mr. Bower to add the following to the many sleepless nights he had already passed, as may be readily imagined.

Having made all his preparations, and his valuable papers (including his directory) being concealed in the lining of his clothes; so soon as the horse which he had hired and ordered to be brought to him early in the morning, was come to the door, he carried down his portmanteau and fastened it on him-

self. As he was mounting, he told the owner of the horse, he did not know whether he should like him or not, as he was a very bad horseman, and asked him what he valued him at, in case he should not suit. The man named the price, and he gave him the money; and then set forward, armed with two loaded pistols, being determined, in case of any exigence, not to be taken alive.

Mr. Bower's plan was to take the by-roads through the Adriatic states into Switzerland; being a distance of 400 miles, before he could get out of the pope's jurisdiction, and with the roads through which, beyond 150 miles from Marcerata, he was perfectly unacquainted.

After traveling ten miles without meeting any body, he found himself at a place where two roads met; the one leading to Loretto, and the other being the road which he proposed going. Here he stood some minutes, in the most profound perplexity. The dreadful alternative appeared now in the strongest view: and he was even yet tempted to quit his darling project, and turn towards Loretto. But finally, collecting all the force of his staggering resolution, he pushed his horse into the contrary road, and at that instant left all his fears behind.

It was in the month of April, when Mr. Bower began his journey. During the first seventeen days, the nature of the roads he was to pursue, amongst mountains, woods, rocks, and precipices, in paths generally no better than a sheep track, and often not so good, prevented his traveling more than 100 miles. When he met any person, which was very seldom, he pretended to have lost his way, and inquired for the high road, to avoid suspicion; for he well knew that so soon as the papers he conveyed, were missing, or that there was any reason to expect his escape, expresses would be dispatched in every direction, and every possible method adopted to secure him. In fact, expresses were sent off, and in a very short time outstripped him above one hundred miles.

During these seventeen days, he supported himself on goat's milk, obtained from the shepherds, with such coarse victuals as he could purchase of the peasants who came for fagots; choosing his place of repose for himself, where there was most shelter and grass for his horse. At the expiration of this period, having fasted nearly three days, he was compelled to strike into the high road, and enter the first house he came to, which happened to be a post house, with only one small room, where gentlemen staid till their horses were changed. He requested the landlady to give him some victuals; but looking about he

~~saw~~ a paper posted up over the door, which contained the most exact and minute description of his own person, offering a reward of the value of 800*l.* for his head. This was sufficiently terrifying, as there were two countrymen in the house. He endeavored to hide his face, by rubbing it with his handkerchief and blowing his nose; and when he got into the room, by looking out of the window. But one of the fellows presently observing, "this gentleman don't care to be known;" Mr. Bower thought there was nothing for it, but to brave it out; so turning to him, he put his handkerchief in his pocket, and said boldly, "you rascal! what do you mean? what have I done that I need fear to be known? look at me, you villain!" The man made no reply, but got up, nodded his head, and winking significantly to his companion, they walked out together. Mr. Bower watched them from the window, but a corner obstructed his view for a few minutes. In a short time he espied them, with three or four others, in close conference. This foreboded no good; not a moment was to be lost. He drew out his pistols; put one in his sleeve, and with the other cocked in his hand, marched into the stable, and without saying a word, mounted his horse and rode off.

Fortunately, the men wanted either presence of mind or courage to attack him; for they certainly recognised him, by the description given in the advertisement. He was again obliged to seek refuge in the woods, where he must soon have been famished, but for the superintendence of Divine Providence. At night, when he was almost fainting, he met with some woodcutters, who supplied him with excellent provisions. He wandered for some time through paths, in which he rendered his horse more assistance than he could derive from him, being obliged to clear the roads and lead him.

As night advanced, he laid himself down in a very disconsolate condition, having no idea where he was, or which way he should turn. When the day began to break, he found he was on a small eminence, where he discovered a town at a distance, which he concluded to be one of considerable extent, from the number of its steeples, spires, &c. Though this gave him some satisfaction, yet it was not unaccompanied with terror, as he knew not what place it was, and might incur much risk by going into the high road to inquire. Nevertheless he advanced as fast as he could, and asking the first person he met, was informed it was Lucern, the residence of the pope's nuncio, to and from whom, all the expresses concerning Mr. Bower must have been dispatched. This road not suiting his views,

he left it the moment his informer was out of sight, and once more betook him to the woods; where he wandered some time longer, oppressed by hunger and cold, and perplexed with uncertainty whither he should go.

One dismal, dark, and wet night, he could neither find shelter, nor ascertain where he was, or what course he should pursue; but after some time, he perceived a light at a very great distance, towards which he attempted to proceed; and with much difficulty discovered a track; but so narrow and uneven, that he was forced to extend one foot before the other in the most cautious manner. With much labor, he reached the place from which he had seen the light; which was a miserable hut. He knocked and called, till some one looked out, and demanded who he was, and what brought him there. Mr. Bower replied that he was a stranger and had lost his way. "Way!" cried the man, "there is no way here to lose!" "Why, where am I?" said Mr. Bower. "In the Canton of Berne!" "In the Canton of Berne? Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Bower, in raptures, "that I am in the Canton of Berne." "Thank God you are!" replied the man, "but for God's sake, how came you here?" Mr. Bower begged that he would come down and open the door, and he would then satisfy him. He did so, and Mr. Bower inquired if he had heard any thing of a person who had lately escaped from the inquisition. "Aye!—heard of him! we have all heard of him! After sending off so many expresses, and so much noise about him, God grant that he may be safe, and keep out of their hands!" Mr. Bower said, "I am the person!" The peasant in a transport of joy clasped him in his arms, kissed him, and ran to call his wife, who came with every expression of pleasure in her countenance; and making one of her best courtesies, kissed his hand. Her husband spoke Italian, (as most of the borderers do,) but she could not; and Mr. Bower not understanding Swiss, she was obliged to make her compliments in pantomime, or by her husband, as her interpreter. Both expressed much concern that they had no better accommodation for him. "If they had a bed for themselves, he should have it; but he should have some clean straw, and what covering they possessed."

The good man hastened to get off Mr. Bower's wet clothes, and wrap something about him till they were dry; and the wife to get ready what victuals they had, which, probably for the first time, they regretted were no better than a little sour crout, (composed of cabbage and curds, salted and put down together in a firkin, and used by the Swiss peasants as their ordinary

food,) and new laid eggs. "A fresh laid egg," Mr. Bower said, "was a novelty"—and no doubt he so esteemed it at the time, and in such company. These eggs were served up with the crout, and he made a comfortable meal; after which he enjoyed what may be properly termed repose, for it was quiet and secure.

As soon as he arose in the morning, the honest Swiss and his wife, (who had been long awake, but would not stir lest they should disturb him,) came to know how he had rested. The good dame was dressed in her holiday clothes. After breakfast the husband set out with him, to direct him the road to Berne, which was at no great distance; previously insisting on returning with him a little way to show him the road he had taken the previous night. Mr. Bower did not much like this. The man perceiving his doubt, reproved him for distrusting that Providence which had so wonderfully preserved him; and soon convinced him that he only wanted to increase his dependence on it for the future, by showing him the danger he had escaped; for he saw that he and his horse had passed a dreadful precipice, where the breadth of the path would scarcely admit a horse, and the very sight of which made him shudder. The peasant accompanied him for several miles, on the road to Berne, until there was no probability of losing his way, and then left him, with a thousand good wishes.

So truly does religion exalt and refine the principles and sentiments, that when Mr. Bower offered to remunerate him, though in such extreme poverty, he obstinately refused to accept any thing, saying, "God forbid! he had his reward in being in any manner instrumental to his safety!" In general, those who possess the protestant religion on the confines of the ecclesiastical state, are remarkably zealous.

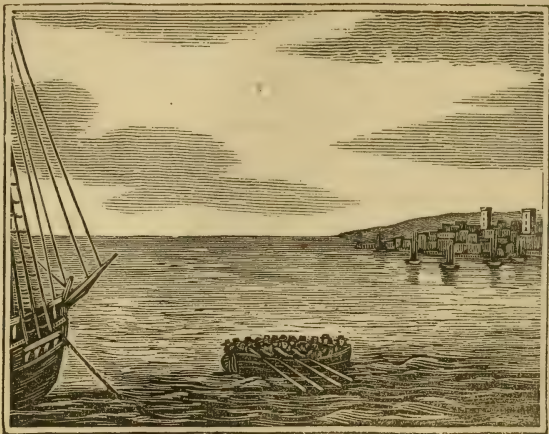
Mr. Bower proceeded towards Berne, at which place he inquired for the minister: to whom he discovered himself, and received from him as hearty a welcome as he had experienced from the honest Swiss, with the addition of more elegant entertainment; but was advised to go forward the next morning to Basle; for though protected from open violence, he was not secure from secret treachery. Basle being situated on the Rhine, a boat sailed at stated times from thence to Holland; which was usually crowded with people of desperate characters, from all parts of the continent, flying from the laws of their respective countries, for theft, murder, and crimes of every description. This conveyance seemed to be the most expeditious mode of getting to England; and the minister gave

Mr. Bower a letter to his friend, the minister at Basle, who received him kindly, and approved of the plan suggested.

During the two days following his arrival, before the sailing of the passage boat, Mr. Bower kept close quarters, and equipped himself in a manner suitable to the company with which he was about to associate, putting his own clothes into his portmanteau; of which, as he was instructed to be particularly careful, he made his seat by day, and his pillow by night. Being obliged to leave his horse, which was endeared to him by the hardships it had shared with him, he was determined to place it in the hands of a good master, and presented it to the minister, who promised it should be rode by no one but himself; and that when it became old and infirm, it should be comfortably maintained. So inseparable are tenderness and humanity, from true greatness of soul, that Mr. Bower shed some tears at parting with his companion and assistant in his difficulties.

Disgusting as he found the company in the boat, he was compelled to regret the necessity of leaving it, in consequence of having sprung a leak, which obliged the master to put in at Strasburgh for repairs, which might detain him a fortnight. To stay there, was impossible: Mr. Bower, therefore, took off the shabby dress, in which he was disguised, at the first inn he saw; and concealing it beneath the bed, stole out with his portmanteau to a tavern, from whence he sent to engage a seat in the stage to Calais. For the first two or three days of his journey, he heard nothing of himself; which induced him to hope that the news of his escape, had not yet reached France: but in this he was disappointed, for as he approached Calais, he found it was the subject of general conversation. On his arrival at Calais, he was introduced into an apartment, in which were two Jesuits, who wore the red cross of the inquisition, and several officers of the police: he instantly hastened to the quay, and inquiring when the packet sailed for England, was informed, not till the Monday following, that day being Friday. Upon this he turned to a fisherman, and asked if he would carry him over in an open boat; but he, as well as others, astonished at the rashness of his designs, refused. He was soon convinced this was a wrong step, for the eyes of every body were fixed upon him, as a person of extraordinary consequence; concluding, that either he had dispatches of the last importance, or was some enormous offender escaping from justice. Every thing seemed to conspire to distress him, and he began to doubt the possibility of reaching his inn, apprehending that every





Bower's Escape from the Inquisition.—Page 63.



Brotherhood of Mercy.—Page 68.

one he met, was about to lay hold of him. When he got there, finding the room where the Jesuits had been, unoccupied, he inquired of the woman, who belonged to the house, what had become of the good company he had left there. "O, sir," said she, "I am sorry to tell you—but they are up stairs, searching your portmanteau!" What course to pursue, he could not determine. By water, he knew he could not escape; and in order to get through the gates, he must pass the guards; who, most probably, were prepared to intercept him. If it were practicable to secrete himself till it was dark, and attempt to scale the walls, he was unacquainted with their height; and if detected, he was ruined.

The dangers he had surmounted, now aggravated the terror of his situation. After weathering so long a storm, to perish within sight of the desired haven, was a most distracting thought. It seemed that a most singular interposition of Providence alone could prevent it. Whilst engaged in these sad reflections, he heard some company laughing and talking very loud; and listening at the door, he found the conversation was in a language he did not understand. Concluding, therefore, that the party was English, he rushed into the room, and recollecting the face of Lord Baltimore, whom he had seen at Rome, he requested the favor of a word in private with his lordship. The surprise occasioned by his sudden appearance, with one pistol cocked in his hand, and another in his sleeve, was increased by Mr. Bower's request, accompanied with his determined air. Lord Baltimore desired he would lay down his pistol, which he did, begging pardon for not having done so before; some of the gentlemen then told him of the other, which he likewise laid down. Lord Baltimore then asked him if he had any other arms about him; and being assured he had not, he directly retired with him into another apartment. On being informed who he was, Lord Baltimore exclaimed, "Mr. Bower, you are undone, and I cannot protect you, they are above, searching your apartment." But a lucky thought fortunately occurring, he instantly returned to his company, and proposed that they should rise up, and taking him in the midst of them, try to cover him, till they got to his lordship's boat; to which the gentlemen immediately assented; and the scheme succeeded; for the boat being very near, they got to it unobserved; and all jumping in, they rowed with four pair of oars to a yacht that lay off the shore about two miles in which the party had come for an excursion, and to drink a bottle of French wine. The wind being fair, they soon reached

Dover, where he was safely landed. Thus happily terminated this extremely dangerous undertaking; proving most strikingly, the truth of that religious proverb, "man's extremity is God's opportunity," and presenting the most comfortable assurances of that special Providence which will not permit a hair to fall from the heads of his servants unnoticed or disregarded.

TOMASO ANELLO, THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES.

OF all the strange events and transactions that have happened in different ages of the world, there are none more extraordinary and surprising than the rise and fall of Masaniello.

Philip IV. of Spain, sensible of the affection of the Neapolitans, resolved to present them with a new donation: but all commodities being already taxed, it was difficult to raise the money; so that they were obliged to lay a gabel (or tax) upon all sorts of fruits that were brought to market; whereby the common sort of people were deprived of their usual nourishment and support, and reduced to the lowest misery and distress. This gabel was collected for several months; at last it grew insupportable, so that many poor wretches, having sold all their household stuff, were obliged to prostitute their daughters to the ministers of the gabels, to gain a short respite: it was to annihilate this dreadful tax that Masaniello started singly, against all the power and influence of Naples, and gained his point, by restoring to the Neapolitans their ancient charter.

Mindon describes him in these words: "A young fellow, about twenty-four years old, happened to live in a corner of a great market-place of Naples, of a sprightly active disposition, pleasant and humorous, of a confident, bold address, and of a middle stature; black eyed, sharp and piercing, his body rather lean than fat, with short cropped hair, and a mariner's cap on his head: he wore long linen slops or drawers, a blue waistcoat, and went barefoot; but he had a daring enterprising countenance, and a good share of stern resolution and rough courage. He got his living by angling for small fish, with a cane, hook and line, and sometimes he bought fish in the market and retailed them. His name was Tomaso Anello, of Amalphi, but vulgarly, and by contraction called Masaniello.

Masaniello's wife was taken by the officers for selling fruit in the streets, that had not paid the gabel, and he was obliged to sell all his goods to pay the fine of one hundred ducats: this struck so deep to the heart of Masaniello, that he determined to do away with so unjust a tax as the gabel; whereupon, on coming home, he found a great number of boys together; he made a speech to them, in which he inveighed bitterly against the cruelty of government, and soon made them of his party. He taught them to go about exclaiming against the injustice of their taxes, and in a few days he had 5,000 of them under his command, all sturdy lads, to whom he gave lessons. On the next market-day they seized all the fruit and distributed it to the mob. This action alarmed the whole city, and all things were in great confusion.

Masaniello was now made commander by the people: whereupon he began to collect arms, and sent to a shopkeeper for some gunpowder, and, on his refusal, ordered his house to be burnt down, which was instantly done.

The viceroy being now alarmed, sent a letter to Masaniello, which he answered, and enclosed his conditions of peace; and they not being complied with, he searched all the houses for arms, and seized several guns out of a ship.

At length an interview took place between the viceroy and Masaniello, when it was granted that the tax should be taken off. At this meeting, Masaniello gave surprising proofs of the obedience of the people to him. "Now," said he to the viceroy, "see how my people obey me." The people had assembled round the viceroy's house, all was tumult and confusion, Masaniello appeared at the balcony, and putting his finger to his mouth, the people were all silent and attentive. He then ordered them to repair home, which they did in the greatest order.

After this negotiation, the people finding themselves without a leader, called on Masaniello to be their conductor and generalissimo, which he accepted. They also appointed Genoino, a priest, to attend his person, as counselor; and they added, as a companion, the celebrated Banditto Perrone. Masaniello, by his behavior, won the affections of all the people.

On the Sunday following the capitulations were signed and ratified in the cathedral church, and, on the next day, Masaniello issued a proclamation, stating the office of generalissimo, which the people had conferred on him, had been confirmed by the viceroy.

It was on a stage in the market-place where Masaniello gave public audiences, clothed in white, like a mariner: he here re-

ceived all petitions, and gave sentences, both civil and criminal. A list of above sixty persons being presented, who had farmed the taxes, and were reported to have enriched themselves with the blood of the people, and consequently deserving to be made examples of, an order was issued that their houses and goods should be burnt, which was done accordingly, and with so much precision, that no one was suffered to carry away the smallest article. Many for stealing trifling articles from the flames were hanged in the public market-place by order of Masaniello.

He was so severe in his judgments, that he had a baker burnt in his own oven, for selling bread lighter than the assize. All his orders were faithfully obeyed, and affixed to the buildings, and subscribed, "*Tomaso Anello d'Amalphi*, head and captain-general of the faithful people of Naples."

But Masaniello, who had hitherto behaved with so much wisdom and kingly authority, became, all on a sudden, delirious, and it is generally supposed he had some intoxicating draught given him. In one of his mad fits, he made two great nobles kiss his feet in the market-place, for not getting out of their carriages when he passed: at length he grew so violently tyrannic, that the people petitioned the viceroy to displace him; but no person was to be found who could take away the life of that man who was the sole cause of restoring their liberties.

Being at Posillippo, he committed such extravagant things that the people were obliged to secure him, and took him to his own house, where they confined him. From hence he made his escape from his guards, and got safe into the church of our Lady of Carmine, where he resigned himself up to the archbishop, who was there singing mass, saying, that he knew the people were tired of him, and that he was willing to die. Just when the archbishop was going to the altar, Masaniello got up into the pulpit, and, taking hold of a crucifix, implored the people not to forsake him; and behaved in so inconsistent a manner, that he was forced out of it. At this moment the men who were appointed by the viceroy to kill him, entered the church; when Masaniello ran to them, saying, "Is it me you want, my people? Behold, here I am!" when the contents of four muskets were fired at him. He instantly dropped down, and had just time to say, "Ah! ungrateful traitors!" and then breathed his last. His head was cut off, placed on a pike, and carried through the streets by the murderers, singing Masaniello is dead! The people did not revenge this foul murder.

The love of a populace may be compared to a broken reed; whoever leans on it is sure of falling. They who once adored him, now saw him dragged through the kennels of the streets, and, at last, thrown into a ditch! But, the next day, some people went and fetched his body, washed it, and carried it on a bier to the cathedral church of Carmine. At the same time, a young man, called Donneruma, went with a company of men armed, and looked for his head in the Corn Ditch, and having found it, took it where its body was, in order to have them joined together. This being done, a meeting of the people was called, and it was resolved to bury Masaniello with great style, which was accordingly done, in all the pomp of a great military commander: an instance of popular inconsistency not to be equalled. In three days Masaniello was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint!

Thus rose and fell Masaniello of Amalphi! the dread of the Spaniards, the avenger of public oppressions, and the savior of his desolate country. All antiquity cannot furnish us with such another example as this: and posterity will hardly believe what height of power this ridiculous sovereign arrived to, who, trampling barefoot on a throne, and wearing a mariner's cap instead of a diadem, in the space of four days raised an army of 150,000 men, and made himself master of one of the most populous cities in the world. His orders were without reply; his decrees without appeal: and the destiny of Naples might be said to depend upon a single motion of his hand!

It has been said that two capuchins foretold, when they saw Masaniello in his cradle, that that child should one day come to be the master of Naples, but that his government should be of a short duration.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MERCY.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

Two or three days after my arrival in Pisa, I was talking in the street with an Italian gentleman, when about thirty fellows came round the corner, walking two and two, not soberly, as pious folks move in procession, but with stout manly strides, and wearing a disguise of so uncouth a fashion, that the moment they caught my eye I muttered a "God bless me!" and asked who they were. They were clothed in black sackcloth from

top to toe, girded round the waist: and the hood not only came over the head, but fell before the face down to the breast, with two small peep-holes for the eyes. Each carried a rosary in his hand, and each at his shoulders bore a black broad-brimmed hat. "*Dio mene guardi! ma chi sono questi?*" My Italian coolly answered, "*La Misericordia.*" Whether, owing to the word *misericordia*, or to their sackcloth and rosaries, or both, or what, I know not, but without further question I set them down in my mind as penitents on their way to some sort of devotion; and very sorry I was they could not be aghast at their own consciences, without wearing so frightful an appearance.

It happened within a week that a house under repair, on the Lung-Arno, fell down, with the exception of the front wall, on the workmen, who had incautiously disturbed the foundation. I was on the opposite side of the river, ignorant of what had occasioned the noise and the dense cloud of dust, till the wind slowly wafted it away, and the mischief was clear before me. Four were buried in the ruins, and a fifth clung to the wall, with his feet upon the window-sill at the second story, whither he had leaped from the room at the moment of the crash. As soon as the panic would allow any one to act, a long ladder, lying before the house, was raised, and the poor fellow slowly moved from his dangerous situation. As he reached the ground in safety, a loud bell in the city tolled once, then stopped, and tolled again, and I heard the crowd about me say, "Hark! there is the bell of the *Misericordia*! they will soon be here!" Those in the neighborhood brought ladders of various sizes, and spades, and pickaxes, to be in readiness. Presently, across the bridge came those black penitents, as I had imagined them, hastening almost at a run, and bearing a litter on their shoulders. The crowd made way for them, and they climbed into the ruins at the back of the house, with the spades and pickaxes. From the moment they came, not a word was spoken; all was hushed, even the sorrowful cries of the relations, waiting for the event. In a short while the Brothers brought out one of the sufferers, insensible and grievously bruised; they placed him in the litter, and bore him to the hospital. By that time a party of soldiers arrived, who kept the crowd back from the front wall, lest that also should fall; while the Brothers, regardless of the danger, still worked on, and indefatigably. I saw three of the buried workmen brought from the ruin and carried to the hospital; the fourth was killed, and they bore away his body on a bier.

After having witnessed this dauntless and persevering conduct on the part of the Brotherhood of Mercy, I was continually

making inquiries about them. I was told it was a very ancient institution, first established in Florence; that the Brothers were very numerous in all the Tuscan cities, and that their duty was to be always ready to succor any person in distress. "Are they priests?" "No; only a certain number of priests are permitted to join them." "Then it is not a religious establishment?" "Not at all; and their charity is so general, that they would render the same assistance to you, a foreigner and a heretic, as to one of their Catholic citizens. They never inquire into creeds; it is enough that a fellow being stands in need of their exertions."

The next time their bell tolled, I hurried from my lodgings to attend them on their errand. They walked very fast, and not a word was spoken. At a sign from their chief, the litter from time to time was changed to different shoulders. I followed them to the further end of the city, on the south side of the Arno, and they stopped before a little chapel, where a poor old woman lay on the steps, with her leg broken. The litter, a covered one, was placed on the ground by her side; then, without a word, but with the utmost attention and gentleness, they placed her within it, and immediately it was raised again on their shoulders. One of the Brothers asked her some questions in a whisper, and she replied that she felt no pain, but was very faint; upon which the covering of the litter was pulled up higher, and as they bore her to the hospital, they stopped two or three times at the turnings of the streets, in order to dispose the covering so as to afford her as much air as possible, and at the same time to shelter her from the sun. Such quiet and unaffected benevolence, such a tender regard for the ease and comfort of this poor woman, showed the Brothers to me in another light; and I was rejoiced to see that their kindness was equal to their heroism. They no longer appeared to me so uncouth; and, as I continued to walk near them, it struck me there was a very benignant expression in a pair of eyes seen through their sackcloth masks. I also observed below their habits, that two of them wore black silk stockings. This rather surprised me; but I learnt that all ranks of persons are enrolled in the Misericordia,—tradesmen, gentlemen, nobles, and the grand duke himself.

Not to detain the reader by particularizing a variety of circumstances under which, both in Pisa and Florence, I have watched the prompt attendance of the Brothers, I proceed to give you a short historical account of the institution. This has been done, and in the highest terms of praise, by the late Professor

Pictet, in the "Bibliothèque Universelle" for 1822; and it appears he was the first traveler who considered them worthy of such notice. Upon reference to several Italian works, especially to that of Placido Landini, I am sorry to observe many inaccuracies in the professor's account. I shall therefore follow those writers who have derived their information directly from the archives of the establishment; adding to them what I have learnt through the kindness of several gentlemen, "Capi di Guardi" to the company.

Those who contend we excel our forefathers in humanity and charity, will be surprised to hear that the Compagnia della Misericordia, the most conspicuous, even in the present day, for those virtues, has existed for nearly six hundred years within the walls of Florence. It was established in 1240; and its origin was extremely curious. At that period of the Republic, when the citizens were acquiring immense profits from the manufacture of woolen cloth, the city-porters were numerous, and usually took their stand round the church of the Baptistery, near the cathedral. In fact, for the most part they lived there; and during the intervals of work, they ate their meals and drank their wine, or played at various games, either on the piazza, or in the sheds erected for their accommodation. One among them, Piero di Luca Boorsi, an old and devout man, was highly scandalized at the cursing and swearing of his companions. Therefore, as their elder, he proposed that he who should hereafter take God's or the Virgin's name in vain, should be mulcted to the amount of a *crazia* (three farthings;) and that the said *crazia* should be dropped through a small hole into a certain box, so that an end might be put to such a vain and sinful conversation. To this the porters agreed, and the difficulty of conquering a bad habit caused the box to be well nigh filled. Piero then reminded them that, for the benefit of their souls, the contents of the box ought to be employed in acts of charity, and made the following proposal: "Let us," said he, "purchase with part of this money six litters, to serve for the six divisions of the city, and let us in turns attend with them. Thus we shall be in readiness to carry to their houses, or to the hospital, all those who may be taken with sudden illness, or who fall from a scaffolding, or otherwise be grievously injured in our streets, and stand in need of their fellow-creatures' assistance; and we will also carry to the churches the bodies of such as may fall down dead, or be slain, or be drowned; and let us agree that for each several journey of this sort, the porters shall receive a *giulio* (sixpence) from the box." This not only met with approbation,

but each individual took an oath to observe it. Their labors began, and they pursued them with so much diligence and charity, (says their chronicler,) that every man in the city greatly applauded these porters, sometimes offering them three *giuli*, as a present, for a single journey; but this the old man, Piero, would not allow, bidding them perform their duty, cheerfully, and without bribes, and to wait for their further reward in eternity.

Such was the commencement of the Misericordia, a society that has never relaxed in its zeal, through so many centuries, and under all the changes of government. Whatever enemy entered Florence, these Brothers and their property were always respected. The French, their last invaders, did more,—they intrusted them with a set of keys to the city-gates, that they might not be impeded in their labors; and Napoleon was preparing to establish a similar institution at Paris, when his own downfall put an end to the scheme.

After Piero's death, the porters were desirous of hiring an apartment, where they might hold the meetings of their new society. For this purpose, as their funds were inefficient, they appealed to their fellow-citizens, and placed at the door of the Baptistery a painting of a dead Christ, with the box at the foot of it, bearing this inscription,—“*Fate elemosine per i poveri infermi e bisognosi della citta.*” It was on a 13th of January, and the people, eager to evince their gratitude, and to encourage them, flocked from all quarters to that church-door, with their alms; and before the day ended, the box could not contain the offerings, so that the money lay heaped on the lid. From this contribution, more than one apartment was purchased, not hired; and the porters continued unweariedly in their works of benevolence, till at the end of a few years the archbishop convened them before him, and blessed them. The benediction was “in honor and glory of the most Holy Virgin, and of St. Peter Martyr, and of St. John the Baptist, and in reverence of St. Tobias, their protector; and masses were ordained, with litanies and prayers, for the souls of all benefactors to the institution.” How agreeable to read of an archbishop's exercising his divinity in the cause of humanity.

The porters would by no means consent to admit the other workmen of the city; upon which the latter formed a separate society of their own. They were afterwards united together, under the title of “*La Compagnia della Misericordia*,” on the 2d of October, 1423, and governed by eight captains, a notary, and a purveyor. It also appears that during the contentions of the Guelfi and Ghibellini, the society experienced a slight divi-

sion, which however soon ceased,—a rivalry in deeds of pure good-will could not but allay the fury of party spirit.

No men ever deserved the gratitude of their country more than these Brothers, for their conduct in the times of the plague. Florence was visited by this scourge no less than eleven times in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. At some of those periods, especially in 1348, as many as six hundred persons died, day after day, within the walls. There is undeniable evidence,* in the archives of the institution, confirming Landini's account of the intrepidity of the Brothers, at every several period when the black banners were unfurled at the "Tribunale di Sanita." They bore the sick to the hospitals, and the dead to the sepulchers; and as they journeyed through the streets, they were preceded by one ringing a bell, warning the people to escape from their approach, lest the infection should be spread by them, while they dared it for the welfare of the community. Notwithstanding their exposure to infection, it appears they suffered in a less degree, proportionably to their numbers, than the more cautious citizens. This is a proof that a sound courage is the best preservative against the plague, as well as against every other species of disease; and it gives me pleasure to add, that when the typhus fever raged in Florence, about eight years ago, not one of the Brothers was attacked by it, though they not only removed the sick from their houses, but in many instances attended them as nurses. As an instance of the grateful feelings of the Florentines, we are told that, after the last severe visitation of the plague in 1633, when it came to the turn of the Misericordia to go to the cathedral and render thanks to God, the populace crowded the streets through which they were to pass, and all the bells in the city were ringing, while from every side and from every window there were shouts of "Viva! viva la Compagnia della Misericordia!"—as if, continues Landini, the health of the citizens, one and all, depended on the charity and diligence of those Brothers.

The company consists of three orders; the first in rank is that of the "Capi di Guardia;" their number is 72, of whom 14 are

* Boccaccio, in the introduction to his Decameron, gives an account of the great plague in 1348, without once alluding to the Society, farther than where he speaks of "lo ajuto d'alcuni portatori," and that without a word of commendation. It must be borne in mind that Boccaccio was making out an exaggerated case of distress; and that it did not suit his purpose to relieve the mournful coloring of his picture, intended, by the force of contrast, to give the tales that followed a higher brilliancy. Indeed, the anecdotes he brings forward, are sometimes in contradiction to each other; and he himself, as in his Life of Dante, appears to have considered fables, provided they are interesting, fully as important as facts.

noble, and 30 are priests, including the grand duke and the archbishop. The second order, called "Giornanti," consists of 20 priests, and 105 laymen; and the third, the "Stracciafogli," of 180, of whom 30 are priests. These, together with the supernumeraries, amount to about 1200. Four "Capi di Guardia" and fifteen "Giornanti" must be in attendance. At the sound of their bell, which can be heard in every part of the city from the top of that beautiful tower designed by Giotto, they never fail in assembling more than a sufficient number of the Brothers. It tolls once for the removal of the sick, twice for a common accident in the streets, and three times for death. A "Stracciafoglio" is promoted to the honors of a "Giornante," and finally to those of a "Capo di Guardia," in recompense for diligent attendance; and negligence is punished by degradation. There are no fines. It costs about six crowns to be enrolled, in which sum is included the purchase of the dress. None are admitted but those of good character, and none who belong to what they term the "arti vili," such as butchers, fishmongers, servants in livery, coachmen, cobblers, sausage-makers, and barbers. We may smile at these exceptions, but let it be remembered we have our own prejudices against surgeons and butchers on a jury; and that while a tailor is but a ninth part of a man in England, he does not so much as appear in the list of "arti vili" in Tuscany.

They hold themselves compelled to attend on any emergency, wherein their offices may be beneficial. Silence and exactness of discipline are strictly enforced on pain of expulsion. They are provided with the apparatus of our English Humane Society. It is their duty to convey the sick to the hospital, or from one house to another, as they may be required. If they are sent for, as it sometimes happens under peculiar circumstances, to attend the beds of the sick, they watch by them night and day, and perform every office of the kindest nurses; and that without respect of persons, for it was not long since that they performed this duty towards a Jew. Should they be witnesses in the houses of the poor, to any painful scene of want, they are permitted to give relief in money out of their own pockets, and this is done to a considerable extent; and they are bound to make a report of the poverty of a sick person, when he is assisted by the company from a fund raised by some of the Brothers, who undertake to go about the city, always in their usual disguise, with a box to crave alms for the sick poor. As these alms are divided weekly, and with a certainty against deception, a Florentine, or the stranger within his gates, inclined to be charitable, knows where to lodge his money to the best purpose.

For so many benefits to the public, such constancy, such toil, the rewards, beyond the honor of the Brotherhood, are small. When sick, provided he is a "Capo di Guardia," the stipend is six livres a week; if a "Giornante," only four; and he is visited by their own physician. Those of the third order have no claim in case of illness; but all are buried at the expense of the company, and they possess a burial ground for themselves, bestowed on them by the government. Their physician has fourteen crowns a year, their secretary sixteen—little more than honorary salaries; but their actual servants, whose time is fully employed, have sufficient wages for their support. There is also a small dower, should it be demanded, of ten crowns, granted to the daughters of such as have acted for a certain time as nurses to the sick. It is prohibited that the Brothers should receive any thing, on their own account, from the public, with the single exception of a draught of water.

In answer to my inquiries respecting their funds, I learned that they have enough, but are by no means rich. Their property lies in land and houses.

An abuse, of an aristocratical nature, has crept into the institution since the days of the Republic; nobles are made "Capi di Guardia," without earning the dignity by diligence. Leopold the First frequently slipped on his sackcloth, and bore the litter in his turn among the Brothers. His son, the late Ferdinand, and the present Leopold, never paid the company that personal respect. When Leopold the First became Emperor of Germany, he endeavored to establish the *Misericordia* at Vienna, without success. "*La Compagnia della Consolazione*," at Rome, is rather a company of guardians and attendants to a hospital; and among the imitations of the *Misericordia* in other parts of Italy, its best spirit is lost, while in all the principal towns of Tuscany it exists in the full force of the original in Florence. Tuscans have more humanity, in all the relations of life, than their neighbors; and in any urgent case, when the delay of a few minutes might be fatal, instead of waiting for the Brotherhood, they render every assistance at the moment. As an instance of this, it was but a few days since that two men nearly lost their lives in saving a girl who had thrown herself into the Arno. Whether a society of the Brotherhood of Mercy is necessary in London, or whether it could be established there, are questions not easy to determine. In the first place, Englishmen might object to the disguise, which is necessary to prevent the recognition of friends that would obstruct them in their duty; as well as for the sake of separating every thing

tending to personal vanity from the pure benevolent feeling. No thanks are here due except to the society in a body. There are no anniversary dinners, no toasts and sentiments with three times three, no blazing accounts in the newspapers of their activity, heroism, and charity. All goes on quietly, modestly. The Brothers know how much they are beloved, and are content without a display of their influence. Every mark of respect is however paid to them; the military present arms, and individuals take off their hats, whenever they pass the streets.

PRESERVATION OF GUSTAVUS VASA, KING OF SWEDEN.

AFTER the death of Steno, the administrator, and the bosom friend of Gustavus, and the consequent murder of the senate, and a price being set on his own head, the future deliverer of Sweden retired to the mountains of Dalecarlia, hoping he might hide himself in the woods with which that country is covered, and imagining that it would not be difficult to stimulate the inhabitants to revolt against the tyrant Christiern, as they had always shown themselves averse to the Danish yoke. At that time there was not one good town in the whole province, and hardly any thing but small villages situated on the border of the forests, or on the banks of lakes and rivers. Some of these villages depended on the noblemen of the country, but most belonged to the crown, and were governed by the peasants themselves; the elders supplying the places of judges and captains. The national government durst not send either troops or garrisons into this province; nor did the kings themselves ever enter it in a legal manner, till they had given pledge to the mountaineers to retain their privileges. On these independent people, therefore, Gustavus placed a firm confidence.

Disguising himself as a peasant, he set forth on his way to Dalecarlia, accompanied by a boor, who was to be his guide. He crossed over the whole country of Sudermania, then passed between Mericia and Westmonia, and after the fatigues of a long and dangerous journey, arrived safe among the mountains. He had no sooner entered the province, than he was abandoned by his guide, who absconded, robbing him of all the money he had provided for his subsistence. He wandered up and down amongst these dreadful deserts, destitute of friends and money, nor daring to own that he was even a gentleman. At length the inhabit-

ants, then hardly more civilized than savages, proposed to him to work for his livelihood. To conceal himself from discovery, and to support nature, he accordingly hired himself to labor in the mines at Fahlun, and for a long course of time did he toil in these caverns, and breathe as his common element the air, one respiration of which seemed to bring me the summons of death.

Near Fahlun, on a little hill, stands a very ancient habitation, of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consists of a long barn-like structure formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country. The following are the circumstances alluded to; and most of them were communicated to me under the very roof.

Gustavus, having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, and after being narrowly betrayed by a Swedish nobleman, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited, by a person of the name of Pearson (or Peterson) whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship; nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honors. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus, than that prince was for himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last found a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country, and endeavored by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Pearson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity; he named the gentlemen and the leading persons among the peasants whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design in execution.

It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious

cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this son of Judas resolve to sacrifice his honor to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christiern's officers, commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed his treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believing himself to be under the protection of a friend, (shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!) he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. "It will be an easy matter," said he, "for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus."

Accordingly, the officer, at the head of a party of soldiers, marched directly to the place. The men invested the house,* while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in King Christiern's name, to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed color; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, "If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of these soldiers may readily sieze him, as he has no arms with him."

The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner; and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that mo-

* So strongly was I impressed with the history of this great prince, even more invincible in mind than in arms, that I looked on the house which had once sheltered him, and in which female nobleness had also shone so conspicuously, with a kind of holy veneration. We entered this interesting place attended by an old woman, who lives in an adjoining house, for the purpose of showing strangers this relic of antiquity. The room in which Gustavus slept, with his very bed, is most sacredly preserved. The hero's couch is a huge unwieldy square frame, of common fir, with a straw mattress: he had no softer pillow. The present proprietor, a descendant from the fair patriot guards these remains with scrupulous care. Of the authenticity of the adventure no doubt can exist; I had it from the first authority.

ment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice: "Unmannerly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officer in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!" As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side-door, "there, get into the scullery," cried she, "its the fittest place for such company!" and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. "Sure," added she, in a great heat, "never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!"

The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account: but she, affecting great reverence for the king and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlor while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied; perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back passage, conducted him in a moment to an out-house, which projecting from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fisher's boats lay, she lowered him down a convenient aperture; and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence.

While he made his way to a boat, unmoored it, and rowed swiftly towards the isles, so hiding himself and his course amongst their mazes; the lady returned to the Dane, laden with provisions, and amused him by a well-spread table, till the soldiers brought back the disappointing intelligence that their search had been fruitless. The observations of the officer, and his new directions, soon apprized the heroic woman of the villainess of her husband; and therefore when he appeared, which was shortly afterwards, even to him she kept true her first statement, that, Gustavus had gone out into the wood. The circumstance of the chastised servant seemed so insignificant to the officer, that, as it had occasioned in him no suspicion, he never mentioned it. And as guilt easily believes itself suspected, Pearson acknowledged with vexation to the Dane, that he had no doubt Gustavus had suspected his design, being aware, notwithstanding their mutual friendship, of his impregnable fidelity to Christiern (*measureless liar!*) and had accordingly taken the opportunity of his absence, to escape. As none were in the lady's confidence, the new retreat of Gustavus remained undiscovered, till assisted by the good curate, and other friends to liberty, he appeared openly at the head of the brave Dalecarlians, and gave his country freedom. *R. K. Porter's Travels in Sweden and Russia*



Gustavus Vasa.—Page 78.

“As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength.”



Attacking the Vaudois.—Page 84.

BRAVERY AND SUFFERINGS OF THE VAUDOIS, (WALDENSES.)

THE following account is selected from a very interesting volume, entitled, "The glorious Recovery, by the Vaudois, of their Valleys, from the original, by Henry Arnaud, their Commander and Pastor; with a compendious History of that People. By Hugh Dyke Acland." In the preface by the editor, a striking resemblance is marked between the exertions of the Vaudois, and those of the Jews under the Maccabees. In the introductory history, we have an account of those cruel persecutions by the Church of Rome, to which the inhabitants of the valleys of Piedmont were subjected. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, the first persecution occurred, of which their historians have given a very detailed account. The inhabitants in the valley of Prajelas were furiously attacked in the depth of winter; and such as escaped the general massacre became victims to the inclemency of the weather, on the lofty mountains to which they fled. Sir Samuel Moreland mentions, that in one morning, eighty mothers with their children were found frozen in the snow.

After being driven from the valleys by their enemies, they formed the resolution of recovering them; and the following extracts contain a few of the many specimens of those severe sufferings to which they were subjected,—of the singular interpositions of Providence in their favor, which they experienced, and the prodigies of valor which they displayed. Both the French and the Duke of Savoy's troops were opposed to them.

Their escape from the French at Rodoret.

In the mean time, the French were constantly approaching; and the detachments ordered to harass them in their march found that they could no longer resist so great a superiority of numbers. Retreating with difficulty among the rocks, they joined the main body one evening at Rodoret, while the French, who had taken possession of Salsa, were at a distance of only three leagues over one small mountain. As it was clear that Rodoret was no longer tenable, a council of war was called in the night.

The danger of the Vaudois, at this moment, may be conceived from the necessity of having a guard on the Collet, the mountain between Salsa and Rodoret, to prevent a surprise during this nocturnal deliberation.

Much diversity of opinion arose among the deliberators. Some recommended a retreat into the neighborhood of Bobi,

and others on the side of Angrogna. Neither party was inclined to adopt the opinion of the other; and in adhering each to his own course, both were on the point of rushing to destruction.

Mons. Arnaud now came forward, and said that, in such distress they ought to have recourse to God. Prayers were immediately and unanimously offered up. Mons. Arnaud then urged on them the absolute necessity of union, and pointed out that neither of the plans proposed was advisable, as the Aiguille, a position necessary in each case, was in the hands of the enemy. He then proposed the Balsi as the post, the occupation of which offered the most advantages. This proposal was instantly agreed to, and as quickly acted upon.

It was, however, deemed expedient to heighten the entrenchments, on the side by which the enemy would approach Rodoret, in order to deceive him into the idea that the Vaudois were still there, and determined on a desperate resistance. This was done in order to gain time on the following morning.

A great part of the night having been thus occupied, the Vaudois commenced their march about two hours before daylight; and so intense was the darkness, that, in order to be seen, the guides wore the whitest linen over their shoulders. As Salsa was, of course, to be avoided, their road lay necessarily among frightful precipices; so that they were constantly obliged to creep on their hands and feet. The confusion consequent on such difficulties offered an opportunity for the remaining hostages to escape, as well it might, when every man had enough to do in taking care of his own neck. Those who have not seen such places can form no notion of the danger, and those who have may be inclined to discredit this statement. It is, nevertheless, perfectly true; and, moreover, many who performed this dangerous exploit, have since visited the scene by day, and were struck with horror at the recollection that they passed in darkness over spots which they never would have traversed in light.

At last they arrived at the Balsi, and took up the position which was called the Castle, in the unalterable resolution to await their enemies with firmness, and no longer encounter the fatigue of running from mountain to mountain.

In order to maintain this post the more successfully, they immediately commenced a regular process of entrenchment. Covert ways and walls were constructed, and cabins, to the number of eighty, were dug in the ground, and surrounded with drains. The walls were such as the soil would permit them to make, and backed by a ditch which might assist the defending party in case of a breach. They were seventeen in number,

one above the other; so that when driven from one, they might retreat behind the next; and thus the enemy be compelled to a succession of attacks of the same dangerous nature, even to the summit of the mountain. A guard was mounted every evening, to protect the bridge, the mill, and the entrance of the path to the Balsi. The mill, indeed, was at first of no service, for there was no grinding-stone to it. But two of the Vaudois, natives of the village of Balsi, mentioned that they had thrown it, more than three years before, into the river, saying, at the same time, "that the day may arrive when it will be useful." It was soon recovered from the bed of the Germanesque, and restored to its ancient place, where it performed its proper office during the whole time that the Vaudois maintained themselves in the Balsi. They had another mill at Macelle, half a league from their quarters; but the road to it was exposed; it was not, therefore, so much used as the other; yet as one was not altogether sufficient, some persons would run all risks in frequenting it.

When the enemy arrived at Rodoret, the morning after the nocturnal flight of the Vaudois, he was in no small astonishment at their absence. The French, under the command of Mons. de l'Ombraile, could not conceive where, nor how, those people had retreated with their ammunition, who had left, as a mark of their late presence, so much bread, wine, chestnuts, and other provisions. They presumed, however, that they should find our little band at Prali, and immediately marched thither. Again disappointed, they remained there some days, and then proceeded to occupy the principal posts in the valley of St. Martin, while the duke's forces, according to a concerted plan, took possession of the Col du Julien; and thus cut off all communication with the valley of Lucerne.

"Mons. de Catinat, lieutenant-general in the French army, on his return into Piedmont, received orders for the extermination of the Vaudois, with an implied expectation that he would succeed better than Mons. de l'Ombraile, with whose conduct his court was far from satisfied.

"The recent snows were an obstacle to this purpose, which however, at the beginning of May, the lieutenant-general could no longer defer, on account of his other duties.

"Having resolved on making the attempt, he determined to surround the Vaudois, so that he might annihilate them at one effort.

"With this view he reconnoitered the position occupied by these people, who are also called Barbets.

"He found it was situated in the valley of St. Martin, bearing

the name of the Balsi, near the foot of a line of mountain projecting between the Guignevert, the highest of these alps, on one side, and the Col du Pis on the other.

"The access to this spot appeared almost impracticable, as it rises in the shape of a cone, and is broken towards the top into distinct rocky points, which serve the purposes of so many forts, the natural strength of which had been increased by intrenchments.

"Mons. de Catinat, however, undertook to make himself master both of the Balsi and the Fortin, for the capture of the one without the other would have been useless, as a secure retreat would still have remained for the Vaudois.

"In order that the force should be amply sufficient, Mons. de Catinat ordered on the attack, the regiments of the Bourbon, Vexin, Cambresis, Artois, Lasarre, and Duplessis, with the dragoons of Languedoc, and four hundred Savoyards, furnished by the duke, under the command of Mons. de Rouanette.

"They were disposed in the following order:

"The regiments of Cambresis, Vexin, and Duplessis, with the Savoyards, were to attack the Fortin, which communicates with the Balsi by the series of rocky points already mentioned. Mons. de Catinat put himself at the head of the regiments of Bourbon, Artois, and Lasarre, and the dragoons of Languedoc, to carry the Balsi.

"In order to insure success against the Fortin, it was thought necessary to obtain possession of the heights on either side, viz. the Guignevert on the left, and the Col du Pis on the right. The regiment of Cambresis, with the Savoyards, took to the left, and that of Duplessis to the right. It was with the greatest difficulty that the ascent of the Guignevert was effected. The intention was to reach the summit on the morning of the second day, and then to make a simultaneous attack. But the fear of the insurmountable difficulties generally produced by night on the side of so precipitous a mountain, induced those employed on this service to make every effort to gain the summit on the first day. Three long leagues of the ascent lay over ground of such a nature that the soldiers could not look back without being giddy; the snow also was so deep that the assistance of the pioneers was at all times necessary. They at length fortunately gained the summit before dark: fortunately, it is said, for immediately on their arrival there came on so heavy a snow-storm, and so thick a fog, that had they been still on their march, they would infallibly have perished among the precipices.

"The idea of this escape was their only consolation in spend

ing a night on the top of a frightful mountain, without water, wood, or tents, amidst wind, snow, and hail, which never ceased. Thus, on the following morning, the regiment of Cambresis and the Savoyards were seen in possession of the Guignevert, while those of Vexin and Duplessis occupied the Col du Pis.

"The two latter were three leagues in advance of Cambresis, and two at least in advance of the Savoyards, who had received orders to take possession of the Pelvou, another horrible mountain, as the only passage by which the Vaudois could escape when they should be driven from their hold. This latter event, however, it was soon perceived was much farther off than had been expected.

"Vexin and Duplessis formed, at ten o'clock, in two columns for the attack. For the space of an hour they advanced in good order and abreast; but at the end of that time, the left column was obliged to remount and join the right, finding progress impracticable in its own line.

"Having surmounted incredible difficulties, they at last arrived at the edge of a rock so abrupt that they dared not descend it. At the bottom of this, and at the distance of a musket-shot, was the Fortin, the intervening space, between which and the rock, was intersected by three strong entrenchments. The pioneers were ordered into the front, and occupied three hours in rendering the approach practicable. This being done, the period had arrived when we thought ourselves secure of the Vaudois.

"At this instant a fog so dense, and a storm so horrible arose, that a large part of the regiments, including myself and several officers, who had often witnessed the same accidents, at equally critical moments, were convinced that heaven took a visible interest in the preservation of this little people. This circumstance now declared in their favor, as the attack was immediately abandoned; both French and Savoyards expecting to be swallowed up in the ravines and lavanges. In fact a retreat was effected by them almost by miracle, across frightful precipices, leaping from rock to rock during three hours, and sometimes up to the arms in snow for half an hour together.

"In the attack below on the Balsi, the French met with worse success; for hardships and fright were the only penalties in the one case, but in the other these served only as appendages to ruin and slaughter.

"On hearing the firing from above, which was to serve as a signal for the attack on his side, Mons. de Catinat ordered the grenadiers of Lasarre, Bourbon, and Artois, in front.

"Notwithstanding the extreme strength of the Balsi, there is

an approach of about two hundred paces, though so steep and uneven that it is difficult to stand on. The difficulty of ascending under a tremendous fire may be conceived. The French, however, effected this with their customary gallantry, without being alarmed at the heavy fall of dead and wounded comrades, over whom they had to march. But when they were so close to the palisades as to lay hold of them, showers of stones were hurled on them, which, in addition to the injury they inflicted, blockaded up the little room which was left for passing.

"The assailants were compelled to abandon their enterprise, which they did with their usual precipitation, when once overtaken by fear. The Vaudois now made a terrible carnage, killing two hundred of our soldiers, besides about twenty officers. The Marquis de Brae, colonel of Lasarre, was wounded, but not dangerously, and Mons. de Parat, lieutenant-colonel of Artois, was wounded and made prisoner. He had advanced too far in front, by way of atonement for taking up his position too late. Two sergeants, worthy of immortal praise, failing in an attempt to carry him off, remained with him, preferring every danger to the desertion of their officer. The Vaudois, contrary to their custom, have treated the lieutenant-colonel well: they have allowed a surgeon to go to his assistance, and his servant to wait on him. This throws doubt on a subsequent report that they destroyed the sergeants, whose fidelity, doubtless, deserved a better fate.

"Such is the result of this famous attack, so long projected, and which was to have ended in the destruction of all the Barbets, who would have been hung before the expiration of six hours. An opposite effect has been produced: for so inflated are these people by their success, that they have presumed to make a sortie on our rear-guard, in which they effected some slaughter during our retreat from the mountain. It is said that about twenty of them fell by an ambuscade; but this does not seem likely."

Mons. de Feuquieres finding the continual fire of musketry had no other effect than to waste powder and ball, completed the batteries which had been commenced on the Guignevert. He then planted afresh a white flag, which was immediately replaced by a red one; thus intimating that when the batteries had once been opened, no quarter was to be expected; and when he found that even these extremities did not shake the constancy of the Vaudois, he ordered every thing to be ready for a general assault.

Before daybreak, on the 13th of May, a body of the enemy

had taken up a position on the higher part of the torrent, under cover of the rocks, but were exposed to a continual skirmish, which did not cease till night, when the position was given up. Another party, however, succeeded in constructing parapets on a point which commanded the highest outpost of the Vaudois; whence they threw hand-grenades, which only wounded one soldier. In the mean time, the cannon played briskly on a sort of ravelin, which, being composed of nothing but dry wall, was quickly knocked to pieces.

The 14th of May was the day appointed for the grand attack; and although Messieurs de Catinat and de l'Ombraile had boasted that the Vaudois should be subdued without the expense of a single pound of powder, yet the battery never ceased to play from daybreak till noon; when the walls of the Vaudois, made only to resist musketry, were in a state of utter destruction. As soon as the enemy perceived the effect of their cannon, they determined on making the assault in three separate parties. The efforts of the Vaudois to repel them were in vain. An overwhelming force continued to advance, in spite of a heavy fire and continued showers of stones. The Vaudois were compelled to desert the Castle, and retreat to an intrenchment called the Cheval la Bruxe; in doing which they were exposed to the fire of a redoubt which had been raised above the torrent, the effect of which was fortunately neutralized by a fog. They were obliged to inform Mons. de Parat, (one of the hostages,) that if they were again forced, his end was inevitable. He replied, "I forgive you my death;" and, being shortly afterwards abandoned by his guard, he was shot in the head by one of the rear of the fugitives. Some sick and wounded soldiers, and one who rashly returned to take possession of Mons. de Parat's effects, were made prisoners. The means of escape now alone occupied the thoughts of the Vaudois; but, even here, the difficulties appeared insuperable. They were surrounded on every side by the enemy, who stationed guards over all the passes, and kept up so large fires as to diminish the darkness of night; the duration of which, was, in any event, insufficient for the purpose.

At this moment, when death was staring them in the face, the hand of God was once more apparent in their assistance, by enveloping them in the darkness of a mist, which enabled them, with a native of Balsa for their guide, to attempt their escape undiscovered.

Having accurately examined, by the light of the fires, the position of each guard, Captain Poulat, the guide alluded to, offered to conduct them down a ravine full of frightful precipices

Sliding on their backs, and holding on by the bushes, they followed their conductor, who first felt with his hands and feet for spots which could be rested on with safety. They all followed his example, without shoes, alike for sake of silence and security of footing.

In this manner they passed close to one of the enemy's picquets, which was at that moment going the rounds. At the same instant, a soldier, who had a kettle with him, was obliged to use both hands to save himself from falling. The kettle tumbled over the rocks, and alarmed a French sentry, who immediately challenged with a "qui vive." But the kettle, by good fortune, was not of that poetical family which are reported to have spoken and delivered oracles in the forest of Dodona. It gave no answer, therefore, and the sentry continued his rounds without repeating his "qui vive." The Vaudois proceeded silently on their flight, and two hours after daybreak were discovered, as they were ascending the Guignevert by steps which they cut in the snow, by a party of the enemy stationed on the Balsi.

As the capture of the besieged, not of the Balsi, was the sole end which Mons. de Feuquieres had in view, and as he hoped by this means to contrast his own success to the recent failure of Mons. de Catinat, his disappointment may be conceived, when, on entering the last intrenchment, he found nothing but poor and empty barracks, and the naked points of rocks; which, from their number and shape, have given rise to the name of "the Mountain of Four Teeth."

The following short account of the escape of the Vaudois appeared at Turin:

"The French have driven the Huguenots from their forts, who fled the night after their intrenchments were destroyed by the cannon. They defiled between two divisions, over places so steep that no guard had been appointed to watch them, it being thought impossible for men to pass over them. They served one another for bridges, and have since appeared in the valley of Luzerne. The lieutenant-colonel was found recently put to death."

The disappointment of the French was imbibed by the fact, that the day before the attack, they had proclaimed, with the sound of the trumpet, that all who wished to witness the end of the Vaudois should come to Pignerol on the morrow, where the Vaudois would be hung two by two: but, alas! this promised spectacle was changed to the mortifying one of the arrival of many wagons full of their own wounded.

Let us now return to our fugitives, who had lost in this affair

six killed, besides the wounded. One of the former, Jacques Peyran, was, in the first instance, taken alive, and then burnt over a slow fire, by order of Mons. de Feuquieres, for the purpose of making him discover the direction in which the Vaudois intended to retreat.

As soon as they were discovered on the Guignevert, a strong detachment was dispatched in pursuit of them. They descended, however to the neighborhood of Salsa, where they halted to recruit themselves, as they did also at Rodoret. As they left the latter place to ascend the Galmon, the enemy appeared in sight. They passed in review on the summit of that mountain, and sent the sick and wounded to Balma, at the head of the valley of Rodoret, under the care of Mons. de Parat's surgeon; such as were most slightly wounded acting as guards. They then descended rapidly in the direction of Prali, and gained the wood of Serrelemi, with the intention of concealing themselves till night-fall; a fog, however, arising, they took advantage of it to continue their march, and mounted to some huts called La Majere, which their fatigue prevented them from reaching till night, though the distance was only a quarter of a league. Here they could find no water; but Heaven, as though in compassion for them, sent an abundant rain, which in this instance was a source of much relief to them as it had often been of inconvenience.

The following morning, having carefully extinguished their fires, lest they should betray them to the enemy's sentries on the Galmon, they continued their rout to Prajet, where they halted to offer up prayers. Some scouts, who had been sent to observe the motions of the enemy, reported his advance in their immediate direction. The mists, which seemed appointed for their assistance, again favored their flight.

During the intervals of clear weather, the Vaudois couched upon the ground, till intervening heights concealed them from those of the Serre du Galmon.

They now entered a country replete with difficulties, and having passed by the White Rock, descended, at midnight, to Fayet, overwhelmed with fatigue; having traversed passes, where it was frequently necessary to support themselves by the branches of trees hanging over the precipices which opposed their progress.

On the morning of the 17th, as soon as they reached Riouclaret, they discovered that the enemy was on their track. They then bent in the direction of Angrogna, with a view of obtaining provisions. As they passed near Pramol, they received informa-

ation of a large quantity of cattle. They separated into three detachments; and while one secured the cattle which had descended to the village of Rua, the other two attacked a party of the enemy which was intrenched in the cemetery of the church. The intrenchments were immediately carried; and Mons. de Vignaux, who commanded, was made prisoner, with three lieutenants, who were wounded. Mons. de Vignaux, when he surrendered his sword to Mons. Arnaud, showed him an order, by which he was expressly forbidden to abandon that post, and informed him, at the same time, that his royal highness was called on to determine, before the following Tuesday, whether he would embrace the side of France or the allies.

In addition to the prisoners mentioned, the enemy lost fifty-seven dead on the field in this action, and had the mortification to see the village burnt. The Vaudois lost three killed and three wounded, besides a woman, who met her fate in attempting to light some straw, in order to smoke the enemy out of the church.

After this affair, the Vaudois descended to the village of Humiau, about half a league off.

On the next day, Sunday, while foraging on the mountain of Angrogna, they were joyfully surprised by the sight of the Sieurs Parander and Bertin, as envoys of Mons. le Baron de Palavicin, to announce to them the offer of peace from his royal highness. This offer was attended with an immediate supply of provisions. On descending to the Pra del Tor, they were met by two other messengers from Mons. de Chevalier de Vercillis, who expressed a wish on his part to communicate with some of their officers. An answer was immediately returned, that if he would come to the place where they then were, some of their people should meet him.

This opportunity was taken to request Mons. de Palavicin to send a surgeon, to dress the wounds of the three lieutenants who had been made prisoners at Pramol.

In the joyful expectation of perfect peace with their sovereign, the Vaudois encamped, on the 19th of May, on the alp of la Buffe; they were disappointed, however, by Mons. le Chevalier de Vercillis, who did not keep his appointment.

The booty, consisting of cows, sheep, and goats, was divided, and part sold, the produce being divided among the soldiers.

The surgeon, whose attendance Mons. de Vignaux had required, now arrived, and after having dressed the wounded, wished to return; but he was given to understand that he must remain, according to an agreement with the other officers, until

the latter were exchanged against those Vaudois whose liberty had been demanded as the price of Mons. de Parat's ransom.

They now remained till the 24th without bread ; during which time a Vaudois shot a partridge with a single ball, which, being dressed on a stone, was presented to the four captured officers.

Just as they were beginning to despair for want of bread, the Sieurs Parander and Bertin re-appeared, and required forty or fifty men to attend them to the farm of Mons. Gautier, brother-in-law to Mons. Arnaud, where this necessary article would be given to them.

Mons. Arnaud immediately ordered a detachment, under the command of two captains, on this acceptable service. But as the Vaudois were not yet relieved from the suspicions which had, by a long course of treachery, been made inherent in them, orders were given that five men only should enter in the first place, and make a thorough search, while the remainder acted as a guard without ; that ten, and then a greater number, should follow, till all the bread was removed.

The French, who were now the only enemies of the Vaudois, sent a detachment to take up a position below the Pra de Tor, and another to occupy the Vendelin, a mountain above the town of La Tour. The Vaudois also formed into two detachments to observe those of the enemy. In a skirmish in the neighborhood of La Tour, the French suffered a partial loss, but on the Vendelin the affair assumed a much more serious tone. The French having occupied one height, the Vaudois took possession of another, and leaving a dozen musketeers to amuse the enemy, by occasional discharges, took advantage of a fog, to surprise him in the rear ; which they did so effectually, as to put the whole detachment to the sword, excepting twelve, who, rolling themselves over the snow into the valley, escaped, mutilated and disarmed, and carried the news of the defeat to Pignerol. The two detachments of the Vaudois now united and ascended higher among the mountains, intending to halt at the Jasses ; but finding themselves observed by another body of the French, and impeded by the wounded, especially the prisoners, they halted at Balmadaut.

On the following day, as they were eating violet soup and wild sorrel, they perceived the enemy approaching : they were engaged the whole of this day in different places, for the French, enraged at having missed them at the Balsi, had detached forces on every side in order eventually to exterminate them.

Mons. de Clerembaut, colonel of the regiment of that name, ignorant of the truce between the duke and the Vaudois, march-

ed with a party into La Tour, where he was not a little surprised at finding himself taken prisoner, and, as such, conducted to his royal highness.

Four or five days now elapsed without any event, at the end of which the Vaudois had the consolation to receive a letter written by the Baron de Palavacin to the governor of Mirabouc, commanding him to permit the Vaudois to pass and repass at their pleasure. They were also rejoiced by the return of some parties whom they had given up for lost, especially one of sixty men which, as has been mentioned, had left the Balsi during the siege, to meet a promised reinforcement in the valley of Perouse.

This detachment, after concealing itself during several days, and marching only by night, was on the point of returning to the Balsi, when it received the news of its fall. It retreated among the woods, and compelled the peasants to furnish subsistence by the threat of burning their villages, a penalty which had been actually inflicted on Bourset. Among those who were now restored to their countrymen was a private, still living, whose adventures deserve to be related.

He was slightly wounded in the thigh, and being in want of dressings, had leave to accompany three men who were sent into the valley of Perouse to obtain provisions. The Clusone, then full and rapid, was to be forded; this was safely done by the other three; but the wounded man, on approaching the middle of the torrent, found himself unequal to stem it. He returned to the bank he had left and was totally destitute. For seventeen days he concealed himself, and dragged himself from bush to bush, and from rock to rock, during as many nights.

In the mean time, he healed his wound simply by washing it, a cure partly occasioned by his living on violets and other raw herbs.

In this famished state he raised two wolves' cubs; hunger stimulated him to the chase, and he had the good fortune to strike one of them down with a stick. He immediately devoured part of it raw, and would have eaten the rest had he not been thus sufficiently refreshed to gain Bobi, where he brought the cub's head with him. Thus the expression of the Sieur Banqui, syndic of Luzerne, on occasion of the defeat of the soldiers at Vachere, during the massacre of 1655, was literally verified. It is thus related by Leger. On seeing the quantity of dead and wounded that were brought in, the syndic observed, "*Altre volte li lupi mangiavano li barbetti, ma il tempo e venuto che li barbetti mangiano i lupi.*" "Formerly the wolves ate the dogs, but the time is come when the dogs eat the wolves."

From the statements of some of the wanderers, it appeared that the force brought against the Balsi in the last attack, amounted to twelve thousand regulars, and one thousand four hundred peasants.

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON.

THE year 1665 is memorable in London from the direful ravages of the great plague, which first broke out at a house in Long Acre, near Drury Lane, in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields, whither goods had been imported from the Levant.

On the first rumor, therefore, of the plague having broken out in Long Acre, about the beginning of December, and that two persons, said to be Frenchmen, had died of it in one house, the secretary of state ordered the bodies to be inspected by two physicians and a surgeon; and on their report, it was inserted in the weekly bill of mortality, that two persons were dead of this disorder. This occasioned considerable alarm throughout the metropolis; and the death of another man of the plague in the same house where it had first appeared, in the last week of December, increased the apprehensions that were already entertained.

The prevalence of a frost, attended by winds, checked the mortality till the months of April and May, when a gradual increase of deaths by the plague was returned in the bills, and particularly within the parish of St. Giles. During the last two weeks of May, and the first week of June, the disorder spread in a dreadful manner: whole streets were infested with it, and, though many arts were employed to conceal its ravages, apprehension and dismay spread over the metropolis. In the second week in June, the deaths greatly increased: in St. Giles's parish, where its strength yet lay, about one hundred died of the plague; but, within the city walls, only four were enumerated.

About this time his majesty, with his whole court, departed for Oxford, where they continued till after Christmas: leaving the chief weight and direction of the capital, in this most calamitous era, to the Duke of Albemarle, and Sir John Lawrence, *London's generous Mayor.*"

In June and July the infection spread rapidly, and consternation and horror dwelt in every bosom. All whose circumstances or duties would permit, quitted the metropolis, and the roads were thronged with multitudes hastening from the scene

of death. From the parishes of St. Giles, Westminster, St. Martin, and St. Andrew, the disorder passed eastward on the outskirts of the city to Clerkenwell, Cripplegate, and Shoreditch; where the crowded habitations of the poor and laboring classes offered a full prey to its ravages.

During the month of August, the infection greatly extended its ravages, and, though every precaution that prudence and skill could suggest, was taken to prevent its spreading, it now began to rage with considerable violence, even within the city itself. All trade, but for the immediate necessities of life, was at an end; the streets were deserted of passengers, every place of diversion was closed, and assemblies of whatever kind, except for the celebration of prayer and divine worship, were strictly prohibited.

In the last week of August, that is, from the twenty-second to the twenty-ninth, and whilst the city was as yet comparatively free, the number of deaths by the plague was recorded in the bills at 7496. It should be remembered too, that this was at a time when nearly 200,000 persons are thought to have previously quitted the metropolis. The dead augmented beyond the means of enumeration, the churchyards were no longer capable of receiving the bodies, and large open spaces, on the outskirts of the metropolis, were appropriated for the purpose. "Whole families, and, indeed, whole streets of families, were swept away together, insomuch, that it was frequent for neighbors to call to the bellman to go to such and such houses, and fetch out the people, for that they were all dead."

The grave was now a "yawning abyss:" deeper and more extensive pits were dug, and the rich and the poor, the young and the aged, the adult and the child, were all promiscuously thrown headlong together into one common receptacle. By day, the streets presented a most frightful aspect of desolation and misery; and at night, the *dead carts*, moving with slow pace by torchlight, and with the appalling cry, "*bring out your dead!*" thrilled horror through every heart that was not hardened, by suffering, to calamity.

In the first three weeks of September, the numbers returned dead in the bills amounted to upwards of 24,000; a most frightful aggregate in itself, yet a most imperfect one in respect to the actual number that fell victims to the plague alone, within that period. Many of the searchers and other officers, whose duties enjoined them to make the returns, acknowledged their incorrectness; and many more, before they could give in their lists, were themselves numbered with "those that were." The more



Plague in London.—Page 92.



Great Fire in London.—Page 95.

probable calculation is, that at this time not fewer than 10,000 persons, weekly, were carried off by the infection itself, without enumerating those who died by the different disorders which it generated, or of which it increased the malignancy. "Now, it was indeed a dismal time," says de Foe, "and for about a month together, not taking any notice of the bills of mortality, I believe there did not die less than 1500 or 1700 a day, one with a another."

In the last week of September, the pestilence began to abate its virulence; for, though more persons were now sick than at any former period, the number of dead returned in the weekly bill had decreased upwards of 1800, viz. from 8,279 to 6,460.

Another week succeeded, and the deaths were still found to lessen; a third passed, and the trembling confidence of the multitude was fixed in certainty. "The destroying angel" was indeed "stayed;" and, though the number "hearsed in the death" in the second week in October, amounted to upwards of 5000, yet the decrease was so great, that joy once more was seen to spread itself over the metropolis.

From this period till the end of October, every week's account showed that the infection had lost much of its malignancy; for though considerable numbers still died, the instances of convalescence were so numerous, that many thousands of those whom apprehension had driven from their homes, now daily returned in the full assurance of security. The conduct which this feeling inspired, merged into rashness; even the limited suggestions of common prudence were despised, and the healthy associated with the diseased, as if the contagion had no power to excite alarm. Through this imprudence, the deaths in the first week in November increased about 400, and "there were more people infected and fell sick now, when there did not die above 1000 or 1200 in a week, than there was when there died four or six thousand in a week; and the physicians had more work than ever, only with this difference, that more of their patients recovered; that is to say, they generally recovered."

During the eight weeks, beginning with the eighth of August, and ending with October the tenth, when the mortality was at its greatest height, the number of deaths returned in the bills of mortality amounted to 59,870; of these 49,705 were recorded under the head, Plague. It must be evident, however, from what has been said above, that nearly the whole of this melancholy aggregate ought to be referred to the infection, as the average of deaths from other causes would not have amounted to 2,300 within the time mentioned. The entire number

returned in the bills, as having died of the plague within the year. was 68,590 ; yet there can be no doubt that this total was exceeded by many thousands who fell by the infection, but whose deaths were not officially recorded.

The general manner in which the pestilence affected its victims, was by fevers, vomiting, head-ache, pains in the back, and tumors, or swelling in the neck, groin, and armpits, accompanied by inflammation and gangrene. In the height of the disease, the deaths occurred within two or three days after the patient was taken ill ; and sometimes within three, four, or six hours, where the plague spots, or tokens, as they were called, had shown themselves without previous illness. In a few instances, the same person had the distemper twice. The violence of the pain arising from the swellings frequently occasioned delirium ; and where the tumors could not be matured, death was inevitable. In the milder stages of the contagion, the deaths did not occur for eight or ten days ; and when the disease was subsiding, the patient was relieved by profuse sweats, and the swellings dispersed or broke, without exciting that insufferable torment which had proved so destructive.

The *dead-carts*, as they were emphatically called, appear to have been first employed about the month of July, when all the common ceremonies of interment were obliged to be dispensed with, through the dreadful augmentation in the number of the deceased. These carts were not confined to any particular parish or district, but went their rounds nightly, to collect the dead wherever their services were required ; and when, in the opinion of the "buriers," a sufficient load was heaped up, such load was drawn to the most convenient or nearest pit, and there thrown in as hastily as possible ; sometimes immediately from the cart, and sometimes by means of long hooks, made like a shepherd's crook, with which the bodies were dragged out. From the narrow lanes and alleys, where the carts could not enter, the bodies were carried to the carts on a kind of hand-barrow, by the buriers, whose chief precaution against catching the infection themselves, was the free use of rue, garlic, tobacco, and vinegar. These, however, were ineffectual preservatives in most instances, yet the extreme misery and want that reigned among the poor, produced a constant succession of persons ready to undertake the dangerous office.

In the delirium, which the pain of the disorder often produced, many committed suicide, chiefly by drowning ; many also died of mere fright, and others of anguish of mind, at the loss of their dearest relatives. Child-bed women suffered particu-

larly, the number of those who died in the course of the year, amounting to more than three times as many as were returned in the bills during the preceding twelve months.

The stoppage of public business, in the height of the contagion, was so complete, that grass grew within the very area of the exchange, and even in the principal streets of the city. All the inns of court were shut up, and all law proceedings suspended. Neither cart nor coach was to be seen from morning till night, except those employed in the conveyance of provisions, in the carriage of the infected to the pest-houses, or other hospitals, and a few coaches used by the physicians.

The survivors were struck with the dreadful apprehension, that in a few days the living would not be sufficient to bury the dead; in this, however, they were happily mistaken, for the contagion gradually diminished, having swept away, according to Lord Clarendon, who thought the computation underrated, 160,000; though Dr. Hodges collected from the bills of mortality only 68,596.

Since this dreadful period, the plague has entirely ceased in London; a circumstance that must be regarded as the more remarkable, when reference is made to the yearly bills of mortality, for nearly all the preceding part of the century. It will be seen from them, that scarcely a year passed without some persons falling victims to the infection; and that in 1609 and 1647, the numbers were respectively as high as 4,240, and 3,597; without distinguishing those years when the pestilence raged with violence.

GREAT FIRE IN LONDON, IN 1666.

1666. 2d *Sept.*—This fatal night, about ten o'clock, began that deplorable fire near Fish-street, in London. 3d *Sept.*—The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife, and went to the bank-side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the bridges, all Thames-street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed. The fire having continued all this night, (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner!) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the

city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill, (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward,) Tower-street, Fenchurch-street, Gracious-street, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them; so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping, after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as, on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh! the miserable and calamitous spectacle, such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration! All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven. The light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame—the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames—the shrieking of women and children—the hurry of people—the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it: so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more! 4th *Sept.*—The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleet-street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate-hill, Warwick-lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling-street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes.

The stones of St. Paul's flew like granadoes, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~leading~~ ^{lead} running down the streets in a stream, and the ~~very~~ pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse or man was able to tread on them; and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man. 5th Sept.—It crossed towards Whitehall. Oh the confusion there was then at the court! It pleased his majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter-lane, and to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across,) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines: this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole city, but this some tenacious and *avaricious* men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practiced; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it. Nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so that it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north: but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair; it also broke out again in the Temple; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolation were soon made, as with the former three days consumption the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins, by near a furlong's space. The coal and wood wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, &c., did infinite mischief; so that the invective, which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty, and published, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the city, was looked on as a prophecy. The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in

circle ; some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels ; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board ; who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extreme misery and poverty. In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. 7th Sept.—I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London-bridge, through the late Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and, that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most early pieces in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron-work, bells, plate, &c., melted ; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust ! The fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling ; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke ; so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy : to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, &c. Sir Thomas Grecham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces : also the Standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment ; whilst the vast iron chains of the city, streets, hinges, bars and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and re-

duced to cinders by the vehement heat. I was not able to pass through many of the narrow streets, but kept the widest, the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapor, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably heated. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people, of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief; which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun, that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the city! There was in truth some days before great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amazed, and they did, with infinite pains and great difficulty, reduce and oppose the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter.

From Evelyn's Memoirs.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

CHARLES FIRST, having for years infringed the just rights of his subjects, was opposed in his usurpations of power by the parliament, till at length the controversy was decided by the sword. After a series of battles, the king's forces were completely routed at the battle of Naseby, in 1645, by the parliament's army. Charles fled, and threw himself into the hands of the Scots, who delivered him up to the commissioners of parliament. He was tried, condemned, and, in the opinion of many, justly executed as a "tyrant and a traitor to the liberties

of England." The following account of his trial and execution is taken from Hume's History of England. It ought to be remembered, that this celebrated historian was the regular apologist of all the Stuart family, of which this monarch was a member.

Colonel Harrison, the son of a butcher, and the most furious enthusiast in the army, was sent with a strong party to conduct the king to London. At Windsor, Hamilton, who was there detained a prisoner, was admitted into the king's presence; and falling on his knees, passionately exclaimed, "*My dear master!*"—" *I have indeed been so to you,*" replied Charles, embracing him. No farther intercourse was allowed between them. The king was instantly hurried away. Hamilton long followed him with his eyes all suffused in tears, and prognosticated, that, in this short salutation, he had given the last adieu to his sovereign and his friend.

Charles himself was assured, that the period of his life was now approaching; but notwithstanding all the preparations which were making, and the intelligence which he received, he could not, even yet, believe that his enemies really meant to conclude their violences by a public trial and execution. A private assassination he every moment looked for; and though Harrison assured him, that his apprehensions were entirely groundless, it was by that catastrophe, so frequent with dethroned princes, that he expected to terminate his life. In appearance, as well as in reality, the king was now dethroned. All the exterior symbols of sovereignty were withdrawn, and his attendants had orders to serve him without ceremony. At first, he was shocked with instances of rudeness and familiarity, to which he had been so little accustomed. *Nothing so contemptible as a despised prince!* was the reflection which they suggested to him. But he soon reconciled his mind to this, as he had done to his other calamities.

All the circumstances of the trial were now adjusted; and the high court of justice fully constituted. It consisted of one hundred and thirty-three persons, as named by the commons; but there never met above seventy: so difficult was it found, notwithstanding the blindness of prejudice, and the allurements of interest, to engage men of any name or character in that criminal measure. Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and the chief officers of the army, most of them of mean birth, were members, together with some of the lower house, and some citizens of London. The twelve judges were at first appointed in the number. But as they had affirmed, that it was contrary to all

the ideas of English law to try the king for treason, by whose authority all accusations for treason must necessarily be conducted; their names, as well as those of some peers, were afterwards struck out. Bradshaw, a lawyer, was chosen president; Coke was appointed solicitor for the people of England; Dorflaus, Steele, and Aske, were named assistants. The court sat in Westminster Hall.

It is remarkable that, in calling over the court, when the crier pronounced the name of Fairfax, which had been inserted in the number, a voice came from one of the spectators, and cried, "*He has more wit than to be here.*" When the charge was read against the king, *In the name of the people of England*, the same voice exclaimed, "*Not a tenth part of them.*" Axtel, the officer who guarded the court, giving orders to fire into the box, whence those insolent speeches came, it was discovered that Lady Fairfax was there, and that it was she who had the courage to utter them. She was a person of noble extraction, daughter of Horace Lord Vere, of Tilbury; but being seduced by the violence of the times, she had long seconded her husband's zeal against the royal cause, and was now, as well as he, struck with abhorrence at the fatal and unexpected consequence of all his boasted victories.

The pomp, the dignity, the ceremony of this transaction, corresponded to the greatest conception that is suggested in the annals of human kind; the delegates of a great people sitting in judgment upon their supreme magistrate, and trying him for his misgovernment and breach of trust. The solicitor, in the name of the commons, represented, that Charles Stuart, being admitted king of England, and *intrusted* with a limited power, yet, nevertheless, from a wicked design to erect an unlimited and tyrannical government, had traitorously and maliciously levied war against the present parliament, and the people whom they represented; and was, therefore, impeached as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public and implacable enemy to the commonwealth. After the charge was finished, the president directed his discourse to the king, and told him, that the court expected his answer.

The king, though long detained a prisoner, and now produced a criminal, sustained, by his magnanimous courage, the majesty of a monarch. With great temper and dignity, he declined the authority of the court, and refused to submit himself to their jurisdiction. He represented, that, having been engaged in treaty with his two houses of parliament, and having finished almost every article, he had expected to be brought to

his capital in another manner, and ere this time, to have been restored to his power, dignity, revenue, as well as to his personal liberty; that he could not now perceive any appearance of the upper house, so essential a member of the constitution; and had learned, that even the commons, whose authority was pretended, were subdued by lawless force, and were bereaved of their liberty; that he himself was their **NATIVE, HEREDITARY KING**; nor was the whole authority of the state, though free and united, entitled to try him, who derived his dignity from the Supreme Majesty of heaven; that, admitting those extravagant principles which leveled all orders of men, the court could plead no power, delegated by the people, unless the consent of every individual, down to the meanest and most ignorant peasant, had been previously asked and obtained; that he acknowledged, without scruple, that he had a *trust* committed to him, and one most sacred and inviolable; he was intrusted with the liberties of his people, and would not now betray them by recognizing a power, founded on the most atrocious violence and usurpation; that having taken arms, and frequently exposed his life, in defense of public liberty, of the constitution, of the fundamental laws of the kingdom, he was willing, in this last and most solemn scene, to seal with his blood those precious rights for which, though in vain, he had so long contended; that those who arrogated a title to sit as his judges, were born his subjects, and born subject to those laws which determined, *that the king can do no wrong*; that he was not reduced to the necessity of sheltering himself under this general maxim, which guards every English monarch, even the least deserving; but was able, by the most satisfactory reasons, to justify those measures, in which he had been engaged; that, to the whole world, and even to them, his pretended judges, he was desirous, if called upon in another manner, to prove the integrity of his conduct, and assert the justice of those defensive arms, to which, unwillingly and unfortunately, he had had recourse; but that, in order to preserve a uniformity of conduct, he must, at present, forego the apology for his innocence, lest, by ratifying an authority no better founded than that of robbers and pirates, he be justly branded as the betrayer, instead of being applauded as the martyr of the constitution.

The president, in order to support the majesty of the people, and maintain the superiority of his court above the prisoner, still inculcated, that he must not decline the authority of his judges, that they overruled his objections; that they were delegated by the people, the only source of every lawful power:

and that kings themselves acted but in trust from that community, which had invested this high court of justice with its jurisdiction. Even according to those principles which, in his present situation, he was perhaps obliged to adopt, his behavior in general, will appear not a little harsh and barbarous; but when we consider him as a subject, and one too of no high character addressing himself to his unfortunate sovereign, his style will be esteemed, to the last degree, audacious and insolent.

Three times was Charles produced before the court, and as often declined their jurisdiction. On the fourth, the judges having examined some witnesses, by whom it was proved, that the king had appeared in arms against the forces commissioned by the parliament, they pronounced sentence against him. He seemed very anxious at this time, to be admitted to a conference with the two houses; and it was supposed that he intended to resign the crown to his son. But the court refused compliance, and considered that request as nothing but a delay of justice. All solicitations were found fruitless with men whose resolutions were fixed and irrevocable.

Four of Charles's friends, persons of virtue and dignity, Richmond, Hertford, Southampton, and Lindesey, applied to the commons. They represented, that they were the king's counsellors, and had concurred, by their advice, with all those measures which were now imputed as crimes to their royal master; that, in the eye of the law, and according to the dictates of common reason, they alone were guilty, and were also exposed to censure for every blamable action of the prince; and that they now presented themselves, in order to save, by their own punishment, that precious life which it became the commons themselves, and every subject, with the utmost hazard, to protect and defend. Such a generous effort contributed to their honor; but operated nothing towards the king's safety.

The people remained in that silence and astonishment, which all great passions, when they have not an opportunity of exerting themselves, naturally produce in the human mind. The soldiers, being incessantly plied with prayers, sermons, and exhortations, were wrought up to a degree of fury, and imagined, that, in the acts of the most extreme disloyalty towards their prince, consisted their highest merit in the eyes of heaven.

Three days were allowed the king between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly in reading and devotion. All his family that remained in England, were allowed access to him. It consisted only of

the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; for the Duke of York had made his escape. Gloucester was little more than an infant. The princess, notwithstanding her tender years, showed an advanced judgment; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression upon her. After many pious consolations and advices, the king gave her in charge to tell the queen, that, during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration.

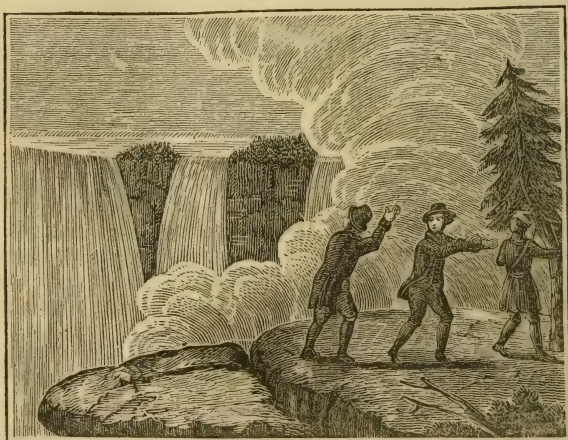
To the young duke, too, he could not forbear giving some advice, in order to season his mind with early principles of loyalty and obedience towards his brother, who was so soon to be his sovereign. Holding him on his knee, he said, "Now they will cut off thy father's head." At these words, the child looked very steadfastly upon him. "Mark! child, what I say: They will cut off my head! and perhaps make thee a king: but mark what I say: thou must not be a king, as long as thy brothers, Charles and James, are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them! And thy head too they will cut off at last! And therefore I charge thee, do not be made a king by them!" The duke, sighing, replied, "I will be torn in pieces first!" So determined an answer, from one of such tender years, filled the king's eyes with tears of joy and admiration.

Every night, during this interval, the king slept sound as usual; though the noise of workmen, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears. The morning of the fatal day, he rose early; and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and joyful a solemnity. Bishop Juxon, a man endowed with the same mild and steady virtues, by which the king himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution; for it was intended, by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the king came upon the scaffold, he found it surrounded with soldiers, that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people. He addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about them; particularly Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care



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he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars, and observed that he had not taken arms, till after the parliament had enlisted forces; nor had he any other object in his warlike operations, than to preserve that authority entire, which his ancestors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the parliament; but was more inclined to think, that ill instruments had interposed, and excited in them fears and jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and observed, that an unjust sentence which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them and the whole nation to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor. When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him: "There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize, to which you hasten, a crown of glory." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown; where no disturbance can have place." At one blow was his head severed from his body. A man in a vizor performed the office of executioner; another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators, the head, streaming with blood, and cried aloud, "*This is the head of a traitor!*"

It being remarked, that the king, the moment before he stretched out his neck to the executioner, had said to Juxon, with a very earnest accent, the single word, REMEMBER!—great mysteries were supposed to be concealed under that expression; and the generals vehemently insisted with the prelate, that he should inform them of the king's meaning. Juxon told them, that the king, having frequently charged him to inculcate on his son the forgiveness of his murderers, had taken this opportunity, in the last moments of his life, when his commands, he supposed, would be regarded as sacred and inviolable, to reiterate that desire; and that his mild spirit, thus terminated its present course, by an act of benevolence towards his greatest enemies.

DISCOVERY OF THE NIAGARA FALLS.

[By John Galt.]

AMONG the earliest missionaries sent to convert the Indians to the Christian belief, was Joseph Price, a young man who had received directions to penetrate farther into the vast forests which clothe the continent of America towards the north, than had been at that time accomplished. In this hazardous undertaking he was accompanied by Henry Wilmington, who, actuated by the same religious motives, had volunteered to attend him. They had been landed at Boston, then a very small but thriving village, about a month previous, where they made the necessary preparations for their expedition, and recruited themselves after a passage of thirteen weeks from Plymouth, for so long a passage was not uncommon in those times in traversing the Atlantic.

It was a fine morning in the latter end of May, when they bade adieu to the inhabitants, by whom they had been hospitably entertained, and, accompanied by the good wishes of all, proceeded towards the hitherto unexplored forest.

The buds were now beginning to expand into leaves, and the sun was often darkened by the vast flocks of migratory pigeons, which, when the woods allowed, sometimes flew so close to the ground, that the travelers could beat them down with their sticks. Before sailing from England they had often heard persons who had crossed the Atlantic mention this circumstance, but they suspected them of exaggeration until they witnessed it themselves.

It was their intention to visit a distant tract of country, of which nothing was known except vague reports of sheets of water, so immense, that, but for the circumstance of their being fresh, might have led them to suppose they were on an island. These reports were for the most part gathered from the Indians, on whose testimony little reliance could be placed, as none of their informers could speak from their own knowledge.

To aid them in their pursuit, they were provided with compasses and armed with fowling pieces. They, directing their course towards the place to which most of the Indians alluded, had, it is true, but slight grounds on which to rest their hopes of success; animated, however, with the desire of fulfilling what they had undertaken, they thought little of the difficulties which might attend it: accordingly, it was without regret that they were now leaving the settled part of the country.

Having traveled several days without seeing any thing worthy of notice, they arrived at the ultimate farm they could expect to meet with before their return. After remaining there for the night, they continued their journey through the forest, which had most likely never been previously trodden by the feet of civilized man. The startled deer frequently crossed their path, and a few birds were the only objects that varied the silent solitude around.

Guided by their compasses, they continued their progress many days, until they arrived at the banks of a large and rapid river, which they in vain attempted to pass, as its breadth and swiftness precluded the hope of their being able to swim across it. After proposing many expedients, all of which they soon found to be impracticable, they determined on trusting themselves to some one of the many fallen trees which lay in every eddy along its banks; and having selected one whose branches lay in such a manner as would prevent it from turning over, they entwined boughs to form a small kind of basket, into which, having provided themselves with stout poles, they entered, taking care that neither their guns nor ammunition suffered from the water; they then steadily pushed it from the shore into the stream, and continued doing so until the water grew so deep that the poles were of no avail, and they were obliged to trust to Providence to carry them to the other side.

For some time they continued in the middle of the river, without inclining to either bank, when they perceived that, by the help of the wind, they were quickly gaining on a large pine, which was slowly floating downwards. On reaching it, they stretched out their poles with a great effort, and succeeded in pushing themselves into water where they could again find bottom. After much labor, our travelers touched the bank, on which they quickly leaped, and having taken out their arms, they continued their journey rejoicing.

They soon after arrived at a spot where they deemed it fit to wait till the following morning, and, it being their custom, they went out hunting, in order to provide provision for the next day's wants, at that time easily accomplished, as the forests bounded with herds of deer, which, having been seldom disturbed, were exceedingly tame. On this occasion they soon beheld a great number watching a furious encounter between two large bucks, which, with the utmost animosity, were endeavoring to gore each other. Surprised at a sight they had never before seen, they determined to await the result; and after some time, one of the combatants, by an amazing leap

sprang past the other, and, swiftly turning round, drove his horns into the side of his adversary, and instantly killed him.

The missionaries, running to the spot, frightened away the remainder of the herd, while they took possession of the fallen one, and, having taken what would serve them for several days, left the carcass to the wolves.

In about a week after, they reached a chain of mountains, where they rested for the night, and next morning proceeded to ascend their steep and sandy sides, up which they were enabled to drag themselves by grasping the trees; nevertheless, they were several times nearly precipitated into the gulf below. Wilmington, on one occasion in particular, when they were ascending a very dangerous part of the mountain, inadvertently seized a rotten branch, which, giving way, caused him to be hurried downward to the very brink of a precipice, where he saved himself by catching hold of a projecting bough. Thus they advanced, for the remainder of that day, in the evening of which they took advantage of a small space of level ground, to remain until the morning. About noon, they succeeded in gaining the summit of the ridge; and in order that they might view the surrounding country, they with some difficulty ascended a barren crag that reared itself high above the others; for, without having met with this, the trees would have excluded every prospect. Having reached its loftiest pinnacle, they turned their eager eyes to see if they could behold any traces of the mighty seas of fresh water which had been described to them by the Indians; but to their sorrow, as far as their sight could stretch, only vast woods met their anxious gaze.

While thus engaged, they sometimes heard the piercing cries of the hawk in pursuit of his prey; far under them, and among the trees, the drumming of the partridge and the tapping of the woodpecker, could be clearly distinguished. Being somewhat disappointed, they silently commenced wending their lonely way down the side of the mountain; but, notwithstanding their utmost exertions, they could not succeed in descending the range that evening, and were compelled by the approaching darkness to seek a spot where they might safely rest. Early in the morning they awoke, and, continuing their descent with renewed energy, soon surpassed the formidable obstacle which the hills had opposed.

Having rested for the remainder of that day, they again began to cross the level country, and continued doing so for many days, without having seen a single human being since their departure from the farm, when, one day, in a glade of the woods,

they saw a band of Indians among the trees, who, having approached, spoke in a pleasant, but to them unknown language. Their gestures betokened their surprise at beholding people so different in color to themselves, and armed with what appeared to them only polished sticks. While thus employed, a flock of wild geese flew high above their heads, at which the Indians discharged their arrows, but they fell short of their intended mark; when Price and Wilmington, raising their guns, fired, and, to the astonishment of the natives, two of the flock came fluttering to their feet. The spectators crowded round the Europeans, and with much curiosity began to admire the weapons which they had formerly despised. Their wonder was not diminished when they saw what they imagined pounded cinders put into the muzzles of the guns, and then, on pulling a small piece of iron, a flash of fire, accompanied with smoke and a loud report, immediately followed. The chief, by signs, appeared to ask them to accompany him, that the rest of his tribe might see what seemed to them exceedingly wonderful; and, having followed him, they soon arrived at a place where several Indians were engaged in erecting small wigwams of bark. The chief, however, made them understand that this was only their hunting ground, and told them that their village lay far off, in the direction of the sun, which was then sinking behind the trees, and to which they should soon return. From this time the missionaries commenced learning the language of their entertainers, in which they were able to converse with some facility by the time that the Indians returned to their village, which was situated on the Oneida. Having arrived there, Price began to teach them; but they, having patiently listened to his first sermon, to his great sorrow, never assembled to hear him again; and, in consequence, he told Wilmington that he would try to discover whether there was any truth in the reports they had heard at Boston concerning the inland waters, and asked him if he was willing to be his companion. Wilmington assented; and having endeavored to inform the Indians of their intention, the chief, who had conducted them to the village, made them understand, that the river which flowed past led to an immense basin, which they supposed was formed by the continual running of several large rivers, but that few of his tribe had ever paddled far round its borders. There was, however, an old man, who in his youth had ventured to proceed in his canoe for many suns along it, and returned with the report that he had arrived at an immense river which ran into the fresh sea, where, having landed for the purpose of hunting, he

had heard a terrific roaring, as he thought, of waters, and, advancing through the woods towards the sound, for some miles, the stream became so rapid that no canoe could go up against it. Being very much alarmed, he had hurried back to his bark, and instantly commenced his return; but he was the only one of the tribe who had ever dared to sail so far, and from his account they supposed it the source of the lake.

Having learnt this, they asked the chief, whose name was Maiook, whether he would allow any of his Indians to accompany them down the river to the lake, and ascertain from whence the sound that had alarmed the aged Indian arose. He at first tried to dissuade them, by every argument in his power; but, finding his endeavors of no avail, he said that he would himself join them in their expedition. It was, therefore, agreed that they should sail down the river the week following; but before the time determined on, an event occurred that considerably delayed their departure.

On rising one morning, they remarked that large clouds of smoke were drifting over their heads, accompanied by an overpowering pressure of heat, which the Indians said was occasioned by the woods being on fire; and as the wind was high, showers of ashes frequently fell around them. To avoid these they took shelter in their wigwams, but the hotness of the air, together with the smoke, increased so much, that, being in danger of suffocation, the chief proposed that they should cast themselves into the Oneida; and as no better proposition could be made, they hurried into it, and remained with only their heads above water, being often obliged to immerse them likewise; they were thus situated many hours, while the water was black with the ashes that fell around them. The wind, at last, to their great joy, changed, and relieved them from their perilous position, by driving the flames in the contrary direction. They did not, however, quit the water, as the ground was still covered with burning embers. On leaving the river, they saw, to their mortification, that the village was on fire in several places, and it was sometime before they succeeded in stopping the progress of the burning; the canoes which they had drawn up on the shore were also consumed. After repairing the damage and making other canoes, they began their expedition; and having paddled for several days, one calm and beautiful evening they were astonished at the sight of Lake Ontario. As far as the eye could reach, they could only see what appeared to them boundless water, which lay without the slightest ripple on its glassy surface, undisturbed by the softest breath of wind.

They then continued paddling round the shore, looking out for a place where they might safely moor their canoes during the night, and, among the many small inlets, they soon discovered one fitted for their purpose, which they immediately entered. At sunrise they again advanced on their adventurous expedition. As they coasted along, the deer would sometimes look at them from among the thickets which fringed the borders of the lake; and at other times they saw them swimming across the mouths of the various creeks or rivers which they passed in their progress. They were, however, too much engaged in admiring the lonely magnificence of the surrounding scenery, to interrupt the playful gambols of the deer by endeavoring to wound them, which they did only when their necessities compelled. Thus they paddled onward for several days, without perceiving any thing that might lead them to suppose they were approaching the spot to which the old Indian had alluded; when, one hazy morning, having proceeded many miles before the sun had power to dispel the thick mists, they were delighted at seeing themselves, as the air at noon cleared, about to enter a large river, which flowed rapidly into the lake. As this in some measure coincided with the first part of what had been related to them, they determined on entering it; but after paddling up it for some time, the current grew so strong that they were compelled to disembark, and continue their journey by land on the edge of the high precipitous bank.

The wind, softly blowing, rustled among the trees, but sometimes they fancied that a distant rumbling could be distinguished.

Having followed the course of the stream along the edge of the cliff for some distance, Price proposed that one of them should ascend a tree and follow the course of the river upward with his eye, and try if he could discover whence the sound that reached them arose. Maiook, therefore, told one of his Indians to climb up a lofty pine which grew apart from the rest; and he had hardly ascended half-way, when, uttering a cry of astonishment, he hastened to the ground and told his comrades that he had seen immense clouds of spray rising far above the trees, but he could not perceive from what cause they arose. Encouraged by this report, after refreshing themselves, (being much wearied by their toilsome march,) they hastened along the edge of the cliffs, while the rushing sound that had been gradually increasing, was every instant becoming more and more tremendous, and the velocity of the stream made them imagine that they were in the vicinity of a furious rapid,

when, on advancing from the thick bushes, they suddenly found themselves on a bare ledge of rock which overhung an immense chasm, into which two streams and a mighty river were tumbling, with a noise that drowned all their exclamations of surprise, and which was louder than the voice of the ocean in a storm. Springing back with terror from the edge of the precipice over which they had so nearly plunged, they eyed the thundering and foaming torrent with amazement, not noticing that part of the rock on which they had just been standing, was tottering and slowly separating itself from the adjoining mass, till roused by the crash with which it was precipitated into the gulf below, shaking the living rock from whence it had been detached, and resounding through the woods, far above the roaring of the stupendous cataract. The missionaries involuntarily leaped back among the trees, not daring to return to the place where they had been, and viewed with more composure the awful prospect before them. The river above the falls was for some distance a furious rapid, rushing with incredible force towards the precipice; but when on its very brink, it, in some parts of the great stream, became calm; other parts were white with foam. While thus engaged, Maiook, with a loud cry, directed their attention to a large deer, which, in vain struggling against the overpowering suction of the falls, was rapidly coming to destruction. They watched its fruitless endeavors to reach the shore; but, on arriving at the deceitful calm, it looked wildly, with distended nostrils and outstretched neck, and seemed to be crying; but the roar of the cataracts drowned its voice, and it was soon precipitated into the boiling abyss.

The French, from the province of Quebec, may have reached as far before, but Price and his companion believed they were the first who had penetrated to that spot; and when they returned back to the settlements, their description of the unparalleled magnificence of the cataracts, to which Maiook gave the name of Niagara, or the thundering waters, was deemed incredible. But the wilderness has now been banished from the scene, and festivity and commerce have there established themselves amidst the simple sublimity that distinguishes this, the most impressive spectacle of the kind to be seen on the whole earth.

FIRST SETTLERS ON THE OHIO.

[By John Galt.]

THE wars between the first settlers and the Indians of North America, resembled in ferocity those ancient feuds so celebrated in the early minstrelsy of Europe; fierce and cruel, they may be described as the fermentation arising from the accidental mingling of the elements of future nations.

The settlers, compared with their savage adversaries of the forest, were a tame, domestic race, and in their habits were changed from the warlike practices of their feudal ancestors in the old country; but the courage and fortitude with which they resisted the undaunted aborigines, showed how little in fact the children of civilization differ in nature from their brothers of the wood, even in those qualities of bravery and heroism which are supposed to constitute the only virtues of the Indians, and of which man is supposed to be disarmed as he improves his condition.

A few days after the festival of the new year had been celebrated at Waller, (now a considerable town in the state of Ohio,) a number of young men began to assemble at break of day in front of the only tavern in the village, for the purpose of proceeding about fifteen miles through the forest to assist in bringing on the supplies which had been retarded on the road by the open weather. The season had been unusually mild, and the snow having thawed in several places, the sleighing was often interrupted, and provisions in consequence were becoming scarce in the settlement.

As the sun rose, some of the older inhabitants thought that the lowering aspect of the skies prognosticated a storm. The young men however disregarded their bodings, for they were intent not only to perform a public duty, but to enjoy a frolic; they were, however, induced by the exhortations of their friends, to take their blankets and axes, lest they should be benighted. Being thus equipped, they set forth in high spirits, and about noon arrived where the teams with the supplies awaited assistance.

Hitherto the storm had only threatened; the mist hung in flakes among the topmost branches of the trees; and the travelers, careless of the signs, prolonged their stay at the rendezvous more than prudence would otherwise have warranted. It was long past mid-day before they thought of returning home; at last they resumed their way, each lessening the wagon loads by taking a package on his back.

They had advanced some distance without observing any material change in the weather; but soon after, the woods became more gloomy, giving them reason to apprehend that the fears of their friends in the morning had not been groundless; but still they entertained hopes of being able to reach Waller before the storm would burst.

Presently small flakes of snow began to fall, which, as the wind blew sharply in their faces, were exceedingly annoying; these, together with the blast, increased, until the travelers were frequently obliged to turn their backs to avoid the cruel gusts which swept fiercer and fiercer past them.

When the party were about half way, and the twilight began to darken, some of them proposed that they should begin to erect their shanty or shed; but it was not till several complained of fatigue, and it became evident that Waller could not be reached without hazard, that this advice was listened to. To separate was dangerous, for the surrounding forest was infested with wolves, which frequently howled around them, and two were seen crossing their track a short distance in front, and which turned and looked back, uttering a long and melancholy cry, as if grieved to see the band of travelers so numerous.

The snowy wind was still rising, and no fit place for their shanty could be discovered, when one of the party, looking round, said that having been out hunting in the preceding fall, he had observed a situation well adapted for the purpose; and which he was sure could not then be far off. Under his guidance, they accordingly left the supplies, and went a little way into another part of the forest.

While they had been thus consulting, the howling of the wolves had ceased towards the left hand, but was louder and more frequent in the other direction; and, as the settlers were hastening forward, they were startled by the report of a gun. Nothing afraid on their own account, they pushed on to see if they could assist its possessor, who, they concluded, was, at that advanced hour of the evening, most likely in great danger. In the course of a few minutes they perceived a man with his back against a tree, defending himself with the butt end of his gun, against several wolves which were furiously attacking him.

The animals, on the approach of the adventurers, immediately fled; for the American wolves are naturally timid, and never attack a man, except when pressed by hunger.

The stranger whom they had thus relieved from jeopardy, expressed his gratitude for their timely assistance; and the

leader of the party heartily invited him to accompany them, for the night was darkening fast. Soon after, they arrived at a spot where the trees appeared to form an amphitheater. Here they cleared a space sufficient for their accommodation, and proceeded to remove the snow; and, having felled several saplings that grew near, they sharpened their ends and fastened them at equal distances between the trees; filling up the space, with boughs and branches, with which they also covered the roof. They then kindled a fire, and prepared to pass the night as comfortably as possible, though the tempest was roaring in the forest with a noise like the falls of Niagara. It was at this time, as they were sitting on the ground round the fire, that the stranger, on being solicited, thus began to relate his adventures.

"I am the son," said he, "of George May, one of the first settlers who emigrated into this part of the country. Having penetrated farther west than had previously been done, he fixed his location in the vast and lonely district of Carew, a little east of the Ohio, nearly opposite to where the fierce tribe of the Shawnee Taws have a village, but of whom little fears were entertained, as that wide and deep river flowed between. We sometimes had, however, skirmishes with hunting parties who crossed the Ohio, but whom we always defeated, as they had no fire-arms. Thus several years passed on, and the woods around were gradually becoming cleared and peopled, but not to such a degree as to restrain our savage neighbors from making incursions, which retarded the progress of the settlement.

"My mother had been dead several years, having left my father without any one to assist him in bringing up my elder brother and myself, who were then very young. Perhaps it is to that cause, I should ascribe our wild and woodland habits: for, even when mere children, we often wandered heedless into the forest, and acquired familiarity with the boldest creatures that range in unmolested liberty amidst its unfrequented and solitary labyrinths.

"One day, after we had nearly reached manhood, my brother, who had been out hunting, returned in the evening with a wounded settler, belonging to a farm—the nearest—about twelve miles off; and when we had dressed his wounds and given him some refreshment, he requested to see our father.

"‘I asked your sons,’ said he to the old man, ‘to bring you to me,—for I grow faint, and I fear my life is fast ebbing—in order to warn you of your danger. The Indians yesterday made an attack, in great numbers, on our settlement, and after

much resistance succeeded in overpowering us: what has become of my friends I know not, for on these savages rushing into the house, I received a blow on the head which sent me stunned among the bushes, where I lay some time senseless, and on recovering saw only smoking ashes where our dwelling had been. Maimed and helpless, as you see, I then endeavored to crawl here, shuddering with apprehension lest our remorseless enemies might be with you before me.'

" 'What numbers do the Indians amount to?'

" 'Between thirty and forty.'

" 'There are only eight men,' said my father, looking anxiously, 'in this settlement, besides these two lads and myself. But still we must prepare to defend ourselves.'

" So saying, the old man left us, to give the necessary directions, which, when he had completed, all being still quiet, he returned to us again, hoping that no assault would be attempted that night. Nevertheless, when we proposed to retire, he stationed a sentinel at a short distance from the house; a wise precaution, for in less than two hours afterwards we were all roused by the report of the sentinel's musket, and having armed ourselves, inquired why he had given the alarm. His answer was appalling; he had seen two Indians, by the glimpse of the moonlight, skulking among the trees near the house, and had fired at them.

" Upon hearing this, my father said, it might be as well if we all watched the remainder of the night. Nothing was, however, seen for a long time; and some were beginning to think the sentinel had been mistaken, when another, pointing out a clump of bushes, said softly, that he could perceive several Indians gliding behind it, and asked permission to shoot in that direction, which being granted, he fired; and, to our consternation, a loud war-whoop, together with shrieks arose, and a band of the savages discharging their arrows, quickly advanced.

" My father having told us to reserve our fire till he gave the signal, our assailants came rather close; but, when the command was given, a sharp and well-directed shower of shot was poured upon them. Still they continued their attack, until having gained a small eminence, they fired again, but with more deadly aim, for two of our party fell, fatally wounded. By this time we had reloaded, and eager to revenge our comrades, returned the fire with such effect, that it sent the Indians yelling back to the woods.

" Having seen enough of their numbers to know, that if the man had not exaggerated, there must be several yet concealed

in the woods; we hoped the repulse they had received would deter them from making another assault, till we should have time to send for assistance. The difficulty was, however, to find messengers, for the bush was filled with our enemies, and for some time, no one volunteered to go.

"My father, therefore, called us all together, to consult what might next be done; and my brother and myself, seeing the necessity of immediate succor, offered to undertake the adventure, to which, after some hesitation, the old man agreed. Taking up our arms, we left the house, and proceeded slowly through the underwood to the primeval forest at the back of it, and by making a circuit, gained the path; but as we proceeded, we found every place devastated, and saw that we would have to go so far before we could arrive at any farm which could afford assistance, that most likely our aid would come too late; we therefore resolved to return home.

"The sun was in the meridian; we had been absent many hours, and were so fatigued by our previous watching, that rest was necessary, before we could again be able to make much speed; but we persevered, and, having returned to our own clearing, and hearing no noise, we imagined that the Indians had retreated. How great was our grief and astonishment at seeing our home destroyed, and all silence and ashes! We still, however, went forward, with a wild hope, to discover how it had happened.

"While looking at the wreck of our habitation, our attention was attracted by a loud groan, which proceeded from one of the settlers, whom we then discovered wounded among the bushes. On approaching him, he eagerly begged for a little water, which, when he had received, partly restored him, and enabled him to tell us what had happened in our absence.

" 'Soon after you left,' said he, 'we saw the Indians appearing at the skirt of the forest, and in greater numbers than before. Your father then regretted your absence, as in the approaching conflict we would be deprived of your aid; but he still endeavored to keep up our courage by cheering us with the hopes of your return with succor.

The Indians, having gathered themselves together, advanced, but with more caution than before. By keeping up a continual discharge of our fire-arms, we for some time checked them; when seeing the danger of remaining in a body, they separated, and rendered our shot less effective. Your father then ordered us to suspend firing, till they came nearer, or had again united, which unfortunately allowed them to advance till we were within reach of their arrows, which they then began to shower upon

us: under cover of them, a party came almost to the very house. We had, therefore, reason to fear that if you did not soon return, we should be overcome—our extremity became desperate. We were obliged to screen ourselves in every possible manner from our enemies, or to rush forth and endeavor to drive them back. The latter alternative was adopted. We sprung out, and attacked them furiously with the butt ends of our guns; but they baffled us by their agility and superior numbers, and after a desperate fight, compelled us to retreat. In returning, I was wounded by an arrow; and the confusion prevented me from being carried off into the house, where my companions sought shelter—I thus became a passive, helpless spectator. Some of the Indians rushed into the house, and their companions, poured in upon our friends, who had taken refuge there, incessant flights of arrows, both by doors and windows. At last the house was involved in flames, and the refugees throwing open the back door, fled towards the forest, and might have escaped, had not another herd of the savages sprung up before them, and intercepted their flight.

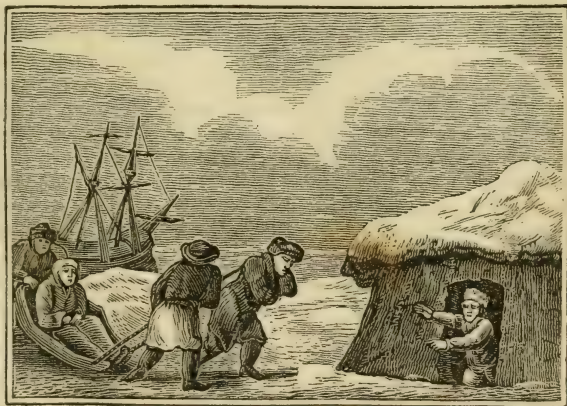
“The Indians having thus surrounded their prey, continued to discharge their bows from a distance, which our friends from time to time retaliated with their fire-arms, till they were one after another struck down. Your father alone remained, and seeing no alternative, ran towards the chief, and shot him dead. The Indians seeing their chief fall, uttered a howl of rage, and rushing upon the old man, seized him in their fury, and threw him headlong into the flames, without having, according to their custom, taken his scalp. They immediately, however, scalped our companions, and then taking up the body of their chief, retired into the woods, with loud and mournful cries.’

“This recital exhausted the strength of our only remaining friend; and he soon after expired.

“My brother and myself, overwhelmed with sorrow, our home destroyed, our friends slain, and the dreadful doom of our father engraved as it were with wounds on our hearts, resolved to quit that fatal spot. After wandering about several days, subsisting on what we could procure by our guns—one afternoon, when the weather was oppressive and sultry, we were surprised at hearing a low moaning among the branches; and at the same time, we observed several deer trotting past among the under-wood. We separated to intercept them; but scarcely had I lost sight of my brother, when a terrific blast of wind swept through the forest, and uprooted all the trees that were within the scope of its rage. Alarmed at this appalling phenomenon, the nature



First Settlers on the Ohio.—Page 118.



Mariners at Nova Zembla.—Page 138.



of which I had often heard described, under the name of a wind-fall, I ran as fast as possible against the blast, until the tremendous sound of the falling trees was left far behind me. When I recovered from the panic, I endeavored to return to the spot where I had separated from my brother, at the same time calling on him aloud by name; but the windfall had so materially changed the appearance of the woods, that, after seeking for the place where we parted a long time, I was obliged to give up the search.

"I spent the night among the fallen trees, and next morning renewed my search, but in vain. I then laid myself down, and implored heaven to terminate my solitary misery. After some time, I was roused from that desolation of mind, by the voices of several persons talking in an unknown language; and on looking up, saw they were Indians, but not of the Shawnee Taws. One of them noticed me, and, approaching, inquired in broken English how I had come there; and I informed him of my misfortunes. On hearing my story, he said, that his tribe were then engaged in a hostile expedition against that fierce horde, and invited me to join his party. The proposal had in it the sweetness of comfort—for in my own forlorn condition, it afforded me a refuge from my own sad thoughts, and the chance of revenging my father's death. I accordingly started up from the ground; and, with my rifle, joined the Indians.

"When we reached the banks of the river, we were delayed some time in forming canoes; but on the following afternoon we crossed, and entered the land of our enemies. Hiding our canoes among the weeds of the banks, we then stole, in the twilight, towards their village, situated near the junction of the Wabash and the Ohio. It was dark when we approached it; but by the numerous fires we saw they were in considerable numbers. Some of our party were for an immediate attack; but the proposal was overruled by the advice of an old man, who represented to us that it would be a more advantageous time when the fires were faded, as then our adversaries would have gone to sleep for the night, and be more defenceless. We accordingly lay down on the ground; and, when at last we saw the fires declining, rose and advanced.

"Although taken by surprise, our enemies resisted us with great bravery, and by their superior numbers repelled us from the field. The darkness, however, of the night, in the woods, favored our retreat: and we reached the canoes, where every one embarked as quickly as possible. Not so well accustomed to the woods as my companions, I happened to be the farthest be-

hind; and before I reached the spot of embarkation, the canoes had all pushed off from the shore. I had no alternative but to leave my arms on the bank and plunge into the river, calling aloud to be taken up, but this durst not be attempted with the crank canoes in the dark, and I was obliged to swim across, one of the Indians holding me by the skirts of my jacket.

"The Shawnee Taws having no canoes at that place, and unable to follow us, soon returned to their village; and next morning by break of day I returned across the river for my arms. On joining the Indians again, they received me with many tokens of kindness; and as I had then no other object in life to which I was attached, I entreated them to let me be of their party. To this they readily acceded, and with them I had remained several years, when the desire returned strong upon me to see the face of civilization again; and it was in coming back to the settlements, that I was attacked by the wolves, which, but for your timely assistance, would soon have mastered me."

The young men, who were deeply affected by the tale of his adventures and sufferings, took him with them next morning to Waller. But his habits, by his Indian life, had become wild and roving, and, as soon as the spring opened, he strayed away again into the woods by himself, and they heard of him no more.

DISCOVERY OF THE KINE-POX, BY JENNER.

[From the Quarterly Journal.]

DR. EDWARD JENNER was born at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, England, on the 17th of May, 1749. At the age of twenty-one he went to London, where his professional studies were completed under the direction and instruction of the celebrated John Hunter, in whose family he resided for two years; and when he returned to Berkeley, he entered upon the active duties of his profession. In the green fields and shady lanes of the beautiful vale where he resided, Jenner early obtained an acquaintance with the popular rumors concerning cow-pox; but the following circumstance first riveted his attention. While he was an apprentice at Sodbury, and probably about sixteen, a young woman applied for advice. The subject of small-pox was mentioned in her presence. She immediately observed, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." He repeatedly mentioned this circumstance to John Hunter, who advised him, we are told, to try, but certainly gave him no great

encouragement. In none of his letters does he ever inquire, even in a postscript, how the said trials with the cow-pox proceeded. We may fairly presume, therefore, that John Hunter, with all his learning, disregarded the matter; but the impression which they made upon young Jenner was obviously very strong. In 1775, he began to view it as a matter of scientific investigation, and from that time, until 1796, when he made his first decisive experiment, it was probably never altogether out of his mind. Eighteen years prior to that event, that is to say, in the month of May, 1780, he had a glimpse of the truth, and of the reputation that awaited him. He was riding with his friend Gardner, on the road between Gloucester and Bristol, when he briefly sketched out the course which he hoped to pursue, and which he ultimately lived to accomplish. At the meetings of the Alveston club, he frequently brought forward the subject of cow-pox, and earnestly recommended his friends to prosecute the inquiry; but so little did they think of it, that they voted cow-pox a great bore, and threatened to expel Jenner if he continued to harass them with so unprofitable a subject. To appreciate fully the merits of Jenner, as the discoverer of vaccination, it should be remembered, that he made no secret of his belief in its virtues. In 1788, he took with him to London a drawing of the casual disease, as seen on the hands of the milkers, and showed it to Sir Everard Home, and others. John Hunter had often mentioned the fact in his lectures. Dr. Adams heard of the cow-pox both from Mr. Hunter and Mr. Cline; and in his treatise on the morbid poisons, published in 1795, three years prior to the public announcement of Jenner's views, mentions the principal facts then known concerning it. Many other persons, too, (Dr. Haygarth, for instance,) were acquainted generally with its alleged powers; yet no one had the boldness to stake his fame and character upon this basis, but Jenner. To what are we to ascribe this?—not to the ambition of youth, for Jenner was forty-seven, and had a comfortable independence when he first published concerning cow-pox; not to mere vanity, for Jenner was habitually of modest and retiring manners; but it is to the confidence which science gave, that we are indebted for the introduction of vaccination. Jenner had paid much attention to epizootic maladies, and the principles which he had thence deduced emboldened him to persevere in an effort, in which he got no positive help and scarcely any encouragement. He was thoroughly sensible, however, of the heavy responsibility which he was incurring. His feelings indeed, throughout his whole life, with reference to this great event, do him the highest

nonor; and we are sure that our readers will be gratified by the picture which he has himself left us of his own mind, soon after the successful issue of his first and most important experiment.

"While the vaccine discovery was progressive, the joy I felt at the prospect before me of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence and domestic peace and happiness, was often so excessive that, in pursuing my favourite subject among the meadows, I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that these reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other mercies flow."

The 14th of May, 1796, is usually assigned as the birth-day of vaccination. At Berlin, it is still annually celebrated. On that day, James Phipps, a boy eight years old, was vaccinated by Dr. Jenner; on the first of July following, he was inoculated with small-pox. We give the rest in the words of Jenner himself: "Listen now to the most delightful part of my story. The boy has been inoculated for the small-pox, which, as I ventured to predict, produced no effect; I shall now pursue my experiments with redoubled ardor." Most zealously, indeed, did he follow up this auspicious beginning. Early in 1798, another opportunity occurred of pursuing his inquiries, and he now prepared for publication. Dr. Baron is silent as to the cause of the non-appearance of his paper among the "Transactions of the Royal Society;" the deficiency, however, is supplied by Mr. Moore, in his History of Vaccination. He was admonished not to present it, lest it should injure the credit he had established for himself among scientific men, by his Essay on the Cuckoo! The work, having first been carefully scrutinized by a knot of his intimate associates, was at length published, about the end of June, 1798. It was entitled "An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ, a Disease discovered in some of the Western Counties of England, particularly Gloucestershire, and known by the name of the Cow-pox." The object of the work was two-fold. First, to announce the security against small-pox which the true cow-pox gives; and secondly, to trace the origin of that disease in the cow, to a similar affection of the heel of the horse. An unassuming tone pervades this first Essay on Vaccination, which is very striking. The author modestly suggests the probability of its usefulness in certain cases which he points out, but he never hints at the idea of its ultimately exterminating the small-pox.

The late Mr. Cline, a steady friend and admirer of Jenner, who had corresponded with him, several years before, on the subject of cow-pox, was the first person in London who adopted the new practice. Two months prior to the publication of his book, Dr. Jenner came to town, and he remained there for three weeks after its appearance; yet strange to say, with all his own efforts and those of his friends, he was unable, during that long period, to procure *one* person in the metropolis on whom he could exhibit the vaccine disease. Mr. Cline's acknowledged reputation gave the bent to the public mind, and before the year was expired, vaccination had made rapid advances in general esteem.

Mr. Cline and Sir Walter Farquhar now anxiously pressed Dr. Jenner to settle as a physician in town, and it is certainly to be regretted that he did not act upon their advice. Much of the evil which afterwards ensued, and some portion of that professional jealousy which broke out and tarnished the rising glory of vaccination, would probably have been checked, had Jenner been upon the spot. His presence would have directed the public judgment, and nipped in the bud the insidious designs of some who took a prominent part in the extraordinary scene which presently displayed itself. A rush towards vaccination succeeded to, and strangely contrasted with, the apathy and distrust with which it had hitherto been viewed. It was not only recommended, but practiced, by persons of all ranks and conditions, without any knowledge of what they were really doing. That this was in some degree encouraged by the confident tone of those whose professional experience should have taught them caution in all matters relating to the conjectural art of medicine, cannot indeed be denied. Even Jenner himself is not free from this censure. Within two years from the promulgation of his discovery, we find him employing such strong expressions as these: "The scepticism that appeared even amongst the most enlightened of medical men, when my sentiments on the important subject of the cow-pox were first promulgated, was highly laudable. To have admitted the truth of a doctrine at once so novel and so unlike any thing that ever had appeared in the annals of medicine, without the test of the most rigid scrutiny, would have bordered on temerity; but now when that scrutiny has taken place, not only amongst ourselves, but in the first professional circles in Europe, and when it has been uniformly found, in such abundant instances, that the human frame, when once it has felt the influence of the genuine cow-pox in the way that has been described, *is never afterwards, at any period of*

its existence, assailable by the small-pox, may I not with perfect confidence congratulate my country and society at large, on their beholding, in the mild form of the cow-pox, an antidote, that is capable of *extirpating* from the earth a disease which is every hour devouring its victims, a disease that has ever been considered as the severest scourge of the human race!"*

The early career of vaccination, though very brilliant, was clouded by some disappointments. In the first experiments at the Small-pox Hospital, the vaccine lymph became contaminated with small-pox, which the physicians to that establishment could not be made to believe. Some weak persons, with Dr. Moseley at their head, assailed it with the shafts of ridicule; but Dr. Jenner was more annoyed by the conduct of some of those who avowed themselves friends to vaccination, than by all the efforts of its open enemies. Professional envy was at work, and a regular attempt was made to wrest from Jenner's brow the laurels which he had so fairly won. Instead of strictly questioning the accuracy of some of Jenner's views, his opponents joined in the loudest praise of vaccination, but allowed to Jenner only just sufficient merit to entitle him to the appointment of extra-corresponding physician to a vaccine institution, with the privilege of recommending patients, by proxy, on payment of one guinea per annum. The whole conduct of the physician who stood prominently forward on this occasion, is animadverted on, in very strong terms, by Dr. Baron, who, with the honest warmth of a biographer, is indignant at the slight thus cast upon the hero of his history. On this painful part of the subject, however, we will not dwell longer, but proceed to record the gratifying tributes to his merit which Dr. Jenner received from other quarters. A strong testimony of confidence in the virtues of the cow-pox was signed so early as the summer of 1799, by thirty-three of the most eminent physicians, and by forty distinguished surgeons of the metropolis. Early in 1800, the Duke of Clarence exerted himself greatly in the cause; and in the month of March that year, Dr. Jenner was successively introduced to the Duke of York, the King, the Prince of Wales, and, lastly, to the Queen, all of whom received him with marked attention, and expressed the interest they felt for the success of vaccination.

By these and similar proofs of the public feeling, individual clamor was at length hushed; and in the propagation of cow-pox to distant regions, Jenner quickly found ample employment for his time and thoughts. Dr. Baron gives copious details

* Jenner's "Continuation of Facts and Observations." 1800.

concerning the mode in which this object, so dear to his heart, was effected; as also concerning the persons chiefly instrumental in carrying his views into effect. Many of these details possess great interest, especially those which concern the introduction of cow-pox into the great continent of Asia; but we have no space for them here. Suffice it to say, that the late Dr. Gregory had the merit of introducing vaccination into Scotland, through the medium of Sir Matthew Tierney. Dr. Waterhouse undertook to introduce it into America, and by his perseverance and talents, fully succeeded in doing so about the year 1800. The earliest supporter of vaccination on the continent of Europe was Dr. De Carro, of Vienna, whose exertions in the cause are beyond all praise. To him our Indian possessions are indebted for the introduction of the vaccine. Dr. Sacco, of Milan, distinguished himself not merely as an active propagator of the new practice in Italy, but by his pathological inquiries into the origin of cow-pox.

Dr. Baron dedicates one chapter of his book to a detail of the events connected with the first parliamentary grant to Dr. Jenner. A committee was appointed to examine and report upon Dr. Jenner's claims for public remuneration. Witnesses pro and con were examined. It was stated, that a farmer of the name of Jesty, had actually inoculated his wife and children with cow-pox matter in 1774, and that a Mrs. Rendall had caused five of her children to play with the teat of a cow to secure them from small-pox; but this, as Dr. Baron observes, never advanced the cause of vaccination beyond what popular rumor had already done. Dr. Jenner's merit consisted in this,—that he divested popular tradition of its obscurity and uncertainty, and gave the aspect of science to what was formerly vague and valueless. A pretty illustration of that kind of merit which belongs to Jenner is given by Dr. Baron. A fish was preparing for dinner in the kitchen of a medical man, and was accidentally placed on a table in connection with two metals. The fish was thrown into convulsions. The doctor recorded the circumstance, published an account of it, and there the matter ended. The same sort of thing afterwards occurred in the laboratory of Galvani. He set himself to *investigate* the phenomenon, and the genius which this effort displayed was soon rewarded by a rich harvest of discovery. But to return to the committee of the house of commons, whom we left discussing Dr. Jenner's claims. They considered him well entitled to twenty thousand pounds, but Mr. Banks, the Joseph Hume of those days, would not agree to more than ten. A vote for ten thousand pounds in favor of Dr. Jenner

passed the house on the 2d of June, 1802, by a majority of three.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that very few real improvements in the practice of vaccination have been introduced since the discovery was first announced. One of the most important was the practicability of propagating the disease by scabs, for which we are indebted to Mr. Bryce of Edinburgh. Of the value of this addition to our knowledge concerning cow-pox, Dr. Jenner was fully sensible, but he attached comparatively little importance to the *test*, as it is called, recommended by that gentleman, and known to vaccinators by his name. In this opinion we think Jenner fully borne out, as we have never been able to convince ourselves that that supposed test furnishes any evidence of the *degree* to which the constitution is affected. This still remains a great desideratum. A very effectual mode of preserving lymph for the use of distant countries, was invented by two German physicians.

Honors began to pour in upon Dr. Jenner from the year 1801. The Dowager Empress of Russia sent him, in that year, a ring set in diamonds. The Royal Society of Madrid elected him an honorary member; &c., &c. With a notice of these blushing honors, Dr. Baron's first volume concludes. It is far from our intention to anticipate the contents of that which is to come, but it may be satisfactory to our readers, to have one or two dates, by way of filling up the picture. In 1807, parliament reconsidered its former vote, and granted to Dr. Jenner an additional sum of twenty thousand pounds. In the following year vaccination was taken under the protection of government. The National Vaccine Establishment was at first placed under the immediate direction of Dr. Jenner; but difficulties ensued, and Dr. Jenner resigned. During the latter years of his life, he continued to devote a great deal of his time to the subject of vaccination, but he did not publish any thing of much importance concerning it after the period to which Dr. Baron brings down his life. He died at Berkeley, in February, 1823, suddenly, of apoplexy, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. A statue has been erected to his memory in his native county, but, hitherto, no adequate testimonial of national approbation has been bestowed. An anxious wish was expressed by many of the admirers of his genius, that his remains should be deposited in Westminster Abbey, with the distinguished of the land, and government were well disposed to accede to their wishes, but for some reason it was thought unadvisable, and his body lies in the chancel of the parish church in Berkeley.

THE WILD PIGEON OF AMERICA.

IN the autumn of 1813, I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. Having met the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in the barrens or natural wastes a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, in greater apparent numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, I felt an inclination to enumerate the flocks that would pass within the reach of my eye in one hour. I dismounted, and seating myself on a tolerable eminence, took my pencil to mark down what I saw going by and over me, and made a dot for every flock which passed.

Finding, however, that this was next to impossible, and feeling unable to record the flocks, as they multiplied constantly, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, discovered that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I traveled on, and still met more the farther I went. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day became dim, as during an eclipse; the pigeons' dung fell in spots, not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buz of their wings over me, had a tendency to incline my senses to repose.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession.

The people were indeed all up in arms, and shooting on all sides at the passing flocks. The banks of the river were crowded with men and children, for here the pigeons flew rather low as they passed the Ohio. This gave a fair opportunity to destroy them in great numbers. For a week or more the population spoke of nothing but pigeons, and fed on no other flesh but that of pigeons. The whole atmosphere during this time was strongly impregnated with the smell appertaining to their species.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place, to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will show the astonishing bounty of the Creator in his works, and how universally this bounty has been granted to every living thing on that vast continent of America.

We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square

miles, and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock; and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day, which is required to feed such a flock.

As soon as these birds discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below, and at this time exhibit their phalanx in all the beauties of their plumage; now displaying a large glistening sheet of bright azure, by exposing their backs to view, and suddenly veering, exhibit a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower over the woods, and are lost among the foliage for a moment, but they reappear as suddenly above; after which they alight, and, as if affrighted, the whole again take to wing with a roar equal to loud thunder, and wander swiftly through the forest to see if danger is near. Impelling hunger, however, soon brings them all to the ground, and then they are seen industriously throwing up the fallen leaves to seek for the last beechnut or acorn; the rear ranks continually rising, passing over, and alighting in front in such quick succession, that the whole still bears the appearance of being on the wing. The quantity of ground thus swept up, or to use a French expression, *moissonnee*, is astonishing; and so clean is the work, that gleaners never find it worth their while to follow where the pigeons have been. On such occasions, when the woods are thus filled with them, they are killed in immense numbers, yet without any apparent diminution. During the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, the whole settle on the trees to enjoy rest, and digest their food; but as the sun sinks in the horizon, they depart en masse for the roosting-place, not unfrequently hundreds of miles off, as has been ascertained by persons keeping account of their arrival and of their departure from their curious roosting-places, to which I must now conduct the reader.

To one of those general nightly rendezvous, not far from the banks of Green river in Kentucky, I paid repeated visits. It was, as is almost always the case, pitched in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude of growth, but with little underwood. I rode through it lengthwise upwards of forty miles, and crossed it in different parts, ascertaining its width to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but

a great number of persons with horses and wagons, guns, and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the neighborhood of Russelsville, distant more than one hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on pigeon-meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than one hundred and fifty miles off. The dung of the birds was several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter I observed were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest so much so, that the desolation already exhibited equalled that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns, double and treble charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived. But all of a sudden I heard a cry of "*Here they come!*" The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The current of birds, however, kept still increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying sight was before me. The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted every where one on the top of another, until masses of them resembling hanging swarms of bees as large as hogsheads, were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groups, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and of distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest me. The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners reload them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning's

operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued, however, the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, who, by his habits in the woods, was able to tell me, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly. Towards the approach of day the noise rather subsided; but long ere objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the day before, and at sunrise none that were able to fly remained. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, the lynx, the cougars, bears, rackoons, opossums, and pole-cats, were seen sneaking off the spot, whilst the eagles and hawks of different species, supported by a horde of buzzards and carrion crows, came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction.

It was then that I, and all those present, began our entry among the dead and wounded sufferers. They were picked up in great numbers, until each had as many as could possibly be disposed of; and afterwards the hogs and dogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.—*Account of the Wild Pigeon of America, By Mr. John James Audubon; Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science.*

MASSACRE IN GLEN-COE.

THIS frightful glen was the theater of a massacre not often paralleled, and the recital of which cannot fail to make the mind shudder with horror. It appears that many of the sturdy and high-spirited Scottish chieftains, from an attachment to the fallen fortunes of the Stuarts, submitted to the Act of Settlement in favor of King William with reluctance. The Earl of Breadalbane undertook to reconcile the malcontents to this political change; but meeting with difficulties in his way, he resolved to be revenged upon those who embarrassed his mission, and particularly selected Macdonald, of Glen-Coe, against whom he had a private pique, as an object devoted to destruction. Accordingly he represented him at court as an incorrigible rebel. He told the king that Macdonald had got his majesty's proclamation, which offered an indemnity to all who had been in arms against him, upon submission, and taking the oaths of allegiance, before the expiration of a year, but threatened with military execution

those who should hold out after the first of December, and that Macdonald refused to take the oaths, alleging that the government had nothing to apprehend from his doing so, as he always intended to keep his opinions to himself. In the mean time, however, Macdonald, overpowered by the persuasion of his family and friends, on the last day of the month, repaired to Fort William, and requested of Col. Hill, the then governor, to tender the oath to him, which the governor declined, on account of his not being a magistrate; upon which Macdonald set off for Inverary. He traveled with such swiftness, although the snow lay deep upon the ground, that he arrived there within one day after the period of indemnity had expired. Sir John Campbell, sheriff of the county, in consideration of his disappointment at Fort William, administered the oath to him and his adherents, and they returned to Glen-Coe, full of confidence in the protection of government.

In consequence of Breadalbane's representations, the king, with the most unfeeling composure, signed an order for putting about *two hundred persons* out of the protection of the proclamation; and a warrant to this effect was issued to the Laird of Stair, secretary of state for Scotland, who sent orders to Livingstone, the commander-in-chief, to put the unhappy inhabitants of Glen-Coe to the sword, that the rest of the refractory clans might be impressed with terror by the example.

In consequence of an order from Major Duncannon, Captain Campbell, of Glen-Lyon, marched at the head of his company into the valley of Glen-Coe early in the month of February, 1691, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth money. Macdonald demanded of the officer the object of such a visit, who answered, *upon his honor, that he meant no injury either to him or to his people*. In consequence of this declaration, Campbell and his soldiers were kindly received, and treated in the most hospitable manner for fifteen days. At length the horrible hour of unsuspected slaughter approached. The Laird and Lady of Glen-Coe, and Campbell with some of his officers, spent the day together, in the evening playing at cards, and parted early, with mutual expressions of esteem. In the course of the evening, young Macdonald observed that the guards were doubled; and, from other appearances among the soldiers, he suspected treachery, and communicated his suspicions to his father, whose confidence in the honor of Campbell made him revolt at the idea. The young man, nevertheless continued firm in his opinion, and at nightfall went, accompanied by his brother, amongst the soldiers, to make further ob-

servations: upon approaching a guard, they overheard a sentinel express his dislike to the meditated business of blood to his comrade, observing, that he should have no objection to fight the Macdonalds in the field fairly, but that his soul revolted at butchering them in cold blood. "However," added he, "our officers are answerable for the treachery." Upon this the young men hastened back with the intelligence to their father; but the dreadful massacre had already commenced. Before they reached their home, the volleys of death and the shrieks of despair rang through the glen, and, being unarmed, they endeavored to preserve their lives by flight. The ferocious soldiery entered the chamber of the brave Macdonald, and upon his starting up, they shot him through the head, and he fell dead in the arms of his agonized wife, who died distracted with horror on the ensuing day. *Thirty-eight* persons were cruelly butchered in their beds. The design was to murder all under seventy years of age, amounting to about two hundred persons; but some detachments, happily for the survivors, did not arrive in time to secure the passes, and in consequence one hundred and sixty providentially escaped.

When these savage assassins had completed the massacre, they seized all the property they could find, set fire to the houses, and drove the cattle away. The night was one of the bitterest of the winter; when the day broke upon this horrible scene, numbers of women, who, with their infants, had fled naked from their murderers, were found frozen to death with their children, under rocks and hedges, at some distance from the glen!

Upon a representation of this barbarous outrage to the king, he endeavoured to throw the responsibility from his own head upon those who induced him to sign the sanguinary order; but, as he never punished the perpetrators of this horrible massacre with becoming vigor, it justly remains an indelible blot upon his character, and to this day he is termed *Old Glen-Coe* among the Catholics of Scotland and Ireland.

VOYAGE OF HEEMSKIRK AND BARENTZ, TO THE POLAR REGIONS.

IN 1596, two ships were fitted out at Amsterdam, in Holland, which were sent to the northern coast of Europe, to find a north-east passage to the East Indies. The command of the ships was given to James Heemskirk; and those next in com-

mand were Wilham Barentz, in one of the ships, and John Cornelius Ryp, in the other. It was in the beginning of May, 1596, that our mariners sailed from Amsterdam; on the 10th they passed Ulieland, (one of the islands which form the boundary of the Zuyder Zee,) and entered the northern Ocean.

The weather was beautiful, and the wind favorable; so they sailed swiftly, and in about four days found themselves in view of the Shetland islands. They then steered directly for the North Pole. In a few days they found themselves close by Iceland, in that part of the Northern Ocean where they had imagined the Northern Polar Circle was. By the first of June they had passed the seventieth degree of north latitude. On this day to their surprise, the sun did not set; for they were now in regions where, during this season, the sun remains on the horizon for some months, appearing to travel round it in twenty-four hours.

On the 5th of July, those who where upon deck, raised a great shout, and called their companions to see an immense number of Swans, which were coming towards them; but when they looked at the object for a while, they found that their comrades were deceived, and had mistaken lumps of ice, covered with snow, for swans.

Our navigators sailed some days longer through lumps of ice, which were larger the farther they advanced.

On the 9th of July, they saw land; they examined their maps to see what country it was, but no land was laid down here; so they concluded this to be an unknown country. They sailed round the coast, and soon saw distinctly that it was an island of about eight leagues in length. Having anchored, some of them got into a boat, and went on shore. The first things they saw were a great number of sea-gull's eggs; these they carefully gathered up for that night's supper.

On the day following, they weighed anchor, and continued to sail to the north. In the evening, that is to say, our time of sunset, they saw a large object floating on the sea, which at first they thought was an island, but, when they came nearer, they found it was a dead whale, upon which were a great many sea-gulls devouring its fat with great avidity.

On the 17th and 18th of July, they were obliged to make their way through much floating ice, still steering to the north, until at last they arrived at a small island; it was one of those which lie south of Spitzbergen.

On the day following our mariners saw land again; this they

thought was a part of Greenland; but finding it was not so, they gave it the name of Spitzberg.

On the 21st of July, they cast anchor within sight of this land, and some of the crew went on shore to look for ballast.

This country is one of the coldest and most desert in the world. When beheld from a distance, at sea, nothing is perceived but rugged mountains, and those are composed partly of ice and snow, and partly of rocks and stones. With the exception of a few herbs, and a little moss, which spring here and there, there grows not a single plant, nor a tree, nor a bush in this land. It is only in the months of July and August that there is the slightest resemblance to summer, and even this short interval of pleasant weather is often interrupted by wintry scenes: storms are very rare in these climates. The long winter nights which last four months, are rendered in some degree supportable, by the frequent and brilliant appearance of the northern lights.

Amongst the small number of plants which grow here, the wild celery and scurvy-grass are particularly distinguishable; it is not without beneficent views that the hand of Providence has disseminated them, for they form an excellent preventive against scorbutic complaints, to which sailors are particularly exposed.

They sailed for some days along the coast of this desert country, casting anchor in several places, and going in their boats to shore. But not finding any thing there worthy of delay, they resolved to continue their voyage, to fulfill, if possible, the important design with which they had set out.

Now the difficulty arose, whither should they steer their course? and upon this point the opinions of the two captains were divided. Cornelius Ryp thought it would be better to advance more to the north, in hopes of finding the sea free from ice. Barentz was of an opposite opinion: he thought they had already proceeded too far towards the Pole, and that it was necessary now to steer a little to the south. They disputed for a long time, and at last, not being able to agree, they determined to take the route which each liked best. It was thus that the two vessels were separated. Cornelius sailed to the north, and Barentz to the south, both with the design of turning afterwards to the east. This separation took place on the first of July. Heemskirk and Barentz continued to sail along the coast, but were obliged perpetually to open a way for themselves through the ice. When they could not proceed, they fastened the ves-

sel to a mass of ice, and waited until the wind opened a passage for them.

On the 10th of August, the ice broke and began to float again. The only mass which remained immovable, was that to which the vessel was fastened, though others of considerable magnitude came crash against it, as they passed; by this they knew it rested at the bottom of the sea.

The ice now began alternately to unite and separate; so that our poor half-frozen adventurers were obliged to work hard to open a passage in the best way they could, whilst the sea was in motion. During this work they were perpetually in danger of being crushed by the floating ice, which it required great precaution and address to avoid. Besides this, they now and then received an unwelcome visit from a bear. Sometimes great battles arose, but the men were always victorious. By means of great exertion they at length gained the northern extremity of this land, and began to double it. Some of the crew having been sent on shore, and having mounted upon a high rock, thought they observed that the sea to the east was not covered with ice. This was a great source of joy to these poor fellows; they hastened as soon as possible to carry the good news to the vessel, and all listened to it with demonstrations of joy. "Be moderate in your joy, my good friends; the hopes of men are often deceitful, and who knows whether yours will not vanish?" And so alas! it happened on the day following: for when they began to sail where the evening before they thought the sea was free, they found it so full of masses of ice, that they were obliged to work hard to regain the coast of Nova Zembla. They attempted the same thing more than once, but always in vain. They then entirely abandoned their design, that of finding a north-east passage to China; and all they wished was to be able to sail down the eastern coast of Nova Zembla, and thus reach the continent of Asia.

With this view, they steered to the south, every time the ice was in movement. But before they had proceeded far, the ice struck the vessel with such force, that they thought every moment it would have been smashed. At one time the prow of the vessel was elevated, at another time the stern; then it would become level, but immovable, as though it were walled in.

On the 29th of August, the vessel being in this situation, the sailors tried with various instruments to break and separate these masses of ice. On the 30th, the ice again began to float; a cold and piercing wind, with a fall of snow, drove the detached pieces against the ship with such dreadful force, that it was

expected it would be shivered to pieces every minute. As the ice collected together more on that side of the vessel where the current was, than on the other, they thought it would have been upset; but at last it collected together on the other side, so that the vessel was perched upon an eminence as if it had been hoisted by pulleys or other machines. Afterwards other masses came and joined themselves to those which were at the prow, and raised it four or five feet higher than the stern, but presently others came and raised the stern also. The wind whistled; there was nothing to be heard but the clashing of the cordage covered with ice, the crashing of the vessel in all its joints, and the bellying of the frozen sea, amidst a direful dashing of mountains of ice. Our navigators, who were expecting every moment to see the total destruction of the ship, put the long boat and small boat upon the ice, that these might be safe if that were broken in pieces. Thus desperately were they situated, about the 2d of September, when the vessel was again raised aloft by the masses of ice, which came with violence, and now broke it in several places. As they thought by this that the vessel was within a little of being destroyed, they put three casks of biscuits, and two small casks of wine into the small boat, and took them to land. On the 3d, the ice bound it still tighter; and the strong beam at the stern, to which the helm was fastened, broke off. The cable of the chief anchor, and another entirely new by which they had fastened the vessel to a great rock of ice, broke like packthread. The hulk of the vessel, however, withstood the violence of the ice in a surprising manner. On the 5th, it was cast upon the coast but did not break. There was no hope, however, that it would long resist all this violence; therefore the sailors continued to convey to shore what things were most necessary, such as powder, balls, fire-arms, biscuit, wine, tools of every description, and old sails. With these latter they made a tent to preserve what they had brought.

Some of the crew, who had gone into the interior of the country, returned with the joyful intelligence, that they had found a river of fresh water, and a quantity of wood floating by its side. These were trees, which the wind and sea had torn from the coast of the continent, and carried to the cold countries of the Frozen Ocean, where there was a scarcity. This news gave them hopes that they might be enabled to pass a long and severe winter, in this cold and desert country. They determined, therefore, to build a hut, which would defend them in some degree from the dreadful cold, and from the ferocious beasts: but the severe frosts, together with high winds

and falls of snow, threw so many obstacles in their way, that they were four weeks in accomplishing it. The cold increased every day to such a degree, that our navigators could not keep themselves warm on the mid-deck, where the fire was; they were obliged to put up a fire-place at the bottom of the hold, and then the whole vessel was so filled with smoke, that no one would have thought it possible to remain there without being smothered. On the 23d the master-carpenter died. The ground was frozen too hard for them to dig a grave, so they buried him in a cave in a mountain. The whole crew now consisted of only sixteen persons, and of these there was often one ill. Towards the end of September, the cold was so intense, that the men were obliged to relinquish the building of the hut, because their limbs were absolutely transfixed with cold, and the floating wood which they used in its construction was covered with snow. In order, however, to forward the work a little, they took the wood of the hammocks out of the ship, to make a roof, and otherwise furnish the hut. This employed them fifteen days, during which the cold was so dreadful, that the strongest sailors could not go thirty steps without risking their lives. Meanwhile the vessel remained in the same desperate situation; the nights became longer, and the condition of the poor voyagers still more pitiable.

It was about the 12th of October, when part of the crew prepared to lodge in the hut, which was almost completed; but they had nothing to lie upon, neither could they light a fire, for there was no chimney. They continued to render the cabin more commodious, by taking from the ship whatever was useful, and thus as much as possible alleviate their misery.

Amongst the provisions, the preservation of which much concerned them, there were some casks of beer: of this luxury they thought they should have been deprived, for in conveying it to the hut, the beer was frozen into ice, so that the casks, even those bound with iron, burst. They were not, however, on this account, the less careful of their icy beer, although they found, from the first attempt, that in melting it at the fire, it lost all its flavor and strength. On the 24th, the remainder of the crew, in number eight, went to the hut; one poor man was obliged to be drawn upon a sledge, being too ill to go without assistance. They drew the long boat also, with incredible labor, to the hut, for every hope of a future deliverance rested on it, in case they should live through the long and severe winter. It was in vain to think any more of preserv-

ing the large vessel—it was fixed in the ice. The agreeable sight of the sun shone upon them for a few hours in the day; but this blessing was soon to leave them. The segment of a circle which this orb described above the horizon, every day became smaller, and now it did not rise more than a hand's breadth above it; of course the sailors made the best of their time in carrying the rest of the provisions, the sails, and cordage to the hut. The last time that a party of them went to the vessel for this purpose, one of them saw three bears coming, and set up a great shout to frighten them. The sailors immediately left the ropes by which they had dragged the sledge, and fled for safety to the vessel; but Heemskirk and another previously armed themselves with halberds, which they found upon the sledge, and going to the opposite side of the ship, successfully got on board. The others provided themselves with fire-arms, but these were so much out of order that they were of no use. Meanwhile the furious animals made every attempt to climb up the vessel; and would no doubt have succeeded, had they not been diverted by lumps of wood and other things which the sailors threw at them, and which they, like dogs that are taught to fetch and carry, always ran after. At last, one of the crew threw a halberd at the largest, which struck him so forcibly in the snout, that he was obliged to retire, and the two smaller ones followed him, so that the sailors were at liberty to return to the hut. A few days after, they caught a white fox, which they roasted, and found to have nearly the same flavor as a rabbit.

On the 4th November following, the sun did not shine at all; and this was the beginning of the long night of which they could hardly hope to see the end. But, as an all-merciful Providence mingles in every cup of grief some drops of consolation, so to this evil he conjoined some circumstances well adapted to render it less frightful; for from the day when the sun disappeared, the bears migrated, apparently to pass their winter in a more southerly region. The moon also, taking the place of the sun, made the tour of the horizon without setting; and the sky was most frequently illuminated by brilliant northern lights, which rendered it as light as it is with us on a cloudy day. All these things consoled our poor friends, and recompensed them in some degree, for the absence of the pleasant daylight. But now there was a difficulty in distinguishing the seasons of day and night, especially when a cloudy sky concealed from them the situation of the moon and stars. They had brought a clock from the vessel; but the violence of the cold prevented it from



Re-appearance of the sun at Nova Zembla.—Page 139.



Charles XII. of Sweden.—Page 147.

going. They made a lamp, which, as they had no oil, they supplied from the fat of a bear.

On the 24th of January, being a fine day, Captain Heemskirk went to the coast with two companions to survey the ice. Suddenly one of them discovered a part of the disc of the sun appearing above the horizon. The joy which these people felt is beyond all description; they ran in haste to announce the good news in the hut; all heard it with rapture. Barentz alone, who understood something of astronomy, shook his head and doubted the truth of the circumstance; because, according to his calculations, the sun would not be visible for fifteen days:—how could it be then? Three days after, the sun, in all his grandeur and beauty, appeared above the horizon, darting his delightful rays upon this icy region. What a sight for our mariners! their hearts beat with joy. Barentz was surprised; he calculated again, and still found that the sun shone not according to the common order of nature. He convinced his companions of the rectitude of his calculations, and all were as astonished as himself.

The cold continued severe until the 15th of April. On this day they went to visit the vessel, and found it in the same hopeless situation in which they had left it. The ice around it had acquired an enormous thickness, and presented the most singular appearance. In one place might be seen a tower rearing its head aloft; in another there appeared to be streets lined with houses; in another there were bulwarks and a rampart; farther off the sea appeared breaking through the ice, and making way for itself. At this sight hope was kindled in the minds of all. But Heemskirk had resolved to wait till the end of the month of May, that he might not be reproached with having too hastily renounced the hope of saving the vessel, through an excessive care for his own preservation. The end of May arrived; but the vessel still remained blocked up. The ice which held it seemed to be attached to the bottom of the sea, for it remained immovable, whilst the distant ice was breaking and hurried away by the wind. The captain ordered his men to drag the long-boat and the smaller one from under the snow in which they were buried, that they might equip them, as well as they could, for the long and dangerous voyage they were about to undertake.

The whole month, however, passed away whilst they were refitting them; and often were they in imminent danger of being devoured by the ferocious bears which attacked them. Sometimes the weather grew milder, and the sea began to be free;

but frequently a single blast from the north, would bring back the most dreadful cold, and cover the whole sea with ice.

For the first days of June, they were employed in sliding the boats over the ice towards the vessel, that when every thing was ready, they might slide them still further to the end of the ice, and launch them into the water. The following days were employed in clearing the hut, and conveying to the vessel, which was about half the distance to the clear sea, every thing that might be of use to them in their dangerous voyage.

The boats were at last launched, and their cargoes prepared. Every thing that the water could injure was carefully wrapped up in sails, and dipped in pitch, so that the water could not pierce through. The whole cargo consisted of six bales of fine cloth, one chest of linen, two bales of velvet, two small casks full of money, two casks of cordage, and linen for the crew, three casks of biscuit, one of cheese, one of bacon, two of oil, six of wine, and two of vinegar, besides the clothes of the crew. There was but just room in the vessels for all these things.

It was on the 17th of June, 1597, that our navigators set sail. There were at this time two invalids, Barentz and a sailor. One was put into one boat, and the other into the other, that they might be better taken care of. Cheerfully and courageously did they begin this voyage, which, probably, had not had its equal in dangers, since the creation of the world. Their undertaking was nothing less than to sail more than three hundred and fifty leagues in two wretched boats, without cover, in a climate, too, which, in the midst of summer, is as severe as our winter, and in seas where masses of ice, sometimes adhering, sometimes torn asunder by the wind, crash one against another.

They had not proceeded far northward, before they were so inclosed by ice that they could proceed no farther. They cast anchor on the ice, and waited until it should again be in movement and make way for them. Meanwhile they employed themselves in melting snow at the fire, to procure fresh water. Before long, they were able to continue their voyage; the wind was favorable, and the rowers exerted themselves so much that on the third day they reached the northern extremity of Nova Zembla. The poor invalids every day grew worse, though Barentz, when asked how he was, always answered "that he was better, and hoped soon to recover." He asked if they had got to the Icy Cape? and being told that they were then near it, he desired to be raised up, that he might look at it. On the following day, as they were sailing between lumps of ice, some of them came with such violence against the boats that

the crew were very much terrified, expecting every blow to shatter them in pieces. The current carried them with such impetuosity, that it was impossible to avoid them, or keep them off by means of poles, and there were so many of them, that the boats could not make any way through them. Now the boldest lost their courage; all believed themselves lost, and already began to take their last farewell. However, one of the crew, by name Van Veer, who on other occasions had shown himself remarkable for his courage, now resolved to risk his life to save that of the rest. With one end of the cable in his hand, he leaped out of the vessel, and leaping from one piece of ice to another, at length, contrary to all expectation, arrived safely at the firm pieces; then drawing the rope, the boats which were fastened together yielded to his exertions, and reached the wished for harbor. Their first care was that of the sick. They carried them on the ice in blankets and placed something under them to lie down upon. Then they unloaded the boats that they might lift them on the ice and repair them, for they were a good deal injured. Then they went on the land to which the ice was attached, to look for bird's eggs for the invalids; but only caught a few birds. The next day they beheld the whole sea, far and near, covered with ice. This was a sad and discouraging prospect, and it appeared as if they had come thus far only to render their state more deplorable and to increase their misery.

Those who were well, almost envied Andriff, their sick companion, when they saw him draw near his end; for they thought he would soon be happy, and delivered from all his misery. Barentz, hearing them speak, said his death also was at hand; but as he was occupied in examining a map of their route, drawn up by Van Veer, they did not think him so ill as he said; and they conversed on other subjects. Barentz soon laid the map aside, and asked for some drink; but hardly had he swallowed it, when suddenly leaning his head, he expired, to the great regret of his companions. In him they lost a brave comrade and a skillful pilot: upon him in this latter character, they had founded, in a great measure, their hope of success in this dangerous enterprise: a little while after, the sailor Andriff expired also. They were obliged to remain four days in this dangerous situation, because the ice with which the sea was covered was as immovable as a wall. On the fifth day, however, the 22d of June, there arose a south-east wind, which unshackled the sea. Forthwith our sailors packed up every thing in the boats, and dragged them about fifty steps, to the water; but

hardly had set them afloat, when with much labor they were obliged again to drag them over some ice which impeded their progress, until at last they came to navigable water. Here they continued to sail, but not without meeting new interruptions.

It was upon the 3d of August, after having undergone innumerable hardships, that they at last reached the southern extremity of the desolate region: all weakened beyond expression; all attacked with the scurvy, which threatened to exterminate them before they could reach the continent. But there is a proverb equally true and consoling, "that the Divine assistance is the most extended in the seasons of the greatest misery." This is what they experienced; for when they landed for the first time, they found a quantity of herbs, which they knew were an excellent remedy against their complaints, and which they might eat in their natural state; so they ate heartily, and the effect surpassed their highest expectations. Before this, their teeth were loosened, so that they could not eat biscuits; but now they could eat what they pleased, or rather what they had, and that was not much, their provisions being very nearly consumed.

After having met with some difficulties, on account of the ice, they reached the coast of Russia on the 5th, and on the 12th had the pleasure of seeing a Russian bark coming full sail towards them. Having obtained a quantity of provisions from the Russians, they arrived at the cape and island of Candenos, situated at the entrance of the White Sea; from this point they crossed over to the western coast, inhabited by the Laplanders, where they found a few huts occupied by thirteen Russians, two Laplanders, their wives, and a child. From this place they proceeded to Kola, where they were overjoyed in finding Cornelius Ryp and his companions. At Kola they obtained permission of the Russian government, to place their two boats in the Exchange, that they might remain as a monument of the long and surprising voyage they had made. On the 15th of September, they weighed anchor, and reached Amsterdam, without any other adventure, November 1st, 1597.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

CHARLES XII. of Sweden, was born 27th June, 1682. From his earliest years he glowed to imitate the heroic character of Alexander; and in his eagerness to reign, he caused himself to

be declared king at the age of fifteen, and at his coronation boldly seized the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Upsal, and set it on his own head. His youth seemed to invite the attacks of his neighbors of Poland, Denmark, and Russia: but Charles, unawed by the prospect of hostilities, and though scarce eighteen, wisely determined to assail his enemies, one after the other. He besieged Copenhagen, and by his vigorous measures so terrified the Danish monarch, that in less than six weeks he obliged him to sue for peace. From humbled Denmark, Charles marched against the Russians; and though at the head of only 8000 men, he attacked the enemy, who were besieging Narva with 100,000 men. The conflict was dreadful; 30,000 were slain, 20,000 asked for quarters, and the rest were taken or destroyed; while the Swedes had only 1200 killed, and 800 wounded. From Narva, the victorious monarch advanced into Poland, defeated the Saxons who opposed his march, and obliged the Polish King, in suing for peace, to renounce his crown, and to acknowledge Stanislaus for his successor.

Had Charles been now reconciled to the Russians, he might have become a great monarch, as he was a successful warrior; but the hope of future triumphs flattered his ambition, and as if determined to dethrone the Czar, he advanced into Ukraine, whilst his enemies fled on every side. The Battle of Pultowa, however, proved unfortunate. In July, 1709, Charles, defeated and wounded, fled from the field, and sought protection at Bender, from the Turks. His affairs were now desperate; the banished Augustus was restored to the Polish throne, and the Grand Seigneur, tired of his guest, wished him to remove from his dominions.

Charles, with only forty domestics, opposed for some days a Turkish army, and when obliged to submit, he suddenly feigned sickness, and during ten months he lay in bed. At last he left his confinement with only two faithful attendants, and, traveling post, reached, in eleven days, Stralsund, from which he crossed to Sweden.

Untamed by misfortunes, he immediately invaded Norway, with an army of 20,000 men, but at the siege of Fredericks-hall, while visiting the works, he was struck by a cannon ball, and expired on the spot, 12th December, 1718.

Charles in his imitation of Alexander converted his firmness into obstinacy, his courage was rashness, and his severity was cruelty. He possessed nothing of the great qualities or the amiable virtues of the hero, though he was bold even to madness, and persevering even to his ruin.

The following account of his conduct at Bender will serve to illustrate his character.

"But neither the proposal of the old Janissaries, nor Poniatowsky's letters, could convince the king that it was consistent with his honor to yield. He rather chose to perish by the hands of the Turks, than in any respect to be made a prisoner. He dismissed the Janissaries without condescending to see them, and sent them word, that if they did not immediately depart, he would shave their beards for them; an affront, which in the eastern countries is considered as the most intolerable of all others.

"The old men, filled with the highest indignation, returned home crying out as they went, 'Ah, this head of iron! Since he will perish, let him perish.' They gave the basha an account of their commission, and informed their comrades at Bender of the strange reception they had met with; upon which they all swore to obey the basha's orders without delay, and were as impatient to go to the assault as they had been averse to it the day before.

"The word of command was immediately given. The Turks marched up to the fortifications; the Tartars were already waiting for them, and the cannon began to play. The Janissaries on the one side, and the Tartars on the other, instantly forced the little camp. Hardly had twenty Swedes time to draw their swords, when the whole three hundred were surrounded and taken prisoners without resistance. The king was then on horseback between his house and his camp, with the Generals Hord, Dardoff and Sparre; and seeing that all his soldiers had suffered themselves to be taken prisoners before his eyes, he said with great composure, to these three officers, 'Come, let us go and defend the house; we will fight,' adds he, with a smile, 'pro avis et focus.'

"Accordingly, accompanied by these three generals, he forthwith gallops up to the house, in which he had placed about forty domestics as sentinels, and which he had fortified in the best manner he could. The generals, accustomed as they were to the dauntless intrepidity of their master, could not help being surprised to see him resolve in cold blood, and even with an air of pleasantry, to defend himself against ten pieces of cannon, and a whole army: nevertheless they followed him, with some guards and domestics, making in all about twenty persons.

"When they came to the door, they found it beset by the Janissaries. Besides, two hundred Turks and Tartars had already entered by a window, and made themselves masters of all the

apartments, except a large hall where the king's domestics had retired. Happily this hall was near the door, at which the king designed to enter with his little troop of twenty persons. He threw himself off his horse with pistol and sword in hand, and his followers did the same. The Janissaries fell upon him on all sides. They were animated with the promise which the basha had made, of eight ducats of gold to every man who should only touch his clothes, in case they could take him. He wounded and killed all those who came near him. A Janissary whom he wounded clapped his blunderbuss to his face, and had he not been jostled by the arm of a Turk, owing to the crowd which moved backwards and forwards like waves, the king had certainly been killed. The ball grazed upon his nose, and carried off part of his ear, and then broke the arm of General Hord, whose constant fate it was to be wounded by his master's side.

"The king plunged his sword in the Janissary's breast. At the same time, his domestics, who were shut up in the great hall, opened the door to him. The king with his little troop, springs in like an arrow. They instantly shut the door, and barricade it with whatever they can find. Thus was Charles the 12th shut up in this hall with all his attendants, consisting of about sixty men, officers, guards, secretaries, valets de chambre, and domestics of every kind.

"The Janissaries and Tartars pillaged the rest of the house and filled the apartments. 'Come,' says the king, 'let us go and drive out these barbarians;' and putting himself at the head of his men, he with his own hands opens the door of the hall that leads to his bed-chamber, rushes into the room, and fires upon the plunderers.

"The Turks, loaded with spoil, and terrified at the appearance of the king, whom they had ever been accustomed to respect, throw down their arms, leap out of the window, or fly to the cellars. The king taking advantage of their confusion, and his own men being animated by the success of this attempt, they pursue the Turks from chamber to chamber, kill or wound those who had not made their escape, and in a quarter of an hour clear the house of the enemy. In the heat of the fight the king perceived two Janissaries who lay concealed under his bed, one of them he stabbed with his sword, the other asked pardon, by crying 'Amman.' 'I give you your life,' says the king to him, 'on this condition; that you go and give the basha a faithful account of what you have seen.' The Turk readily promised to do as he was bid, and was allowed to leap out of the window like the rest.

"The Swedes having at last made themselves masters of the house, again shut and barricadoed the windows. They were in no want of arms. A ground room full of muskets and powder had escaped the tumultuary search of the Janissaries; these they employed to good purpose. They fired through the windows almost close upon the Turks, of whom, in a short time they killed two hundred. The cannon still played upon the house; but the stones being very soft, they only made some holes in the walls, and nothing was demolished.

"The cham of Tartary, and the basha, were desirous of taking the king alive; being ashamed to lose so many men, and to employ a whole army against sixty persons; they thought it advisable to set fire to the house, in order to oblige the king to surrender. They ordered some arrows, twisted about with lighted matches, to be shot upon the roof, and against the doors and windows. In a moment the house was in flames. The roof, all on fire, was ready to tumble upon the Swedes. The king, with great calmness, gave orders to extinguish the fire. Finding a small barrel full of liquor, he took it up, and being assisted by two Swedes, threw it upon the place where the fire was most violent. At last he recollected that the barrel was full of brandy; but the hurry inseparable from such a scene of confusion, hindered him from thinking of it in time. The fire now raged with double fury. The king's apartment was reduced to ashes. The great hall, where the Swedes were, was filled with a terrible smoke, mixed with sheets of flame, that darted in at the doors of the neighboring apartments. One half of the roof sunk within the house, the other fell on the outside, cracking amidst the flames.

"In this extremity, a sentinel, called Walberg, ventured to cry, that there was a necessity for surrendering. 'What a strange man is this,' says the king, 'to imagine, that it is not more glorious to be burnt than taken prisoner?' Another sentinel, named Rosen, had the presence of mind to observe, that the chancery house, which was not above fifty paces distant, had a stone roof, and was proof against fire; that they ought to sally forth, take possession of that house, and then defend themselves to the last extremity. 'There is a true Swede for you,' cries the king; and embracing the sentinel, he made him a colonel upon the spot. 'Come on, my friends,' says he, 'take as much powder and ball with you as you can, and let us take possession of the chancery, sword in hand.'

"The Turks, who all the while surrounded the house, were struck with fear and admiration, to see the Swedes continue in

it, notwithstanding it was all in flames; but their astonishment was greatly increased, when they saw the doors opened, and the king and his followers rushing out upon them, like so many madmen. Charles and his principal officers were armed with sword and pistol. Every man fired two pistols at once, the moment the doors were opened; and in the twinkling of an eye, throwing away their pistols, and drawing their swords, they made the Turks recoil above fifty paces; but in a moment after, the little troop was surrounded. The king, who was booted as usual, entangled himself with his spurs and fell. One and twenty Janissaries at once spring upon him. He throws up his sword into the air, to save himself the mortification of surrendering it. The Turks bear him to the basha's quarters, some taking hold of his arms, and others of his legs, in the same manner as sick persons are wont to be carried, in order to prevent their being hurt.

"No sooner did the king see himself in their hands, than the violence of his temper, and the fury which such a long and desperate fight must have naturally inspired, gave place at once to a mild and gentle behavior: not one word of impatience dropped from his lips; not one angry look was to be seen in his face. He eyed the Janissaries with a smiling countenance, and they carried him off crying 'Alla,' with a mixture of respect and indignation."

BRAVERY OF SERGEANT JASPER.

MR. JASPER, a sergeant in the revolutionary army, had a brother who had joined the British, and who likewise, held the rank of sergeant in their garrison at Ebenezer. No man could be truer to the American cause, than Sergeant Jasper; yet he warmly loved his tory brother, and actually went to the British garrison to see him. His brother was exceedingly alarmed, lest he should be seized, and hung as an American spy; for his name was well known to many of the British officers. "Do not trouble yourself," said Jasper, "I am no longer an American soldier."

"Thank God for that, William," exclaimed his brother, heartily shaking him by the hand; "and now, only say the word, my boy, and here is a commission for you, with regimentals and gold to boot, to fight for his majesty, king George."

Jasper shook his head, and observed, that though there was

but little encouragement to fight *for* his country, he could not find it in his heart to fight *against* her. And there the conversation ended. After staying two or three days with his brother, inspecting and hearing all that he could, he took his leave, returned to the American camp, by a circuitous route, and told General Lincoln all that he had seen.

Soon after, he made another trip to the English garrison, taking with him his particular friend, Sergeant Newton, who was a young man of great strength and courage. His brother received him with his usual cordiality; and he and his friend, spent several days at the British fort, without giving the least alarm. On the morning of the third day, his brother observed that he had bad news to tell him.

"Aye! what is it?" asked William.

"Why," replied his brother, "here are ten or a dozen American prisoners, brought in this morning, as deserters, from Savannah, whither they are to be sent immediately; and, from what I can learn, it will be apt to go hard with them, for it seems they have all taken the king's bounty."

"Let us see them," said Jasper. So his brother took him and his friend Newton to see them. It was indeed a melancholy sight, to see the poor fellows hand-cuffed upon the ground. But when the eye rested on a young woman, wife of one of the prisoners, with her child, a sweet little boy of five years, all pity for the male prisoners was forgotten. Her humble garb showed that she was poor; but her deep distress, and sympathy with her unfortunate husband, proved that she was rich in conjugal love, more precious than all gold. She generally sat on the ground, opposite to her husband, with her little boy leaning on her lap, and her coal black hair spreading in long, neglected tresses on her neck and bosom. Sometimes she would sit silent as a statue of grief, her eyes fixed upon the earth: then she would start with a convulsive throb, and gaze on her husband's face with looks as piercing sad, as if she already saw him struggling in the halter, herself a widow, and her son an orphan; while the child, distressed by his mother's anguish, added to the pathos of the scene, by the artless tears of childish suffering. Though Jasper and Newton were undaunted in the field of battle, their feelings were subdued by such heart-stirring misery. As they walked out into the neighboring wood, the tears stood in the eyes of both. Jasper first broke silence "Newton," said he, "my days have been but few; but I believe their course in nearly finished."

"Why so, Jasper?"

"Why, I feel that I must rescue those poor prisoners, or die with them; otherwise, the remembrance of that poor woman and her child will haunt me to my grave."

"That is exactly what I feel, too," replied Newton; "and here is my hand and heart to stand by you, my brave friend, to the last drop. Thank God, a man can die but once; and why should we fear to leave this life in the way of our duty?"

The friends embraced each other, and entered into the necessary arrangements, for fulfilling their desperate resolution.

Immediately after breakfast, the prisoners were sent on their way to Savannah, under the guard of a sergeant and corporal, with eight men.

They had not been gone long, before Jasper, accompanied by his friend Newton, took leave of his brother, and set out on some pretended errand to the upper country. They had scarcely, however, got out of sight of Ebenezer, before they struck into the woods, and pushed hard after the prisoners and their guard, whom they closely dogged for several miles, anxiously watching an opportunity to make a blow. The hope, indeed, seemed extravagant; for what could *two* unarmed men do against *ten* equipped with loaded muskets and bayonets? However, unable to give up their countrymen, our heroes still traveled on.

About two miles from Savannah, there is a famous spring, generally called the Spa, well known to travelers, who often stopped there to quench their thirst. "Perhaps," said Jasper, "the guard may stop there." Hastening on through the woods, they gained the Spa, as their last hope, and there concealed themselves among the thick bushes that grew around the spring. Presently, the mournful procession came in sight of the spring, where the sergeant ordered a halt. Hope sprung afresh in the bosoms of our heroes, though no doubt mixed with great alarm; for "it was a fearful odds." The corporal, with his guard of four men, conducted the prisoners to the spring, while the sergeant, with the other four, having grounded their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners, wearied with their long walk, were permitted to rest themselves on the earth. Poor Mrs. Jones, as usual, took her seat opposite her husband, and her little boy, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep in her lap. Two of the corporal's men were ordered to keep guard, and the other two to give the prisoners drink out of their canteens. These last approached the spring, where our heroes lay concealed, and, resting their muskets against a pine tree, dipped up the water. Having drank themselves, they turned away

with replenished canteens, to give to the prisoners also. "Now Newton, is our time," said Jasper.

Then, bursting like lions from their concealment, they snatched up the two muskets that were resting against the pine, and in an instant, shot down the two soldiers who were upon guard. It was now a contest who should get the two loaded muskets that fell from the hands of the slain; for by this time, a couple of brave Englishmen, recovering from their momentary panic, had sprung and seized upon the muskets; but before they could use them, the swift-handed Americans, with clubbed guns, leveled a final blow at the heads of their brave antagonists. The tender bones of the skull gave way, and down they sunk, pale and quivering, without a groan. Then hastily seizing the muskets, which had thus a second time fallen from the hands of the slain, they flew between their surviving enemies and their weapons, grounded near the road, and ordered them to surrender; which they instantly did. They then snapped the hand-cuffs of the prisoners, and armed them with muskets.

At the commencement of the fight, poor Mrs. Jones had fallen to the earth in a swoon, and her little son stood screaming piteously over her. But, when she recovered, and saw her husband and his friends freed from their fetters, she behaved like one frantic with joy. She sprung to her husband's bosom, and with her arms round his neck, sobbed out, "My husband is safe—bless God, my husband is safe." Then, snatching up her child, she pressed him to her heart, as she exclaimed, "Thank God! my son has a father yet." Then kneeling at the feet of Jasper and Newton, she pressed their hands vehemently, but in the fullness of her heart she could only say, "God bless you! God Almighty bless you!"

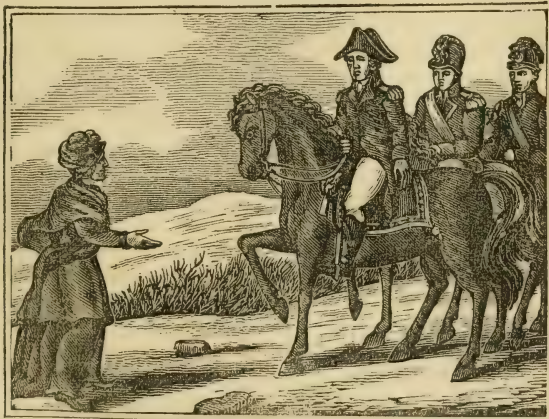
For fear of being retaken by the English, our heroes seized the arms and regimentals of the dead, and with their friends and captive foes, re-crossed the Savannah, and safely joined the American army at Purisburgh, to the inexpressible astonishment and joy of all.

LYDIA DARRAH.

WHEN the British army held possession of Philadelphia, Gen. Howe's head quarters were in Second street, the fourth door below Spruce, in a house which was before occupied by Gen. Cadwalader. Directly opposite, resided William and Lydia Darrah,



Bravery of Sergeant Jasper.—Page 150.



Lydia Darrah communicating the intended attack upon General Washington's army.—Page 151.



members of the society of friends. A superior officer of the British army, believed to be the adjutant-general, fixed upon one of their chambers, a back room, for private conference; and two of them frequently met there, with fire and candles, in close consultation. About the 2d of December, the adjutant-general told Lydia that he would be in the room at 7 o'clock, and remain late; and they wished the family to retire early to bed; adding, that when they were going away they would call her to let them out and extinguish their fire and candles. She accordingly sent all the family to bed; but as the officer had been so particular, her curiosity was excited. She took off her shoes and put her ear to the key-hole of the conclave, and overheard an order read for all the British troops to march out late in the evening of the fourth, and attack General Washington's army, then encamped at White Marsh. On hearing this, she returned to her chamber, and lay down. Soon after, the officer knocked at the door, but she rose only at the third summons, having feigned herself asleep. Her mind was so much agitated, that from this moment she could neither eat nor sleep; supposing it to be in her power to save the lives of thousands of her countrymen: but not knowing how she was to convey the information to Gen. Washington, not daring to confide in her husband. She quickly determined to make her way as soon as possible to the American outposts. She informed her family, that, as she was in want of flour, she would go to Frankford for some; her husband insisted that she should take the servant maid with her, but, to his surprise, she positively refused. She got across to General Howe, and solicited, what he readily granted, to pass through the British troops on the lines. Leaving her bag at the mill, she hastened toward the American lines, and encountered on her way an American lieutenant-colonel (Craig) of the light-horse, who, with some of his men, was on the lookout for information. He knew her, and inquired where she was going? She answered, in quest of her son, an officer in the American army, and prayed the colonel to alight and walk with her. He did so, ordering his troops to keep in sight. To him she disclosed her secret, after having obtained from him a solemn promise never to betray her individually, as her life might be at stake with the British.

He conducted her to a house near at hand, directed something for her to eat, and hastened to head-quarters, when he made General Washington acquainted with what he had heard. Washington made, of course, all preparation for baffling the meditated surprise. Lydia returned home with her flour: sat up alone to watch the movement of the British troops; heard their

footsteps; but when they returned, in a few days after, did not dare to ask a question, though solicitous to learn the event. The next evening, the adjutant-general came in, and requested her to walk up to his room, as he wished to put some questions. She followed him in terror; and when he locked the door and begged her, with an air of mystery to be seated, she was sure that she was either suspected or had been betrayed. He inquired earnestly whether any of her family were up the last night he and the other officer met: she told him that they all retired at eight o'clock. He observed, "I know *you* were asleep, for I knocked at your chamber-door three times before you heard me: I am at a loss to imagine who gave General Washington information of our intended attack, unless the walls of the house could speak. When we arrived near White Marsh, we found all their cannon mounted, and the troops prepared to receive us, and we have marched back like a parcel of fools."

Am. Quarterly Review.

LAST HOURS OF WASHINGTON.

[From Custis' Recollections, and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington.]

TWENTY-EIGHT years have passed, since an interesting group were assembled in the death room, and witnessed the last hours of Washington. So keen and unsparing hath been the sythe of time, that, of all those who watched over the patriarch's couch, on the 13th and 14th of December, 1799, but a single personage survives.

On the morning of the 13th, the general was engaged in making some improvements in front of Mount Vernon. As was usual with him, he carried his own compass, noted his observations, and marked out the ground. The day became rainy, with sleet, and the improver remained so long exposed to the inclemency of the weather, as to be considerably wetted before his return to the house. About one o'clock he was seized with chilliness and nausea; but having changed his clothes, he sat down to his in-door work—there being no moment of his time for which he had not provided an appropriate employment.

At night on joining his family circle, the general complained of a slight indisposition, and after a single cup of tea, repaired to his library, where he remained writing until between 11 and 12 o'clock. Mrs. Washington retired about the usual family hour, but becoming alarmed at not hearing the accustomed sound of

the library door as it closed for the night, and gave signal for rest in the well-regulated mansion, she rose again, and continued sitting up, in much anxiety and suspense. At length the well known step was heard on the stair, and upon the general's entering his chamber, the lady chided him for staying up so late, knowing himself to be unwell; to which Washington made this memorable reply: "I came so soon as my business was accomplished. You well know, that through a long life, it has been my unvaried rule, never to put off till the morrow the duties which should be performed to-day."

Having first covered up the fire with care, the man of mighty labors sought repose; but it came not as it had long been wont to do, to comfort and restore, after the many occupations of the well-spent day. The night was passed in feverish restlessness and pain. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," was destined no more to visit his couch; yet the manly sufferer uttered no complaint, would permit no one to be disturbed in their rest, on his account, and it was only at day-break he would consent that the overseer might be called in, and bleeding resorted to. A vein was opened, but without affording relief. Couriers were dispatched to summon Dr. Craik, the family, and Drs. Dick and Brown, as consulting physicians, all of whom came with speed. The proper remedies were administered, but without producing their healing effects, while the patient, yielding to the anxious looks of all around him, waved his usual objection to medicines, and took those which were prescribed, without hesitation or remark. The medical gentlemen spared not their skill, and all the resources of their art were exhausted in unwearied endeavors to preserve this noblest work of nature.

The night approached—the last night of Washington; the weather became severely cold, while the group gathered nearer to the couch of the sufferer, watching, with intense anxiety, for the slightest dawning of hope. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, how he felt himself, he answered, "I am very ill." To Dr. Craik, his earliest companion in arms, longest tried and bosom friend, he observed: "I am dying, sir—but am not afraid to die." To Mrs. Washington, he said: "Go to my escrutoir, and in the private drawer you will find two papers—bring them to me." They were brought. He continued: "These are my wills—preserve this one and burn the other," which was accordingly done. Calling to Col. Lear, he directed. "Let my corpse be kept for the usual period of three days."

Here we would beg leave to remind our readers, that, in a

former part of this work, we have said that Washington was old fashioned in many of his habits and manners, and in some of his opinions; nor was he the less to be admired on these accounts. The custom of keeping the dead for the scriptural period of three days is derived from remote antiquity, and arose, not from fear of premature interment, as in more modern times, but for motives of veneration towards the deceased; for the better enabling the relatives and friends to assemble from a distance, to perform the funeral rites; for the pious watchings of the corpse, and for many sad, yet endearing ceremonials, with which we delight to pay our last duties to the remains of those we loved.

The patient bore his acute sufferings with manly fortitude, and perfect resignation to the divine will, while, as the night advanced, it became evident that he was sinking, and he seemed fully aware that "his hour was nigh." He inquired the time, and was answered, a few moments to twelve. He spoke no more—the hand of death was upon him, and he was conscious that his "hour was come." With surprising self-possession he prepared to die. Composing his form at length, and folding his arms on his bosom, without a sigh, without a groan, the father of his country expired, gently as though an infant died. Nor pang nor struggle told, when the noble spirit took its noiseless flight; while so tranquil appeared the manly features in the repose of death, that some moments had passed ere those around could believe that the patriarch was no more.

It may be asked, and why was the ministry of religion wanting to shed its peaceful and benign luster upon the last hours of Washington? Why was he, to whom the observances of sacred things were ever primary duties through life, without their consolations in his last moments? We answer, circumstances did not permit. It was but for a little while that the disease assumed so threatening a character as to forbid the encouragement of hope; yet, to stay that summons which none may refuse, to give still farther days to him whose "time-honored life" was so dear to mankind, prayer was not wanting to the throne of grace. Close to the couch of the sufferer, resting her head upon that ancient book, with which she had been wont to hold pious communion, a portion of every day, for more than half a century, was the venerable consort, absorbed in silent prayer, and from which she only arose when the morning group prepared to bear her from the chamber of the dead. Such were the last hours of Washington.

EARTHQUAKE OF CALABRIA IN 1783.

[From the Journal of a Traveler.]

THE remarkable earthquakes of 1783 were perceptible in Naples, but their destructive force did not extend farther north than Nicastro, the barrier-town which separates the two Calabrias. This town, although much injured by former convulsions, and severely shaken on this occasion, escaped all material injury; but immediately south of it, I entered a scene of ruin and desolation. In one of the solitary and half-ruined houses on the road to Pizzo, where I paused for some refreshment, the inhabitants related some marvelous stories of the strange atmospheric appearances which had preceded the earthquake. These ominous phenomena had either, however, no existence, or were merely the electric flashes so common in this district, and magnified into something extraordinary by an imaginative and superstitious people.

All the houses on the plain south of Nicastro consisted of large masses of hewn stone, and yet they were either entirely overthrown, or where still standing, the walls and timbers were so rent and disjointed, that entire re-construction will be necessary. The rebuilding, however, was neither commenced nor even contemplated. The earth was still unsettled, and, but the day before my arrival, a violent shock had rocked the whole plain. There is also a prevailing superstition in Calabria, that, after a convulsion so tremendous as that of 1783, the earth requires a period of four years to regain tranquillity; and ever since the ruin of their houses, the people have lived in wooden huts or barracks. The evening surprised me, while still eight Italian miles from Pizzo, and I endeavored to negotiate a lodging in one of these solitary dwellings; but the inhabitants, with a genuine kindness at obvious variance with their own interest, vehemently warned me of the great peril to all strangers, arising from the mal-aria of the stagnant pools and marshes created by the earthquake. I proceeded therefore by Edelfico, and, leaving the plain, ascended a fertile mountain, on the declivity of which, towards the sea, lies the town of Pizzo. From the lofty summit I beheld the sun sinking like a ball of fire into the sea, and diffusing over the wide waters a golden splendor, which instantaneously banished every thought of the banditti, said to infest this district. With exhilarated feelings I joined a group of singing peasants returning from their labor to the town of Pizzo; but these joyous emotions were changed to sudden

sadness when, on arrival in the town, I found it totally destroyed.

The most destructive periods of this formidable earthquake were the 5th of February; the night between the 6th and 7th; the 27th and 28th of the same month; and the 1st, the 27th and 28th of March. After the last named date the earth became comparatively tranquil; but from time to time, the shocks recurred, and still continue to the present day. The first shock was tremendous, and totally unexpected. All previous indications were either not sufficiently decisive evidence of its approach, or they preceded the convulsion so immediately, that, in most instances, the inhabitants had no time to escape. Besides the electric flashes peculiar to this climate, a dense and heavy fog covered the earth, and driving gales from the south-east or south-west, (Sirocco o Libeccio,) swept over all Calabria Ultra with increasing violence. The earth also exhibited one of those singular phenomena, called by the Italians "*terre motine*," which is thus described by the learned and accurate Neapolitan, Gio. Vivenzio, from whose valuable history of this remarkable earthquake I have borrowed, and interwoven with my personal narrative, many curious facts. "Two miles from Laureana are two ravines divided by a hill, at the extremity of which the two hollows unite and form one valley. The soil in these hollows is swampy, watered by small streams, and partially cultivated. A short time before the first shock, water, thickly blended with calcareous matter, was seen to ooze from the ground in the two ravines above-mentioned. Rapidly accumulating, it began ere long to roll onward like a flood of lava into the valley, where the two streams, uniting, moved forward with increased impetus from east to west. It now presented a front of 300 palms in breadth by 20 in depth, and, before it ceased to move, covered a surface equal in length to an Italian mile. In its progress it overwhelmed a flock of thirty goats, and tore up by the roots many olive and mulberry trees, which floated like ships upon its surface. When this calcareous lava had ceased to move, it gradually became dry and hard, during which process the mass was lowered ten palms. It contained fragments of earth of a ferruginous color, and emitting a sulphurous smell."

Animals.—The boding terrors exhibited before the earthquake by the animal world were remarkable. Man alone seemed to be exempt from all fore-knowledge of the approaching calamity, and causes which excited evident distress and panic in the whole brute creation produced in him neither physical nor

moral change. The effect upon animals was infinitely diversified. In some the apprehension was evinced earlier, and with vehement and rapidly succeeding emotions; while, in others it was later, slower, and less demonstrative. A short time before the first shock, and during the whole period of the great shocks, the fishes along the coast of Calabria Ultra appeared on the surface in a state of stupor, and were caught in unusual quantities. Wild birds flew screaming and in obvious alarm through the air, and were caught in traps and nets with increased facility; while geese, pigeons, and all other domestic fowls, exhibited the same degree of terror. Dogs and asses betrayed an earlier and stronger consciousness than any other quadrupeds. They chased about in wild and staring terror, and the air rang with their horrid howlings and brayings. Horses, oxen, and mules, neighed, roared, and shook in every limb; pointed their ears forward, and their eyes rolled and glared around with terror and suspicion. When the terrible first shock was felt, they braced every limb, and endeavored to support themselves by spreading their legs widely asunder; but many were nevertheless thrown down. Some of them took to flight *immediately before* the shock, but soon as they felt the earth heaving under them, paused, and stood motionless and bewildered. Pigs appeared less conscious than any other animal of approaching danger. Cats, although not so early sensible of it as dogs and asses, were more demonstrative. Their backs rose, and their fur bristled up in terror. Their eyes become blood-shot and watery, and they set up a horrible and doleful screaming. Thus foretold by the brute creation, the first shock was more immediately preceded by a sultry shower; the wind howled and the sea rolled fearfully; a subterraneous noise was heard, like the rolling of violent thunder; and then the earth rocked, and immense districts were convulsed to their foundations; and lakes and rivers suddenly appeared amidst rocks and dry places; and towns and villages were overthrown, and the falling ruins crushed the unfortunate inhabitants, of whom, throughout Calabria, 40,000 were destroyed, and 20,000 more died of the immediately ensuing epidemics.

Of the remarkable escapes, and strong instances of parental affection, which occurred during this long succession of earthquakes, I shall here record some, which occurred in districts I did not visit; but they are well attested, and the first is mentioned by the Neapolitan Vivenzio. The prior of the Carmelites at Jerocarme, near Soriana, was walking along the high-road, when the ground began to heave and roll beneath him like the

billows of a rough sea. The earth then opened near him with a tremendous explosion, and immediately closed. Almost senseless with terror, he ran mechanically forward, when again the earth opened immediately under him, and closing as before caught him by the leg. He struggled for some time vainly to release himself, when another shock saved him: the earth was again rent open, and he escaped from this terrible durance. I heard this incident from individuals who knew the prior, and had seen the marks left by the crushing pressure on his foot, but I am inclined to refer much of this marvelous tale to the excitement and terror of the moment; and the injury to his foot must have been trifling, as it permitted him proceed homeward.

Escapes.—An instance of remarkable escape occurred to three paper-makers of Pizzoni di Soriano, named Greco, Roviti and Felia. They were walking near each other on the plain, when suddenly the ground was shaken by a terrible convulsion. Greco and Felia immediately fled, and had the good fortune to escape; but Roviti, encumbered by a gun which he would not relinquish, was exposed to instant and deadly peril. The earth yawned widely beneath him, and he fell into the chasm, but was immediately thrown up again by another shock, and fell into a contiguous swamp. He was a young and powerful man, but the ground still continued to heave like waves, and kept him entangled in the deep swamp, from which he long struggled to escape, until at length another mighty shock threw him out, and he fell upon the brink of a newly-opened chasm, where he remained for some time half-dead with terror and exhaustion. A week after his escape he found his gun on the bank of the river Caridi, which had entirely changed its bed.

An affecting instance of maternal love and self-devotion was discovered in the ruins of Polistena. The mother of two children—a boy aged three years, and an infant of seven months—was suckling her babe when the house fell and destroyed all three. The position in which the bodies were found afforded the clearest evidence that the mother deliberately exposed her life to save her offspring. She was lying on the ground with her face downward, the infant close to her bosom, while with her body she covered also the older child, thus offering her back to the falling timbers. Her arms were clasped round both, and in this affecting position the half-decayed bodies were discovered when the rubbish was cleared away.

Another striking instance of parental self-oblivion, which occurred at Scido, is thus recorded by Vivenzio, and was also related to me by four individuals at Pizzo. “Don Antonio

Ruffo and his wife had only one child, a daughter, of whom they were passionately fond. When the earthquake shook their dwelling to its foundations, and escape was impracticable, they placed their little girl between them, and embracing each other, awaited the will of Heaven. The house gave way, a heavy beam fell upon the group and destroyed both parents, but did not separate them. After the lapse of several days, the ruins were partially removed, and their bodies were discovered with the child, apparently dead between them. The little girl, however, soon began to moan; she was taken out of the rubbish, and, although life was nearly gone, she at length recovered, and is now alive and well."

It was generally remarked that the positions of the men killed by the fallen ruins, indicated that every sinew had been strained in resistance, while the features and attitudes of the females exhibited the extremity of despair; and in many instances the latter were found with their hands clasped above their heads. Whenever children were found near the parents, the attitudes of the mothers indicated entire self-abandonment, while fathers were often discovered folding a child with one arm, and endeavoring with the other to stem the superincumbent ruins.

To return, however, to Pizzo. This flourishing town, enriched by the enterprising industry of the inhabitants, by its coral and tunny fisheries, and by the exhaustless fertility of the contiguous plains and hills, was destroyed by the earthquakes of 1638 and 1659; and in the numerous shocks of the 18th century, no ten years had elapsed without partial injury to Pizzo, when, in 1783, it was again totally destroyed. The concussion of the 5th of February overthrew many buildings, but only nine lives were lost, and the inhabitants thus forewarned, immediately quitted their houses. The earthquake of the 28th of March destroyed the whole town, and the people have ever since resided in slight and ill-constructed barracks, in which they pursue their respective occupations. Their heaviest calamities arose from these small and crowded dwellings, which were pervious to the damps and to the intense cold which accompanied the earthquakes, and has ever since prevailed during the winter months. Fatal epidemics ensued, which swept away the people in masses, until one-third of their number was destroyed. While walking on the sea-shore, and observing the active industry of the inhabitants, I remarked to some of them who assembled round me, how greatly their industrious habits had raised them above their neighbors in Ca

Calabria Citra, and at the same time expressed my admiration of the many well-grown, fine young men I had seen at Pizzo. It was melancholy to observe the deep and simultaneous emotion with which most of them replied, "Alas! we have lost our finest young men!" One of them, an infirm and aged man, wept anew as he told me that his three sons had died of the fever; another lamented a beloved brother; and a third grieved for a valuable friend. More than 1500, out of a population of 4200, had fallen victims; and of these 1500, the majority were young men between twenty and thirty.

Seminara, October, 1786.

The farther I advance into Calabria, the more dreadful becomes the desolation around me. It is truly heart-rending to stand upon the heights, and to behold the beautiful and fertile hills and plains disfigured by scenes of misery and ruin, so horrible as to beggar all description. Calabria has fallen low indeed, and many years must yet elapse before the unfortunate inhabitants recover from the enormous destruction accomplished in a few seconds. I have just returned from the contemplation of a dreadful scene of ruin, and have torn myself away from a group of unhappy mourners, whose lamentations affected me to tears.

After again climbing the mountain above Pizzo, I descended into the rich plain of Monteleone. This beautiful level, of four Italian miles in length, is, in point of fertility, the paradise of this earth. The traveler wanders through numerous groves of olive trees, intermingled with vineyards and plantations of mulberry, fig, and other fruit trees. The soil is favorable to wheat, and the produce is so abundant, that this limited district, and a still smaller surface round Mileto, supply one-third of Calabria Ultra with grain. The plain of Monteleone is dotted with enormous oaks, half as large again as those felled in northern Europe for building purposes; and, besides fruits and vegetables in endless variety and abundance, I saw plantations of cotton, manna, and liquorice. And yet, notwithstanding this glorious capability, considerable surfaces lie waste and unproductive, which, if cultivated, would double the produce; and which, had the farmers any enduring interest in the soil, would surely not be thus abandoned. Under landlords so oppressive as the nobles of Naples and Sicily, the peasants will only cultivate as much ground as they are compelled to do; nor indeed are they sufficiently numerous to cultivate, to the extent of its capacity, a soil which would support, as it did of old, a much larger

population. There are not even hands enough to gather the enormous crop of olives, of which valuable fruit a large proportion annually rots upon the ground. Sugar canes have also been grown upon the sea-coast, but the cultivation has been recently abandoned, because the expenses precluded all competition with West Indian sugars.

I found Monteleone, like every other town in Calabria Ultra, deserted by the inhabitants, who occupied a duplicate town of wooden barracks near the forsaken one. This flourishing commercial place, which contained 15,000 inhabitants, was warned, like Pizzo, by the concussion of the 5th of February. The people established themselves in barracks, and only twelve persons were killed by the later shocks, which destroyed a great part of the town, but many died of the general sickness which succeeded. The action of the earthquake here made the surface heave like the billows of a swelling sea, and produced, in rapid succession, a singular variety of effects. The ground was alternately lifted and rived into fissures and chasms. The buildings shook, and then they swayed like the oscillation of an inverted pendulum, but still they did not fall. The rolling, or pulsatory heaving of the ground now increased, and a large portion of the town was overthrown, leaving here and there a few houses standing, some of which were shaken down a few seconds later. The most solid edifices were all destroyed, while the slightest buildings were but partially injured, and some even escaped entirely. The extensive manufactures of oil and silk, which have made this town and district so flourishing, were fatally injured by this calamity. All the large buildings in the plain, employed for the preservation and culture of the silk-worms, were destroyed by the earthquake, which was even more violent in the vicinity than in the town. The destruction of the large oil-reservoirs, and their contents, and of casks, presses, buildings, and utensils, was so sweeping and comprehensive, that it was impossible to estimate the amount of damage. The loss of the olive-trees will long remain irreparable; and, for some purposes, the fertility of the soil has been materially diminished by the effects of the earthquake. And yet, although their buildings were destroyed, and all their rich stores of oil rolled away in streams, so prodigal is the bounty of nature in this fine district, that the people are already in a state of obvious and growing prosperity. How different would be the situation of northern Europe, if subject to these sudden and widely destructive calamities! There the cold ungrateful soil yields no return, without constant and skillful culture, while

here the inhabitants may exist almost without labor; and provisions are so abundant, that the scarcity, which in some places followed the earthquake, arose either from neglect of the commissioners appointed by the king to relieve the general distress, or from the atrocious speculation of subordinate agents. How obvious is the wisdom and goodness of Providence in this fine country; where an instant remedy is thus provided for the dire effects of these convulsions, which, like discords in music, are integral portions of universal harmony, and are doubtless essential to the well-being of our system!

Had time, and the plan laid down for my journey permitted, I should gladly have prolonged my stay in Monteleone, which pleased me more than any other town in the Calabrias. Here I found not only many comforts and luxuries of which I had been long deprived, but a warm-hearted and obliging people, whose conversation was replete with intelligence and wit, and who were comparatively free from prejudice and intolerance. They did not, like the Citra-Calabrians, shun me as a heretic, and answer me with a sneer, when I requested animal food on fast-days. They were aware, they said, that the people of northern Europe were exempt from the duties of abstinence, and they frankly acknowledged the necessity of a generous diet to travelers. A people so enlightened in this remote corner of Italy would be a moral phenomenon, were the enigma not readily solved by their active industry and trading intercourse with foreigners. But it is an axiom that the power and influence of monkery cannot long co-exist with the active spirit of commercial enterprise. I left Monteleone for Mileto, and, after climbing over some steep rocks, descended into a fertile plain, the lower levels of which were covered with deep sand. The soil of this district is composed of clay, limestone, sand, and chalk, intermingled with the remains of marine animals. As I was now approaching the mountains which were the central point of the earthquake, I sought for lava with increased vigilance, but could discover none. The trampling of horses, however, emitted so singular a reverberation, that I could entertain no doubt of the earth in this district being entirely hollow. The whole of this fine plain was disfigured with scenes of ruin and desolation, and in the numerous villages not a house was standing. The country was strikingly beautiful; rich in olive groves, and interspersed with masses of ruin so picturesque, that a landscape painter would find here many striking subjects for his pencil.

The ancient city of Mileto, which is enclosed on the north

and south by the rivers Nisi and Scotopolito, was entirely destroyed, along with every house in its environs, and in two contiguous villages. So total, indeed, was the destruction, that, were the loose rubbish cleared away, the site of the town would hardly be distinguishable. The shocks of the 5th February, of the night of the 7th, and of the 28th March, were felt here in all their force, and the desolation was complete. "The most terrible and destructive shock," said one of the survivors to me, "came upon us in a dark night. The subterraneous thunder bellowed, the wind howled fearfully, a sultry rain fell, and the lightnings darted round us. Conceive our utter and helpless despair in this horrible convulsion of all nature, aggravated by the crash of falling houses, the dismal screams of the wretched inhabitants, and the fires which immediately blazed up amidst the ruins."

The effects of this terrible panic upon the nerves of many individuals were remarkable. Some remained for a long period in a state of helpless debility, and trembled at every trifling occurrence. Others appeared as if paralyzed for a considerable time; while some declined rapidly in health and strength, from inability to digest their food, and others lost all power of recollection for a considerable period. Some remarkable and well-attested instances of the long endurance of brute and human life without sustenance, are deserving of record. Two pigs, which had been buried thirty-two days under the ruins, were heard to grunt by the laborers removing the rubbish. They were extricated in a feeble and emaciated condition, and for some time refused the food offered to them, but drank water with insatiable eagerness, and rapidly recovered. At Polistena, a cat was buried forty days under the rubbish, and taken out in wretched condition. She exhibited an insatiable thirst, but soon recovered. In the same place, an aged woman was found under the ruins of her dwelling seven days after the earthquake. When discovered, she was insensible and apparently dead, but she gradually revived, and complained of no evil but thirst. She continued long in a state of weakness and stupor, and was unable to take more than very small portions of food, but eventually regained her wonted health and spirits. She stated, that very soon after the house fell, she experienced a torturing thirst, but that she soon lost all consciousness, and remained insensible until her release. In Oppido, a girl of fifteen, named Aloisa Basili, remained eleven days under the ruins without nourishment, and for the last six days in close contact with a dead body. She had the charge of an infant

boy, and when the house was falling, she caught the child in her arms. He suffered greatly from incessant thirst, and expired on the fifth day. Until this period, the senses of the poor girl had not failed her, but now she sunk under the combined tortures of hunger and thirst. Despair was succeeded by total insensibility; nor was she conscious, until her release, that the falling fragments had dislocated her hips, and made her lame for life. When restored to animation, she complained of no suffering but thirst; and in answer to every inquiry concerning her situation under the ruins, she said, "*I slept.*"

It was generally observed, that the individuals buried alive beneath their houses, fell into a state of drowsy insensibility; some immediately after the catastrophe, and others, of stronger nerves, some days later. Some of those who were thus interred felt no terror, but a sense of intoxication, which continued until another shock sobered them, and at the same time, by altering the position of the ruins, enabled them to escape. The most remarkable instance of self-possession and promptitude in sudden peril, occurred in Casoletto, near Oppido, where the prince was seated at table with his family, on the fatal fifth of February. On this day the oscillations of the first shock continued two minutes without interruption, and when the heaving earth began to rock the house, the brother of the princess, a man distinguished on many occasions for his presence of mind, started from his chair, saw a large chasm opening in the wall, sprang instantly through the aperture, and escaped with the loss of a shoe. Every other member of the family perished except one son, who was afterwards dug out alive. The entire self-mastery displayed by this man under circumstances so appalling, reminds me of a singular instance of self-possession evinced by an Englishman, now resident in Venice. While entertaining a large party at dinner during a thunder storm, the lightning entered and struck a plate out of the hand of a servant standing behind his chair. Turning coolly round, he said to the man, "Remind me to-morrow that I order a lightning conductor."

Passing the towns of Rosarno and Palmi, now two heaps of rubbish, under which 1200 people were destroyed, I arrived at Seminara in the evening. No scene of desolation in Calabria effected me so much as the view of this ruined town. Built on the declivity of a mountain, and extending down into the plain, the masses of ruin were so disposed and developed as to impress the beholder with an awful consciousness of the overwhelming power employed in its destruction. The tottering



Earthquake at Calabria.—Page 164.



Maroon War in Jamaica.—Page 175.

ruins of majestic churches, of lofty palaces, and other massive structures, exhibited a scene of chaotic desolation, and fragments are still daily falling. When I rambled amidst the ruins of Pompeii, I mused with tranquil pity on the sad fate of the inhabitants; but when surrounded with these awful tokens of recent destruction, when I recollected that the hapless victims had been my contemporaries, and that I was each passing moment exposed to the same fate in this still heaving district, my sympathies were excited even to tears. I saw people, once resident in these houses, still digging the bones of relatives, and other property, out of the ruins, and as I passed a girl thus occupied, I saw her take a skull out of the rubbish. This brief incident shocked me more deeply than any thing I had yet beheld in this region of calamity, and I could not for some time subdue the strong emotion it excited.

While looking vainly around me for a hotel, and listening to a joiner's offer to lodge me in his workshop, two of the principal inhabitants, observing that I was a foreigner, kindly offered me accommodation for the night. I accompanied one of them to his barrack, where he treated me with genuine hospitality, and proposed to show me the effects of the earthquake on the following morning. Meanwhile he and his friend prepared me for the sad spectacle by the following brief narrative: "It was the convulsion of the 5th of February," began one of them, "which buried 1400 of our people under the ruins of their dwellings, and 1200 more were soon after swept away by epidemic diseases. The morning of the 5th was sultry, with a dark and lowering atmosphere, and gentle rain. At eleven o'clock, an hour before the earthquake, I left the town with my friend, in quest of game; we were pursuing our sport upon the mountain above the city, and had just reached the summit, when suddenly we heard a noise like thunder rolling beneath us, which was immediately followed by such violent heavings of the ground that we were tossed about in every direction; and being unable to maintain a safe footing on the mountain-top, we fell down, clinging to the stems of trees, crying out, and praying in wild agony and fear. Looking down towards the town, we saw a dense cloud of dust eddying over it, but could distinguish no buildings. We remained for some time prostrate and helpless, doubting whether we were alive or dead; the thunder still bellowed beneath us; we thought the last day had arrived, and hearkened even for the voice of Him who is to judge mankind. At length the earth became more tranquil. I was still lying on the ground, stupified, and almost insensible,

when my friend roused me, and we ventured down the declivity towards the town. But we found the road broken up and destroyed; we saw the fields on each side riven into ridges and chasms; we passed by waters we knew not; we discovered hills where none had existed, and vainly endeavored to find the town. Still stupified and quite unconscious of the nature of the calamity, we suddenly saw flames rising from the town, and heard loud cries and lamentations. We now beheld people lying around our path, as if dead; and were actually climbing over ruins, without knowing that we had reached the town. So utterly shaken indeed were our faculties by this awful and sudden catastrophe, that we wandered for some hours around the town; saw houses falling near us, and listened to the dreadful cries of the wretched sufferers, before we could obtain a full conviction that the city had been destroyed by an earthquake. Then, however, in a state of indescribable and rising agony, we sought long and vainly for our dwellings. At length I found my house nearly consumed by the flames. I rushed into the ruins, hoping to save some one dear to me, and saw the legs of my crushed child projecting from beneath heavy masses of stone. I endeavored to roll away the stones, but my strength was inadequate, and there was no one to help me. Soon after, I discovered my wife, dead, and clasping her infant to her bosom. The child too was dead; and I was thus left wifeless, childless, houseless, bereft of all I loved, and of all property, save the clothes on my back. This sudden and total destitution plunged me into utter despair; but many weeks elapsed before I could comprehend the full extent of my misery. Such was my fate, and the fate of all who escaped. Five days later, my friend discovered the dead body of his wife, and with her his child, happily still alive. The ground thunder," he concluded, "roared incessantly during that day, and the trembling motion of the earth was uninterrupted; but the first concussion was fatal to all the strongest buildings in the town."

Thus prepared, I accompanied the narrator on the following day amidst the ruins. When the town was last rebuilt, the inhabitants, warned by sad experience, endeavored to secure their stone houses by strong wooden frame work, and this expedient would have probably answered the desired end, had not the concussions been so various and so opposite. This incessant change of motion disjoined the heavy timbers; their fall accelerated the destruction of the houses; and the fuel they afforded to the numerous fires, made the desolation so horrible and complete, that only three houses remained entire. One of

the most singular phenomena I saw here, was the position of an obelisk, which had been partially turned round, and removed about nine inches from its original place on the pedestal, while the latter had not swerved from its position; thus proving the violent and various atmospheric movements which accompanied the earthquake. Two obelisks in a small town called Stefano del Bosco, exhibited similar appearances. Close to the lower part of Seminara was an extensive level, partly planted with olive-trees, and partly covered by a beautiful orchard, beyond which flowed a river. This level was rent asunder by the earthquake, which hurled one half of its surface a distance of 200 feet, into a valley 60 feet in depth, and, after riving another portion of the level into a deep chasm, forced into it the river before mentioned, the former bed of which became entirely dry. Exactly on the line where the level was rent in twain, stood a row of olive-trees. The hollows, from whence the roots had been torn out, were still visible, and on the opposite side of the chasm stood the trees, bending over the new bed of the river, and bearing an abundant crop of fruit. A small inhabited house, standing on the mass of earth carried down into the valley, went along with it entire, and without injury to the inhabitants. Many similar phenomena are recorded in the Academy Memoirs of the earthquake, and one of them is especially remarkable. In a tavern at Terranova, a few miles from Seminara, the landlord was lying on a bed, his wife and child sitting near him, and four guests were playing at cards at the other end of the room, when, suddenly the earth was convulsed, and the house was carried onward a distance of 300 paces. The walls were rent asunder, and the falling fragments crushed the four guests and the child, but the landlord and his wife escaped all injury. A peasant, near Seminara, was sitting in a tree when the ground beneath was rent open by a shock, which carried earth and tree to some distance, but the peasant clung to the branches and escaped.

This revolution of the earth not only created valleys where none had existed, but in many instances, converted plains into mountains. I saw several of these newly created hills; and especially observed one at Seminara. I was standing with my friendly guide upon a lofty eminence above the new channel of the river, when he said, "Where we now stand, my sister possessed, before the earthquake, an olive-grove, down in the plain." It was now a mountain, from six to seven hundred feet high, and the slope was a succession of platforms, resembling a staircase. The still remaining olive-trees, instead of produ-

cing fruit in the valley, now yielded it on the summit of the mountain; and, what is worthy of remark, the increased elevation had not diminished their fertility.

From this imperfect detail of the extraordinary revolutions in the vicinity of Seminara, the long-enduring stupefaction of my unfortunate conductors, when returning from the chase, will be readily understood. They farther told me, that, amongst other strange and novel appearances on their return to the town, they observed a lake which had been suddenly formed in the low grounds near the town. The water had rushed out of a chasm created by the earthquake; and this lake, now called Lago del Tolfilo, extends 2380 palms* in length, by 1250 in breadth, and 70 in depth. The inhabitants, dreading the miasma of this stagnant pool, have since, unceasingly and at great cost, endeavored to drain it by the formation of canals, but hitherto without success. The water still wells out from the chasms below; and on the surface floats a greasy slime, apparently consisting of calcareous matter.

Before the earthquake the population of Seminara comprised 5000 souls, but was reduced more than half by this calamity and its consequences. The suddenness of the first shock precluded all precaution, and the destruction fell alike upon rich and poor. The fate of one of the principal inhabitants was singularly dreadful. When the conflagration was rapidly spreading, he was seen amidst the ruins of his house, unable to extricate himself, and beyond the reach of human aid. He was thus observed for several hours, while the flames gradually closed in upon his dwelling, and the massive stones reddened in the intense heat. The cries of the miserable man were heard from out this fiery furnace by the spectators, who saw him literally roasted alive, and could do nothing to alleviate his torments but procure a priest to give him absolution, soon after which he died this most dreadful of deaths. The convents and their inmates shared the common fate in this sweeping convulsion. Fifty nuns perished in one convent only; and of the numerous fraternity in the Franciscan monastery, one monk only was saved. He was out in the court, and fled when he saw the walls begin to move.

The saddening impressions produced by this scene of ruin were soon relieved when I observed the stirring and noble energy which the people of Seminara, beyond any other Calabrians, displayed under calamities so disheartening. Determined to

* 1440 palms are equal to 1169 feet, Paris measure.

wait no longer for the assistance long promised by a grasping and heartless government, they had planned and made preparations to rebuild their city in houses of only one floor, and upon the summit of the mountain, where they would be less exposed than on the slope to the effects of future earthquakes, and to the malaria from the stagnant lake in the plain.

THE MAROON WAR IN JAMAICA.

[From the United Service Journal.]

THE histories of detached corps and isolated vessels, and the personal narratives of individual officers and men, of which we are enabled to give so many interesting specimens in the United Service Journal, have all the elements of the old heroic tales, with the addition of the humanity and regulated feelings of civilized life, and with that high spirit of military gallantry and pride, which is justly the glory of the present age. The partisan warfare in the revolutionary contest of America is replete with interest, but the attention of Europe has been more recently absorbed by the Guerilla exploits of the Tyrol, and the Peninsula. There is, however, upon record, a war sustained by savages against disciplined troops, in a manner more extraordinary than any with which we are acquainted. We allude to the Maroon war of Jamaica. The Maroons were totally ignorant of combined movements and discipline: they were not commanded by men of education, capable of imparting the latter and comprehending the former; nor were they stimulated by patriotism, or made enthusiasts by religion. In all these respects they were totally different from the Guerillas. Their war was produced solely by a love of plunder, and of a life alternating between the most torpid indolence and the most daring enterprise, to obtain the necessaries of existence. They had no cannon, nor cavalry; their arms consisted of swords and muskets without bayonets, but with these they effected what is almost incredible.

The white and the slave population of Jamaica formed a mere belt, extending round the coasts. The interior of the island is a mountainous scene of wild and savage nature. It abounds with immense rocks, with rugged acclivities, and often with sides absolutely perpendicular. In these rocks there are numerous fissures, and small glens of luxuriant herbage, presenting, perhaps, the most romantic and sublime scenery in the

world. The whole interior of the island abounded in immense forest trees, or was covered with brushwood, and with a gigantic herbage, capable of concealing any number of men. The thorny brambles often rendered whole tracts of country impassable, except to the Maroons, who cut narrow passages through them, or who, upon their hands and knees, could travel underneath them for miles. These sub-labyrinths, intricate, tortuous, and dangerous in the extreme, had been made by the wild hogs, and through them the Maroons traveled upon all-fours, until coming to an opening, their unerring muskets picked off our videttes and sentries, and totally destroyed our outposts, without our men seeing the enemy by whom they were sacrificed.

It is obvious that no country could be more favorable to savage warfare. In the center of the island, from east to west, ran three parallel lines of glens, called cockpits. In each parallel, these natural basins were bounded by stupendous rocks, and communicated with each other by fissures, irregular, narrow, steep, and rugged. The rocks fencing the cockpits to the south were almost inaccessible in every place, whilst those to the north were absolutely perpendicular. Most of these cockpits abounded with majestic trees, and the soil, watered by innumerable rills, was luxuriant in the extreme.

The Maroons were the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, and of negroes who had fled from their Spanish masters into the interior, when we captured the island in 1655. Their numbers had been increased by runaway slaves of every description, but particularly by the restless, brave, and ferocious African tribe of the Coromantees. Among the Maroons was a class with jet black complexions and regular, handsome features. The whole tribe of Maroons, however, were tall, well made, and athletic; and when the Duke of Kent, after their surrender and shipment to Halifax, inspected them, he pronounced them the most extraordinarily fine body of men he had ever seen. Their feats of strength and agility surprised our officers. They could climb trees like monkeys, and could ascend rocks, and bound from crag to crag, where our most active soldiers could not approach. Their keenness of eye was most extraordinary; and so acute was their sense of hearing, that with their ears to the ground, they would detect our movements at a distance, at which theirs to us were totally inaudible. Patient of hunger and fatigue, they could select nutritious roots and herbs from the many which in that climate were deemed poisonous; whilst our ignorance prevented our discriminating the one from the

other, and consequently deprived us of the use of all. Almost every man possessed a rifle, fowling-piece, or musket, and their accuracy at fire was proved by the sequel to be superior to any thing on record.

Their first chief, Cudjoe, had carried on a regular war against us, until his name became the vexation of our officers and the terror of every white inhabitant. At length we obtained from the Mosquitoe shore, a body of semi-savages, Mulattoes, Indians, and Africans, called Black Shots. These men, under an English adventurer, named James, fought the Maroons in their own style, but with very inferior success. The ferocity of the war, and the cruelties practiced upon the white inhabitants, are incredible. At length, by the aid of these Black Shots, and at an enormous expense of lives, we penetrated to the vicinity of Cudjoe's fastnesses. Upon a high table land of several acres, called Flat Cave River, we built a set of barracks, with four bastions and high walls. In these we kept our stores of provisions and ammunition, with a considerable body of militia and regulars. The fatigue of bringing up supplies from the coast, by which, in that climate, our troops had suffered great mortality, was now spared, and the predatory excursions of Cudjoe were considerably checked.

The government now thought the Maroons were in their power, especially as they had been quiescent for several weeks, when they suddenly learned that Cudjoe and his whole tribe had decamped from their scene of operations in the south-east of the island, and had moved to Trelawney, near the entrance of the great line of cockpits to the extreme north-west of the island. The first and largest of these cockpits was called Petty River Bottom. It contained about seven acres of verdant soil, and the inaccessible sides were covered with the largest forest-trees. The entrance was a mere fissure, passable only by the most vigorous and agile of mountaineers, and from the sides of which a few riflemen might have defended the defile against any numbers or any species of attack.

Under these circumstances did a few hundred savages keep the whole island of Jamaica in terror, baffle our military force, and oblige us at last to offer terms of peace. Col. Guthrie was sent to make the overtures, and the scene between him and Cudjoe was characteristic in the extreme. The daring savage suddenly became a timid slave. The negotiation took place in one of the wild fastnesses of the mountains, to which Col. Guthrie had advanced to offer terms. Cudjoe was rather a short man, uncommonly stout, with very strong African features, and a

peculiar wildness in his manners. He had a very large lump of flesh upon his back, which was partly covered by the tattered remains of an old blue coat, of which the skirt and the sleeves below the elbows were wanting. Round his head was a scanty piece of dirty white cloth; he had a pair of loose drawers that did not reach his knees, and a small round hat without any rim. On his right side hung a cow's horn, with some powder, and a bag of large cut slugs. On his left was a knife, three inches broad, in a leathern sheath, suspended under the arm by a narrow strap that went round his shoulder. He had no shirt, and his clothes and skin were covered with the red dirt of the cockpits. Such was the chief; and his men were as ragged and dirty as himself: all had guns and cutlasses. This treaty, signed in 1738, was, as if between regular belligerents, but it stipulated that in future the Maroons should be registered, and have two white agents residing amongst them. From this period to the last and most serious war of 1795, the relation of the Maroons to the whites became totally different. Their connection was friendly, and the planters had created in them both a contempt and a hatred of the negroes, whom, when fugitives, they always caught and restored to their masters. In this war it was proved that all the movements of the different chiefs or leaders of gangs had been isolated and independent; there had been no communication between them, and the effect is therefore the more astonishing.

By this treaty the Maroons at Trelawney Town, their principal seat, had 1500 acres of land allotted to them. A white superintendent, with four assistants, resided there. They became attached to the planters, and rendered them all homage and very essential services. On one occasion, when a large body of Coromantee negroes had risen upon their masters, and were successfully contending with our troops, murdering all that fell into their hands, the Maroons attacked them in the woods, killed two-thirds of their number, and brought the rest back to subjection. A Major James was the principal superintendent of the Maroons. He was the son of the celebrated leader of the Black Shot men; and the superstitious terror which the Maroons had entertained towards the father, they transferred to the son, accompanied, however, with veneration and affection. Major James was certainly an extraordinary person. With the education of a gentleman, and the science of a soldier, he possessed all the instincts and every corporeal quality in equal perfection with the Maroons. He could beat the fleetest of them in their foot-races, and could foil them in their

wrestling-matches and sword-fights, and could wear them out with fatigue in the dangerous chase of the wild hogs in the mountains. He was unerring with the rifle; and such was his influence among the tribes, that he could stop their ferocious conflicts, subdue their feuds, and punish the turbulent in the most summary manner. Upon this man the government depended. Major James was possessed of a private fortune, and would occasionally absent himself from his duty to attend to his estates. A law of compulsory residence was passed, which he refused to obey, except upon an increase of salary, and he was dismissed from his employment. The Maroons were chagrined in the extreme at this circumstance, and did all they could to get Major James again amongst them. The authorities were inexorable. Other circumstances occurred to irritate the Maroons; the negro insurrection in St. Domingo unsettled their minds, and finally a very questionable act of severity, not to say of cruelty, was practiced upon them at this unfortunate juncture. Two Maroons had been taken up for some offense in the town of Montego Bay, and the magistrate had them flogged by a runaway negro, before the slaves of the town. The antipathy and contempt of the Maroons for the negroes, we have already noticed. This indignity was not to be borne, and it led to a most fatal war. Gen. Palmer and the local authorities, with some of the principal proprietors of the north side, wrote to the capital, advising that Major James might be restored to his office, and that concessions might be made to these people. These requests were unattended to, and immediately after the war broke out. Lord Balcarras, the governor, deemed these men so formidable, that he directly proclaimed martial law throughout the island, and detained the expedition about to sail for St. Domingo. The Success frigate was in the offing, having on board the 83d Foot, Col. Fitch; a regiment in the finest order, and, what is extraordinary for the West Indies, mustering a thousand rank and file on the parade. The Success was recalled by signal, and made to disembark the troops.

Lord Balcarras proceeded immediately to Montego Bay, where he published a violent philippic against the Maroons, telling them that their town was surrounded by troops, resistance was in vain, and that he had set a price upon the heads of all who did not surrender in four days.

This impolitic proclamation struck terror into the hearts of all the inhabitants, and roused the Maroons from equivocal submission to the most determined resistance. A similar circumstance of an unfortunate nature had just occurred. Col Gal-

limore, who had been sent to negotiate with the Maroons, had, during a conference, contemptuously taken from his waistcoat pocket a handful of musket-balls, and shaking them in the faces of the chiefs, declared that those were the only *arguments* they should have from him. The Maroons shortly after attacked his house, and wreaked a signal vengeance upon his family. General Palmer had given passports to six Maroon captains to proceed to the governor in the capital. Midway, these men were seized by the commanding officer of the militia, and, notwithstanding their passports, were ordered into irons by Lord Balcarras. The general expressed himself highly incensed at this breach of faith.

On the 8th of August, Lord Balcarras sent his dispatch, commanding the surrender of the Maroons, on pain of setting a price upon their heads. On that day Col. Sanford, with one hundred and thirty of the 18th and 20th Light Dragoons, took post about four miles north of the Maroon town. Lord Balcarras, at the head of the 83d regiment, established himself at Vaughan's Field, a mile and a half from the Maroon town, whilst several thousand militia were at Kensington estate, in his rear, to protect the convoys of provisions. The regular troops amounted to about 1500. The Maroon town lies twenty miles south-east of Montego Bay, and eighteen miles from Falmouth. The road from Montego Bay for the first nine miles is good, after which it is steep, rugged, and affording facilities of defense against any hostile advance. The same may be said of the last four or five miles of the road from Falmouth. The Maroons, terrified by this military array, on the 11th of August sent their chief and seventeen leading men to offer submission and fealty to Lord Balcarras, who, however, put these men in irons, and sent them on ship-board. Of all things, the Maroons had a horror of being shipped from the island. One of the chiefs committed suicide by ripping open his bowels, and this experiment of surrendering taught the Maroons what little clemency they had to expect from government. Two of the chiefs who had come to the outposts to parley about pacification, on their return found that the Westmoreland militia had destroyed their town, burnt their provision grounds, and ill-used their families. The sword was now drawn, and the scabbard was thrown away. Lord Balcarras had with him one hundred and fifty of the 13th Light Dragoons, dismounted; detachments of the 17th Light Dragoons, under Capt. Bacon; and one hundred of the 62d Foot.

So far from surrendering on the 12th, the Maroons were so

incensed, that they attacked two of our detachments on that day, and severely handled them. Lord Balcarras ordered Col. Sanford to make a forward movement, which, in conjunction with the movements of the 83d and of the militia, was intended to surround the Maroon town. The Maroons allowed Col. Sanford to advance into a defile, when they opened a tremendous fire upon him from ambushes on his right and left, and killed him and almost all his men. Not a single Maroon was hurt. The whole plan had been badly contrived.

It was now resolved to surround both towns, and to destroy all the provision grounds. A track was cut through the thick brambles and brushwood, the line being guided by the bugles of the 17th Dragoons. After infinite toil in the rainy season, a light field-piece was brought up through this track, and both towns were taken possession of. But, to the astonishment of Lord Balcarras, they were found abandoned; the Maroons, as might have been expected, had retreated to the cockpit with all their valuables. Into this cockpit our troops were made to fire repeated volleys, the echoes of which were succeeded by loud bursts of laughter from the Maroons, who rejoiced at our waste of ammunition. Lord Balcarras now retired to Montego Bay, and left the command of the troops to Col. Fitch, of the 83d.

More wisdom now guided our measures, but, from unavoidable circumstances, almost all our outposts were surprised, our working-parties were destroyed by ambuscades, and our convoys and detachments generally cut to pieces. In but one instance could we ascertain that a single man of the enemy had been killed. Many parleys took place, but the horror of the Maroons at being sent on ship-board, prevented any favorable conclusion.

Colonel Fitch employed a strong working-party of slaves, supported by several flanking companies of regulars and militia, to cut a line through the brushwood and thorny brambles, that he might communicate with some corps on his right. They had scarcely worked half a mile from head-quarters, when the party fell into an ambush, the troops suffered severely, and the Maroons massacred a great number of the negroes. About a mile and a quarter from head-quarters, in another direction, there was an outpost of between thirty and forty men, commanded by Captain Lee, of the 83d, who had secured himself with palisades and a breast-work, but had reported that his post might be commanded by the Maroons from the heights. On the 12th of September, Colonel Fitch, at nine in the morning, went to visit the post, in company with the adjutant of the 83d and many other

officers. We may judge of the nature of the country from the fact, that Col. Fitch was obliged to make use of a compass, and to set his watch by that of Lieutenant Dixon, of the Artillery, at head-quarters, who was desired to fire a field-piece precisely at twelve o'clock. Three hours were thus occupied in traversing one mile and a half. Col. Fitch found the post untenable, and he proceeded with a small party a few hundred yards in advance, to determine upon a better position. Coming to two diverging paths, he hesitated a minute which to take, when a sudden volley from the Maroons in the brushwood killed or wounded almost every man of the party. Colonel Jackson was unhurt, but seeing Colonel Fitch sitting desperately wounded on the stump of a tree, and hearing some Maroons cock their muskets, he endeavored to make him lie down, but even in this hurried effort another ball killed him on the spot. Of a return before us of ninety-three killed and wounded, we find seventy killed and only twenty-three wounded, so accurate was their fire.

Colonel Walpole, of the 13th Dragoons, was now appointed commander-in-chief, with the rank of major general. He declared that the Island would be lost, if the troops suffered another defeat. While maturing his plans, an attack was made upon a strong outpost, commanded by Major Godley and Captain White of the 83d. One of the sentries had declared that he saw a Maroon passing in the dark. The men were turned out, and formed into two parties, and advanced at daybreak. No vestige of an enemy appearing, they returned, and Major Godley entering his hut, ordered his negro boy to bring him his coffee. At the instant, the boy was shot through the head, and a volley from the Maroons did great execution amongst our men. The post was bravely defended, but at last abandoned with considerable loss.

General Walpole resolved to act on the defensive during the rainy season. He trained his men to light infantry manœuvres and bush-fighting; he selected the best rifle shots, harassed the enemy by false alarms, and made feint attacks to draw off their attention, whilst he cleared the country around him of the brushwood and high grass. At length, making a feint attack at a distance, he pushed a strong body of troops, with a howitzer and field-piece, up a hill, and at daybreak began to pour shells and grape-shot into the cockpit. The Maroons, terrified at this novel mode of attack, precipitately fled to the next cockpit, from which they were driven by similar means. They were thus driven from post to post, and cut off from their supplies of water. The measles broke out amongst them, and they became greatly dis-

tressed. Still, however, they were able to send out numerous skirmishing parties; and notwithstanding we were often able to attack them with greatly superior numbers, in no one instance could we obtain complete success.

Thus were parties situated, when Lord Balcarras, contrary to the advice of the gallant Walpole, resolved to send to Cuba for a pack of the hounds used in that island to chase outlaws and runaway negroes. These dogs, on coming up with a fugitive, merely growl at him till he stops, when they continue barking till the chasseurs advance and secure their prize. Each chasseur can only hunt with two dogs: they are never unmuzzled but for attack, and are always accompanied by one or two small dogs of excellent scent, called finders. The larger animal is the size of a very large hound, but with the nose more pointed. His skin is much harder than that of most dogs, and so must be the whole structure, as the severe beatings they undergo in training would kill any other dog.

The chasseurs' only weapon is longer than a dragoon's sword, and twice as thick, something like a flat iron bar, of which about eighteen inches at the lower end are as sharp as a razor. The activity of these chasseurs no negro can elude; and such is their temperance, that with a few ounces of salt, they can support themselves for months on the vegetable and farinaceous food of the woods. They drink nothing but the water supplied by the wild pine, by the black and grape withes, and the roots of the cotton-tree. Their greatest privation is that of the cigar, which they must not use in the woods, where the scent would betray them. The dress of a chasseur is a check shirt, open at the neck, and displaying a crucifix; a wide pair of check trowsers; a straw hat, eight inches in the rim; his sword belt and his cotton ropes for his dogs. In the woods, he kills the wild hogs, and having skinned the thighs and hocks, he thrusts his foot into the raw hide, and with his knife trims it and makes it a tight boot, to protect his legs from the intricacies of thorns and brushwood which he has to penetrate.

Forty of these chasseurs were reviewed by General Walpole at Seven Rivers, and each of them had two hounds besides the finder. The general imposed upon them the necessity of carrying muskets, which, however, they resolved to throw away as soon as a fight commenced; and, secondly, he would not allow them to go out in chase, but obliged them to keep in the rear, till occasion might require their aid. How far these restraints and alterations of their accustomed mode of fighting might have destroyed their inefficiency, was never proved. To us it appears

that nothing could be more contemptible than such an ally, and that in the very first rencounter every chasseur and hound would have been shot.

But opinion in war, as in all other things, is omnipotent. The Maroons, who had braved our bayonets, our cavalry, and cannon, and had overcome the terror they had entertained of our name, now succumbed beneath the fear of this worse than ludicrous species of force. General Walpole took advantage of their terror to negotiate, and a treaty was signed, to one article of which General Walpole *swore*—"that the Maroons should not be sent off the island."

No sooner had this handful of brave men, less than five hundred, surrendered, than they were shipped to Nova Scotia, and thence to Sierra Leone. It must be observed, that this memorable conflict took place with only *one* (the Trelawney) tribe of Maroons. The other tribes were neutral, or often either secretly or openly acted in our favor.

The House of Assembly voted seven hundred guineas for a sword to Lord Balcarras, which his lordship declared he would transmit to his posterity, as a testimony most glorious to his name and family. The House of Assembly passed a similar vote of five hundred guineas to General Walpole, but that noble-minded officer contemptuously refused their present, and desired permission to give evidence at the bar of the House, of the spirit in which the treaty had been negotiated, and of the sense in which it had been drawn up by himself and the Maroon Chiefs, a sense diametrically opposite to that which the House was determined to put upon it. This being rejected, he insisted that the Maroons should have their arms restored to them, and be placed *in statu quo ante fædus*. He even declared his conviction, that in another campaign he could reduce them to entire submission by force of arms. General Walpole, in addition to the high feelings of a soldier, and to the established principles of good faith, felt ashamed at his having used so contemptible, and, in every respect, so odious a means of terror, as the Cuba blood-hounds. The talent and courage he had displayed had saved the island, and, indignant at the pusillanimity of the local authorities, he refused the vote of the sword in such terms of contempt of the Assembly, and of indignation at their perfidy, that the House expunged his letter from their journals. From his being their palladium, the god of their idolatry, he sank at once into an object of their vituperation, and was, in their eyes, even worse than a Maroon.

NARRATIVE OF SOME EVENTS IN THE IRISH REBELLION.

By an eye-witness.*

My father's name was Samuel Barbour; he held a small farm within two miles of Enniscorthy, called Clevass. It contained but twenty-two acres, but it was rich ground, and the rent was low; it had been in our family since the battle of the Boyne, for both my father's people and my mother's were Williamites.† It lay in a pleasant valley between two hills, one called Coolnahorna, and the other the Mine. On the former, an old tradition said, that King James, when flying, stopped to take breath; and an old prophecy said, that before a hundred years should have elapsed from that flight, the Irish should yet gather on that hill, strong and victorious. The truth of this I myself saw but too clearly confirmed.

Our farm, though very productive, would not have supported us in the comfort and respectability we enjoyed, but that my father was also a clothier; he bought the fleece from the sheep's back, and manufactured it into middling fine cloths and friezes, which he sold at the neighboring fairs. He thus gave employment to eight men and six women, and no one, rich or poor, had ever reason to complain of Sam. Barbour. Though all our neighbors of the better class were Protestants, (for we lived in the midst of twenty-two families of our own persuasion,) yet all the people he employed were Roman Catholics, and we met with as much honesty and gratitude from them as we could have desired.

My father was advanced in life when he married, and I was his second child. He had five more; the eldest, William, was at this time a fine well-grown boy, little more than sixteen. I was not much above fifteen, but tall and strong for my age. I had

* This narrative is taken, almost without the alteration of a word, from the lips of a plain, respectable woman, the daughter of a County Wexford farmer; and though unpretending in its style, it possesses the merit of strict fidelity, and is so far curious, that few females in her rank, placed in such fearful circumstances, could have been capable of collecting their ideas into a continued narrative, and still fewer have ever met one to record it for them. It will, at all events, give to the tenderly-guarded of the sex who read it, some knowledge of what was once suffered by hundreds, with as kind hearts, and as soft feelings, as their own; and it will cause them to pray fervently against the miseries of civil war, which always fall heaviest on the most unoffending, on the widow and the orphan, the helpless woman, and the unconscious babe.

† Williamites were the soldiers of William the Third, who most of them, after the final expulsion of James the Second from Ireland, got grants of land; Clevass was one of these. The Battle of Boyne was in 1690.

two sisters, of eleven and six, a little brother of four years old, and my mother had an infant only six weeks before the fearful times which I am endeavoring to describe.

During the entire winter of 1797, when my father returned from Enniscorthy, he would mention the rumors he had heard of the discontents of the Roman Catholics, and the hopes they entertained that the French would assist them; but we never had time to think of such things, much less to grieve about them. We never imagined that any one on earth would injure us, for we had never done the least hurt to any one, and we relied on the strength of the government, and, in particular, on the bravery of the Enniscorthy Yeomanry, for putting down any disturbances. My brother William was one of these.

On Saturday, the 26th of May, Whitsun-eve, Martin, our laborer, was shoveling oats, and my father went to the field to look at him. When he saw my father drawing near, he laid down his shovel, and, looking earnestly and sorrowfully at him, he said, "Master, if you would promise me not to betray me, I would tell you something that might serve you and yours." My father answered, "You ought to know me well enough by this time, Martin, to be certain that I would not betray any one, much less you." "But, master," rejoined he, "I'm sworn never to tell any one that won't take the same oath that I did to be true to the cause." "You unfortunate man," said my father, "I had rather see all belonging to me dead, and die myself with them, than prove false to the government that has sheltered me." On this, Martin, with a heavy sigh, resumed his shovel, and continued his work. My father had but little time to think on this, for he was obliged to leave two cart-loads of oats at the mill of Moinart, to be ground into meal for the use of the family. Moinart is about two miles from Clevass, and Mr. Grimes, the miller, was a Protestant, and much respected in the country. As soon as my father cast his eyes on him, he saw that he too knew of something bad going on; yet he hardly exchanged a word with him but on business, for his heart, as he told us, was too full; and, leaving the oats to be ground, he turned back with the empty cars, anxious to rejoin us as soon as possible. When he had gone nearly half the road, he saw imperfectly (for it was now almost dusk) a great dust on the road before him, and heard a confused murmur of voices—a moment after he thought a body of troops were advancing, for he fancied he saw their bayonets; but the next instant he was surrounded by a party of more than two hundred rebels, armed with pikes, who stopped him, and dragged him off the car he was sitting on. My father was no coward

as he fully showed two days afterwards; but he said, that, at that moment, the thoughts of all he had left at home rushed into his mind, his knees failed him, and if he had not clung to the head of his horse, he would have fallen to the earth. They asked all together who he was, and where he came from, and he was unable to answer; but one of them happening to know him, cried out, "Oh, let him go, that is Sam Barbour, of Clevass, he is an honest man;" and they did set him at liberty. He came home, and, turning the horses over to Martin's care, he walked in amongst us, and his face told us the ruin that was coming upon us, before we learned it from his words.

We cared little for eating the supper we had prepared for him and ourselves; and after hearing his story, we stepped to the door to listen whether any of the armed ruffians were coming towards us; we heard nothing, but we saw in the distance eleven distinct blazes, every one from its situation marking out to us where the house and the property of each friend and neighbor were consuming. In immediate expectation of a similar fate, we instantly began to load our cars with whatever furniture and provisions were portable, that as early as possible the next day, we might fly with them to Enniscorthy; what we could not pack up we carried out to the fields, and concealed in the ridges of standing corn; and it was but little of it we ever saw again.

We passed the whole night thus; but the poor children, hungry and sleepy, lay down in the nearest corner, for we had placed the beds on the cars. On Whit-Sunday morning we set off for Enniscorthy, with heavy hearts, just about the same hour we thought to have gone to church. My mother, yet weak, leaned on my father, I carried the infant, and the other children followed us, the little one clinging to my gown. My brother William had already been in Enniscorthy for more than a week with his corps; the female servant went with us, but Martin, who, with his mother, lived in a small cottage on our ground, staid behind us: and when we again saw him he was an armed rebel. Yet, from his humanity to us, I cannot think that he ever was guilty of the same cruelties that were committed by his comrades.

When we entered the town, we went to the house of a relation, whose name was Willis, who instantly received us, but when we entered, we had hardly room to sit down, it was so full of the Protestant inhabitants of the neighborhood, who had fled into the town for protection. Few of these had had time to save anything, and those who, like us, had brought food, immediately gave it to be shared in common. My father, on seeing us safe

in the house, immediately went and enrolled himself amongst the Supplementary Yeomanry, and was provided with a musket and cross belts, to wear over his colored clothes. There were more than two hundred of the neighboring gentry and farmers armed hastily in the same manner. Our regular yeomen, who were clothed and disciplined, amounted to about as many more; we had one company of the North Cork Militia, ninety-one in number; and it was this handful of men, not much exceeding five hundred in number, that, in our simplicity, we had imagined could conquer all the disaffected in the county. Excepting the few militia-men, all our little garrison were neighbors, or friends, or near relations, who now knowing the immense force of the rebels, which was well known to exceed ten thousand, and their barbarity, for they gave no quarter, knew they had no choice between dying like men, with their arms in their hands, or standing tamely like sheep to be butchered. Scarcely one of these men but had every one that was dearest to him sheltered in the town he was about defending; and yet it is this very circumstance that was one of the causes of their losing possession of it, as I shall explain shortly.

When my father left us, and we had unpacked our furniture, my sisters and I were at first so unconscious of any immediate danger, that we were rather gratified by the novelty of our situation, and passed some time leaning out of a window, looking at the horse yeomen passing hurriedly back and forwards, and disputing between ourselves which man looked best in his uniform, or sat best on his horse. A very short time however, changed our feelings, when we saw seven or eight men covered with blood carried into the house, and were called to lay down our beds for them to lie on; these were yeomen, who had been skirmishing in the neighborhood, and who, full as the house was, were brought into it for present relief. I now began to see, for the first time, some of the miseries that threatened us; and thus passed a few anxious hours, when it suddenly struck me that our cows would be injured if they were not milked again, and the servant girl and I set out about six in the evening, and without meeting any thing to injure us, we got safe to Clevass; we found all as we had left it, with the poor cows standing lowing to be milked; we brought home a large pitcher each, and, on our road home, met several Roman Catholic neighbors, with whom we had lived on the most friendly terms; we spoke to them as usual, but they looked in our faces as if they had never seen us before, and passed on. I have since thought they either looked on us with abhorrence, as those devoted to destruction in this

world and in the next, or that knowing our doom, and pitying our fate, they were afraid to trust themselves to speak to us. We could not at least accuse them of hypocrisy.

It was late when we returned to the town, and, even in the midst of his anxiety, I could see joy lighten in the looks of my father at our safety, for even during our short absence, the reports of the rapid advance of the rebels had been so frequent, that he feared we might have been intercepted on our return. The milk was gratefully received by our own children, as well as all the other poor little creatures sheltered in that crowded house. We prayed, and endeavored to rest on the bare boards, though worn out in mind and body; but I slept but little that night, with the moans of a wounded man in the very room with us, and the heat and closeness of the air, so different from our own pleasant airy little bed-rooms.

At the very dawn I arose, and my father seeing me preparing to venture once more to see our cows, and that I was seeking in vain for our servant, (whom it was many weeks before I saw again,) said he would go with me, for he hoped there would not be any immediate want of him in the town. We arrived at the little farm, and found, as yet, all was safe. The cows waiting for us, and the poor poultry and pigs looking for food that we had not to give them. After attending to the cows, I thought of some brown grindle-cakes we had left behind us on a shelf, and went to break some to the fowls, when my father followed me into our desolate kitchen, and, taking a piece of the bread, asked me for a mug of the warm milk. I gave it to him, and turning to the door, and casting my eyes up to Coolnahorna Hill, which was not a quarter of a mile distant from us, I saw the top ridge of it filled with men, armed with pikes, the heads of them glistening brightly in the morning sun. Much troubled, I called to my father, and hardly knowing what I did, I took up the large vessel of milk I had intended to carry into the town for the children; but my father, looking at me as if he never thought to see me again, said, "Lay that down, Jane, it is most probable we shall none of us ever want it." I laid it down, and we returned back to Enniscorthy, where we arrived breathless about ten in the forenoon. As we advanced towards it, we heard the drum beating to arms, and on entering, we heard that the enemy were closing in on all sides of the town in vast force. We saw our friends hurrying through the streets to the different posts assigned to them; the North Cork were placed on the bridge over the Slany, which ran on the east side of the town; our own horse yeomanry filled the street leading from that bridge; our

infantry, amongst whom were the supplementaries, were placed at the Duffrey Gate Hill; at the opposite extremity of the town to the west, a guard of yeomen was placed over the Market-house, where there was a great store of arms and ammunition, and where a few prisoners were confined; some more mounted guard over the castle, an ancient building, in which some of the most dangerous rebels were lodged; and my father, after leaving me with my mother, put on his belts, took up his musket, and joined my brother, (whom we had never seen all this time though he was on duty in the town,) at the Duffrey Gate, the post they were ordered to occupy.

In the course of this morning, Willis, whose house we were sheltered in, put his wife and his two infants on a horse, and mounting another, fled with them to Wexford; he never told any one he was leaving them, nor could we blame him, for such a calamity as we were all involved in would have made the most generous man selfish. And he was a friendly man, but he could not save us all, so, as was but reasonable, he took with him those that were nearest to him.

At eleven in the forenoon, the videttes brought word from the Duffrey Gate, that the rebels were advancing towards the town from the north-east, in a column that completely filled the road, and was more than a mile in length; they were calculated, by some of our garrison who had served abroad, to exceed six thousand men. They soon closed with our Enniscorthy Yeomen, and the shots, and the shouting, fell sharply on our ears. I was at first greatly frightened, and the children hid their faces in my lap, but in a few minutes I became used to the noise, and could speak to my mother, and try to give her some comfort; but she seemed stupified, and could say nothing in answer, but now and then to lament that her fine boy was in the midst of the danger. She seemed not to comprehend that my father was equally exposed, more especially as he (seeing that the disaffected inhabitants had now actually begun to set their own houses on fire) had twice or thrice quitted his post, on the enemy being partially repulsed, and ran down to see if we were yet safe, and to tell us that William was well, and behaving like a man and a soldier; he then, on again hearing the advancing shouts of the rebels, would rush back to the fight. This imprudence, in which he did but imitate the rest of his comrades, gave dreadful advantage to the enemy, yet it was not cowardice that caused them to act thus, for they gave proofs of even desperate courage, but from their painful anxiety for all that was dearest to them, and from their being totally unacquainted with the duties of a soldier, for,

until the preceding day, the greater part of the Supplemertary Yeomen had never before carried arms.

The fearful firing had now continued nearly three hours. Our men were forced to fall back into the town, for our little garrison was now reduced to less than two hundred, and though upwards of five hundred of the enemy were killed, they were so numerous that they never felt the loss. The North Cork were now obliged to provide for their own safety; and I have since heard it said, that they neglected to sound a retreat, which, if done, might have enabled many of the Enniscorthy men to make a more regular one. As it was, some of them dispersed through the fields, and gained Duncannon Fort in safety, amongst whom was my brother, and the rest retreated fighting through the burning streets, and more than once repulsed the enemy; these would again return on them in thousands, till at last, though they disputed every inch of ground, they were forced to retreat to the market-house, and join their comrades who kept it. The house that sheltered us was directly opposite, and though none within dared venture to the windows, yet we knew, from the increased uproar, that destruction had come nearer to us. At last the fire reached us, and we rushed from the flames into the midst of the fight, leaving all we had so anxiously saved the day before to be consumed, without bestowing a thought upon it. I know not what became of the wounded, but if they even perished in the flames, it was a more merciful death than they would have met from the rebels. We fled across the square to the market-house, and I, who had never before seen a corpse, had now to step over, and even upon, the bodies of those rebels who had fallen by the fire of our men, whilst, whichever way I turned my eyes, I saw dozens strewed around. I do not know by what means we were admitted, but it was owing to the courage and humanity of Mr. Grimes, the miller, and here we once more met my father; we now sank exhausted with terror amongst barrels of gunpowder, arms, furniture, and provisions confusedly heaped up together; but in less than an hour (during which time our defenders fired often and effectually) the fire reached the market-house also, and all within it, women, children, and yeomen, were forced to leave it, and throw themselves into the midst of the enemy, who now surrounded it in thousands, or they would have been destroyed by the explosion of the gunpowder, which shortly after took place. As we were going to unbar the doors, Grimes determined on a desperate effort for our safety, he stretched out his hand, and seized the pikes of two men who lay dead across the door-way, he turned then to my father,

and said, "Throw aside that musket, Sam, take this pike, put a piece of the child's green frock upon it for a banner, and perhaps you may save the lives of your family." But my father answered, "Never! I will never quit the king's cause whilst I have life." Grimes then raised a flitch of bacon on his pike, and bidding us follow, he rushed out of the market-house cheering, and appearing as if he were joining the pikemen, and bearing provisions to them; my father, still holding the musket, followed. I snatched up the child of four years old, my little sisters hung on my skirts, and my mother, with the infant, came after me. My father now turned to me, and said, "Jane, my dear child, take care of your mother, and the children!" They were the last words he ever spoke to me.

Grimes stopped now to parley with the pikemen, who completely surrounded us, when a fine infant of five years of age, the son of Joseph Fitzgerald, a near neighbor of ours, ran out to join us; at this moment one of the rebels, who had some particular hatred to his father, unfortunately knew the child, and exclaiming, "That's an Orange brat!" pushed him down with his pike (as I thought) on his back; the child gave a faint cry, and I was stooping to raise him, when I saw the pike drawn back covered with its blood! It shivered in every limb, and then lay perfectly still—it was dead. I had strength given me to suppress a shriek, and I hid my face in my little brother's bosom, whilst my sisters never uttered a cry, but pressed still closer to me; and my mother, who never took her eyes off my father, did not see it.

We were allowed to pass over the square without any injury, and were following Grimes towards the river, when I noticed a pikeman following us closely, and at last pushing between my father and me. In my fear and confusion I did not know the man; but I was told afterwards it was a man named Malone, whom I had many times seen, and who of all other men we should have thought we had least reason to fear. His mother had been of a decent Protestant family, but had married a profligate of the Roman Catholic persuasion; he deserted her and one infant, when she was with child of another, and my father's mother took her home, and on her dying in childbirth of this man, my kind grandmother then nursing her own child, put the deserted infant to her breast, and prolonged his life for some days till a nurse was provided for him, whom she paid; he was reared by our family, and was at this time a leather-cutter. I could not then recollect him, however, for his face was covered with dust and blood, a terrific looking figure, and his action was suspicious;

so, as if I could protect my father, I determined not to lose sight of him, and, with his three young children, kept close to them. Concealed in a chimney, at the corner of the lane we were now about to enter, there was a yeoman, who, it was said, fired away more than a hundred ball cartridges at the rebels in the square below, and made every shot take effect. He at this moment took aim at a pikeman within a few paces of us, who staggered some steps, and fell dead across my mother's feet; she dropped in a dead swoon beside the corpse. I turned to raise her, and to lift the infant from the ground it had fallen on, and I thus lost sight of my father, and the fearful pikeman who followed him: I never more saw him alive. But Providence thus kindly spared me the sight of his murder by the very man that drew his first nourishment from the same breast with himself. He followed him, as I afterwards heard, into Barrack-lane, and killed him at the door of a brewery; a man, named Byrne, who had the care of it, saw him, through a crevice in the door, commit the act, and saw him, too, with his leather-cutter's knife disfigure the face of the dead, after plundering him, and stripping him of the new coat he wore.

In a few minutes my mother came to herself; she arose, and we both, unconscious of our loss, went with the children towards the river, thinking that perhaps we might rejoin my father there. My mother was now quite bewildered, and unable to speak to, much less to advise me; and I, though born so near the town, had never been in it, but to church or to market, and was totally ignorant whither to direct my steps. We asked at many doors would they admit us, but were constantly driven away, and, for the most part, with threats and curses. At last we came by chance to the house of one Walsh, a baker who knew my mother, and spoke compassionately to her, but we had hardly entered, when five or six pikemen followed, and ordered him to turn us out, or they would burn the house over our heads. He dismissed us unwillingly; and we then followed some other desolate beings like ourselves, who led us into the garden of one Barker, who held a high command among the rebels. His family seemed not to notice us, and we here sat down, with many more, on the bare ground under the bushes. All were women and children, some, from their appearance, seemed to be of a rank far superior to us; and I have since heard that forty-two widows passed the night in that garden. Many of these knew their loss, yet fear had overpowered grief so completely, that not one dared to weep aloud. The children were as silent as their mothers, and whenever a footstep, going to or from the house, was heard to pass

along, we dared not even look towards it, but hid our faces against the earth. The moon shone brightly, and I at one time saw a man led along, pinioned, but Barker, who was then in the house, was so humane as not to put him to death amongst us, but ordered him off for execution to Vinegar Hill.

As the night advanced, a rebel, named Lacy, observing my mother to shiver violently, went out, and, soon returning, threw over her shoulders about three or four yards of coarse blue cloth, speaking at the same time some words of pity to her. She, in her frantic terror, endeavored to cast it away, lest, as she said, she should be killed for having what was not her own, but I, with some difficulty, made her keep it, and, except the clothes we wore, it was the only covering by night or day we had for ten weeks.

In the dead of the night I began to take somewhat more courage, and hearing a strange noise in a lane, which was divided from the garden only by a low wall, I crept to it, and saw a sight that soon drove me back to my mother's side. Some wounded men had been dragged to die in that lane, and some boys of the rebel's side, were mounted on horses, and galloping up and down many times across their bodies, whilst the only signs of life they showed were deep groans. But Barker, when he heard of this cruelty, put a stop to it, and allowed them to die in peace.

A Protestant lady, of great respectability, was allowed by Barker to take shelter with her children in his house. As a great mark of good will towards her, some thin stirabout was made for her early the next morning, which was Tuesday. She had noticed us from the house, and beckoning to me, with much kindness gave me a platefull of it for our children, but, though they tasted, they could not eat, for terror had completely deprived them of appetite.

About nine, I felt such a desire to rejoin my father, and to leave that garden, that I left my mother's side, and went alone towards the garden gate, to see if it were possible. The first person I saw at it was Martin's mother, dressed completely in new and excellent clothes, and in particular wearing a remarkably handsome hat. Knowing her poverty, I was so much astonished at her appearance, that, forgetting for the moment all my anxiety and fear, I asked her where she got the hat; to which she replied, sternly, "Hush! 'tis not for one like you to ask me where I got it." I then said, "Oh! did you see my father?" "I have," answered she, "and he is dead!"

I forgot what I said or did for some minutes after this, but I

found Mary Martin had drawn me away from the garden gate, lest, as she said, my cries should inform my mother of what had befallen us. I clung to her, and entreated her to take me to him, that I might see him once more. She at first refused, but at last, to pacify my violence, she consented. We went about a quarter of a mile to Barrack-lane, where, lying in the midst of eight or ten other bodies, with two pikemen standing looking on, I saw and knew my father.

He lay on his back, with one hand on his breast, and his knee slightly raised, his shirt was steeped in blood, the lower part of his face disfigured with the gashes of the ruffian's knife, and his mouth filled purposely with the dirt of the street; beside him lay our large mastiff, who had licked all the blood off his face, and who, though he was heard two or three nights after howling piteously round our burnt cottage, was never again seen by any one. I can now describe what then almost killed me to look upon. I felt as if suffocating: I thought, as I looked on him, that I could have given my mother, my brother, even my own life, to have brought him back again. I fell on my knees beside him, and, whilst kissing his forehead, broke out into loud cries, when one of the pikemen gave me such a blow in the side with the handle of his pike, (cursing me at the same time,) that it stretched me breathless for a moment beside my father, and would have broken my ribs but for the very strong stays which I had on. He was going to repeat the blow, but that his comrade leveled his pike, and cried out, "If you dare do that again, I'll thrust this through your body! Because the child is frightened, are you to ill-treat her?" He then raised me; and I knew him to be a man named Bryan, who but the week before had purchased some cloth from my father at a fair to which I had accompanied him. He spoke kindly to me, and led me back to the garden where I had left my mother, telling me to keep silence as to what I had seen, lest she should perish with fear and grief.

We remained without food all that day, and towards six in the evening, Barker's family turned us all out of the garden, for they said it was not safe for us to remain there any longer. I now thought to take my mother home, for she was totally incapable of giving me advice; but just as we arrived at the outskirts of the town, and were slowly walking by the river, a party of rebels on the opposite bank ordered us to return again, or they would fire on us. We then endeavored to quit it by another outlet, when we were surrounded by a strong body of pikemen, and led, with many more whom they had already prisoners, to Vinegar Hill

This hill lies close to Enniscorthy; it is not high, but tolerably steep, and the rebels were assembled on it in thousands. They seemed to have a few tents made of blankets, but the greater number were in the open air. I could see that some were cooking at large fires, whilst others lay about sleeping on the ground. It was probably about eight in the evening when we arrived at the hill, when the men whom they had captured were separated from us, and driven higher up, whilst we, and many other women and children, were ordered to sit down, in a dry ditch not far from the foot of it. We had not been long here, when we were accosted by a neighbor, whose name was Mary Donnelly; she was a rebel's wife, and had now come to the hill to join her husband. She pitied us, and sat beside my mother the entire of that night, who, feeling her presence a protection, would cower down beside her when she heard the slightest noise. And that whole night we heard fearful sounds on the hill above us, as the men who were brought there prisoners with ourselves, were massacred one by one. We could hear distinctly the cries of the murdered, and the shouts of the executioners. The moon shone brightly, and, towards dawn, I saw what I think alarmed me even more than any sight I had yet beheld. A tall white figure came rushing down the hill; as it came nearer, it had the appearance of a naked man, and I felt my heart die within me, for I thought it was no living being. He passed so close to us, that I could see the dark streams of blood running down his sides. In some minutes the uproar above showed he was missed, and his pursuers passed also close to us; one of them perceived I was awake, and asked if I had seen him pass, but I denied it. This was a young gentleman named Horneck, one of the finest lads in the county Wexford; he had been piked and stripped, but recovering, had fled from the hill, he waded the Slaney, and ran six miles to the ruins of his father's house, where his pursuers reached him, and completed their work of death.

On Wednesday, about ten in the forenoon, owing to the intercession of Mary Donnelly, we were allowed to leave the hill. When we had gone about a furlong, I was shocked at missing the infant from my mother's arms. On inquiring of her what had become of it, she seemed at first not to understand me; she was so much bewildered, she had actually forgotten it behind her. I returned, and found the poor little creature asleep on the ground, where she had laid it, and she did not even seem to rejoice when it was restored to her. In our slow progress towards home, we met a silly, harmless fellow, a wood-ranger,

who called himself a pikeman, but who was armed only with the handle of a shovel, with no head on it. He took one of our children on his back, and another in his arms, and said he would not leave us till we had arrived at our own house. When within half a mile of it, we met a Roman Catholic lad, a school-fellow of my own, named Murphy, who wept bitterly on seeing us, and, perceiving that we were sinking with weakness, he led us to the next house, insisted on our admission, and then flew off to his father's cottage for some bread and milk, but though two days had now fully passed since we had eaten, we could only moisten our lips. We were allowed to rest here till towards evening, but were then ordered to leave the house by the owners, for they said that our stay endangered their own safety. Murphy again gave my mother his arm; towards dusk we at last reached the home we had so long wished for, and found the house only a heap of ruins. It had been burned to the ground, the side walls had fallen in, and nothing remained standing but one chimney and a barn, from which the doors and part of the roof had been torn. Our little factory also lay in ashes, with all our looms, presses, wheels, and machines. All our cloth and wool, which we had concealed in the corn, was carried off; our young cattle, horses, and pigs, were all driven to Vinegar Hill, our stacks of hay and corn were burnt down, and yet we stood looking on all this desolation in utter silence, as if we could not comprehend that it was on ourselves it had fallen.

My father's brother lived within two fields of us: his wife had been uncommonly charitable to beggars, or poor travelers, as they called themselves, and even had an out-house, with clean straw, purposely for them to sleep in. One of these, a woman of the very lowest class, when she saw the family on the preceding Sunday, preparing to take refuge, as we did, in Enniscorthy, clung round them, and between entreaties and threats prevailed on them to remain in their house. She remained, also, and protected them; and, owing to her courage and presence of mind, she saved nearly their entire property from destruction, for she turned back more than one party of rebels who were bent on murder and plunder. My uncle hearing that we were standing at the ruins of our house, came to us, and led us to his, where we found more than fifty women and children, many of the highest class, who had no other place in which to lay their heads, nor a morsel to satisfy the hunger, which (now that they were no longer in immediate terror for their lives) they began to feel.

All the provisions in the house had been given to the different parties of rebels who had called, but we milked all the cows, both those of my uncle and our own (which had not been carried away with the rest of our cattle) and made curds, which, for some days, was our only food. On the third day, poor Martin came to see us, he wept with us, and gave us two sacks of barley meal, which he and his comrades had plundered from some other distressed family, but want forced us to accept them with gratitude. My uncle, in a day or two more, found that two of our pigs had returned home, and he killed them, which gave us a great supply of food. In about a fortnight, the greater part of those creatures he had sheltered departed to whatever homes or friends were left to them, but still, for many weeks, we, and several as desolate, were entirely dependent on him.

In a few days after Martin's first visit, he came again, with some tea and sugar for my mother, whose health was now so precarious, that, for many days, it was her only nourishment; and until he was killed, about the latter end of June, at Borris, he continued to show us similar kindness. Even when dying, he made his comrades promise to carry his body to his mother and us, though the distance was twenty miles, and we had him laid in his own burial-ground, as he earnestly desired.

On the day after we returned, my aunt said to me, "I shall tell your mother of your father's death; for it is better she should be in sorrow than in her present state of stupefaction." She did so, and I cannot bear even now to think of how my mother behaved when she heard it; yet the thoughts of his body lying unburied seemed to give her (even in the midst of her extreme grief) the greatest anguish. My aunt, who was a woman of great strength of mind, and who loved my father as if he had been her own brother, now proposed that I should accompany her, the next day (Friday,) to the town, to seek for the body, which we agreed to lay in one of those pits in which we buried our potatoes, but which was now empty and open. We went in much apprehension, and on reaching the town, and passing through the market-place, we could hardly tell which way to go, the appearance of every place was so much altered by the number of houses that lay in ruins. No one molested us, and with some difficulty we found the place where I had seen my father lying, but, on reaching it, the body was no longer there. All the others had also been removed; yet the smell of putridity was so strong that my aunt fainted. I brought her home again, and we found Martin there; and he seeing my mother's anguish, told her he had laid his master's

body in a gravel pit: but this, I knew, was merely to soothe her; and I was afterwards told, that it and the others had been thrown into the Slaney, which ran close beside the spot, but a few hours before we went to seek for it.

We lived thus for some weeks, in constant dread, both of the rebels and even of the straggling parties of the military sent out to apprehend them; from the first, we were protected by the female beggar and Martin's mother, who lived with us; but the last, either not knowing we were loyalists, or not caring, frequently behaved with much insolence; the smaller the party was, the more we dreaded them; and more than once myself and a few more young girls, fearing to pass the night in the house, slept in the center of a large holly bush, at some distance from it. But after the rebels were repulsed at Newtown Barry, and finally routed at Vinegar Hill, a regular camp was formed within a quarter of a mile from my uncle's house; we were then in safety, for the soldiers were under better discipline, and we found an excellent market for our milk and butter, which enabled us to purchase a few indispensable articles of furniture and clothing, and to fit up the barn as a dwelling-house. About this time, Grimes, who saved not only his life but his mill, and the greater part of his property, restored a good part of our oatmeal. The latter end of July, a field of barley, which had escaped trampling, became ripe, our new potatoes became fit for use, and we never afterwards knew want. We could not, however, rebuild our house till the next summer; and the blackened walls of our little factory (which we could never afford to build) are yet to be seen.

A few nights after Vinegar Hill was taken by the king's forces, I went with a lantern to an unfrequented outhouse, to bring in some straw for our beds; Martin's mother, who did not at first know where I was going, followed me, in much agitation; but I had already reached the little building, and, as I removed the sheaves, I was dreadfully shocked at seeing that they concealed four or five pallid, ghastly-looking creatures, who, on seeing me, entreated me, in the most piteous manner, not to betray them. They were rebels, who had been badly wounded in the battle; and the woman who sheltered them there, and supplied them with food from my uncle's house, joined her entreaties to theirs, and I promised I would be silent. In four days more, one died there, and the rest were able to remove. I have been since blamed for not giving them up, but I have never repented that I kept my promise to them.

It was just seven weeks after the beginning of all our sorrows,

that, as I was passing, one evening, near the ruins of our house, I was greatly startled at hearing from within it the deep sobs and suppressed lamentations of some person in great trouble. I ventured to look in, and found they proceeded from a man who was sitting on a low part of the fallen wall, with his head resting on his knees. When he heard me he arose, and I saw it was my brother; but if it had not been for the strong likeness he yet bore to my father, I should never have known him; from a fair ruddy boy, he had become a haggard, sun-burnt man, so thin, that his waist might have been almost spanned; and this change had been wrought in him by want and hardship, in the short space of eight weeks, for it was just so long since we had met. He immediately turned when he saw me, and fled from me at his utmost speed. In four days more he returned again to us, and seemed more composed; he occasionally got leave of absence to assist in our business of the farm, but he never could settle entirely with us till the winter was past. In one of his short visits, being alone with him, I asked him how soon he became acquainted with my father's death, and he answered, "I knew of it before I was told of it. I knew it when I was on guard at Duncannon Fort, the third night after the battle of Enniscorthy, for I saw him as plainly as I see you. I was overpowered with hunger and fatigue, and I slept on my post, and he stood beside me and awakened me; as I opened my eyes, I saw him clearly in the bright moonlight; he passed away from before me, and I knew by what I felt he was no living man!" This might have been but a dream, yet who can say he was not permitted to save his son from the certain death that awaited him if he had been found sleeping on his post?

I have now told the principal circumstances that fell under my own eye during the fearful summer of 1798, in which, besides my father, I lost fourteen uncles, cousins, and near relations; but if I were to tell all I saw, and all I heard, it would fill a large volume. Yet before I conclude, I must mention one evil that arose from the rebellion, not generally noticed, but the ill effects of which may be said still to continue. The yeomanry was composed mostly of fine boys, sons of farmers, some of whom had scarcely attained the age of sixteen; these, removed from the eye of their parents, with arms placed in their hands, raised to the rank of men before they had discretion to behave as such, and exposed to all the temptations of idleness, intoxication, and evil companions, when peaceful times returned, were totally unable to settle to their farms, (too often left by their

father's death to them alone,) but continued the same careless, disorderly life, till they became quite unable to pay their rents. They were then ejected, and emigrated to America; and on the very farms which, thirty years ago, were possessed by old Protestant families, there now live the immediate descendants of the very people who may be said to have been the original cause of all this evil.

This, thank God, has not been the case with our family. Clevass is still in my brother's hands; my mother, now an aged woman, lives with him, and all the rest of our family have been for many years married, and settled in our own homes. Yet fears and suspicions still remain in the hearts of the two opposite parties in the county Wexford, and until the present generation, and their children after them, shall have passed away, it will never be otherwise; for those who, like me, have seen their houses in ashes, their property destroyed, and their nearest and dearest lying dead at their feet, though they may, and should forgive, they never can forget. R. E. S.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

THE following account is extracted principally from "The life of Alexander Selkirk, containing the real incidents upon which the romance of Robinson Crusoe is founded. By John Howell." Published in Edinburgh, 1829. Alexander was a sadly unruly boy. His first feats are thus described:

"When the accounts reached Scotland of the Revolution, and of the expulsion of the Stuarts, the complying clergy, who were in general much disliked by their parishioners, were in many places turned out of their churches with tumult and reproaches. In no part of Scotland was more zeal shown at this time for the non-complying ministers than at Largo. On the first Sabbath-day, the people assembled in the churchyard, with such arms as they could muster, to resist the clergyman's entry into the church to do the duties of his office. Alexander's eldest brother John, was ringleader, and Alexander himself, though only thirteen years of age, flourished his bludgeon by his side. But no attempt was made to resist the mob, and their pastor, after dividing among the poor what money was in the poor's box, quietly retired from his parish, having few supporters when forsaken by the government.

"Until the year 1695 Alexander continued at home, work-

ing with his father; but he was still very unsettled, and gave his parents much cause of uneasiness, by his wayward humors and irregular conduct, which at length brought him under church censure. Being now eighteen years of age, and spurning the control of his father, he went to sea, rather than be rebuked in church for his improper behavior. For a period of six years he remained abroad; but in what situation, or in what particular part of the world, there are no documents to prove. That he was with the Buccaneers in the South Seas, I am much inclined to believe, for the two following reasons: 1st, His boisterous conduct to his younger brother, Andrew, who was weak in his intellects, for only laughing at his drinking salt water by mistake, and his attempt to seize a pistol, (probably brought home with him from sea,) shows a recklessness of consequences, which he could only have acquired among that body. 2dly, His appointment to be sailing master of the Cinque Ports galley, a situation of trust, requiring a previous knowledge of the seas to be navigated, when a fit person can be obtained. At this period there is no probability that they were scarce; and Dampier himself, an able seaman, knew well how to choose his officers, and never would have given his consent to the nomination of a master not fully qualified."

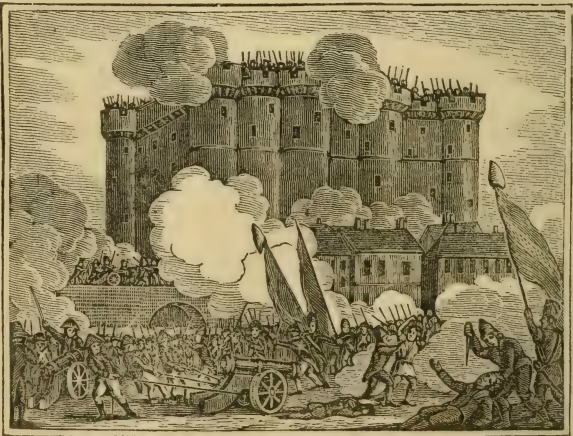
The voyage in the Cinque Ports galley, Captain Dampier, of which he was sailing-master, is given at great length. The cause of his landing at Juan Fernandez is thus stated:

"From this period until the end of August, the Cinque Ports kept cruising along the shores of Mexico, or among the islands, without any success, the St. George having gone to the coast of Peru. During this period a violent quarrel arose between 'Honest Selkirk,' as Harris calls our hero, and Captain Stradling. So high did the dispute arise, that Selkirk resolved to leave the vessel, whatever might be the consequence. At length want of provisions, and the crazy state of the ship, compelled Stradling to sail for the Island of Juan Fernandez, to refit. He was in hopes of recovering the stores and men which they had left there at the commencement of their cruise in these seas; in which, as has been already remarked, he was disappointed, as the two French whalers had taken away every thing, and he only recovered two of his men, who had been successful in concealing themselves. Their account of the manner in which they had spent their time, fixed the resolution that Selkirk had formed some time before, to leave the ship and remain upon the Island.

"From the beginning to the end of September, the vessel remained undergoing repairs. The disagreement instead of being



Alexander Selkirk.—Page 197.



Taking of the Bastille.—Page 202.

male up, became greater every day, and strengthened the resolution which Selkirk had made to leave the vessel. Just before getting under weigh, he was landed with all his effects, and he leaped on shore with a faint sensation of freedom and joy. He shook hands with his comrades, and bade them adieu in a hearty manner, while Stradling sat in the boat, urging their return to the ship, which order they instantly obeyed; but no sooner did the sound of their oars, as they left the beach, fall on his ears, than the horrors of being left alone, cut off from all human society, perhaps for ever, rushed upon his mind. His heart sunk within him, and all his resolution failed. He rushed into the water, and implored them to return and take him on board with them. To all his entreaties Stradling turned a deaf ear, and even mocked his despair; denouncing the choice he had made of remaining upon the island as rank mutiny, and describing his present situation as the most proper state for such a fellow, where his example would not affect others."

His feelings on the island we will not give after Mr. Howell, because as the name does not make much difference in this matter, we take it that Defoe's account of them may be altogether as true. His rescue we give:

"Alexander saw the boat leave the Duke and pull for the beach. He ran down joyfully to meet his countrymen, and to hear once more the human voice. He took in his hand a piece of linen tied upon a small pole as a flag, which he waved as they drew near to attract their attention. At length he heard them call to him, inquiring for a good place to land, which he pointed out, and flying as swift as a deer towards it, arrived first, where he stood ready to receive them as they stepped on shore. He embraced them by turns; but his joy was too great for utterance, while their astonishment at his uncouth appearance struck them dumb. He had at this time his last shirt upon his back; his feet and legs were bare, his thighs and body covered with the skins of wild animals. His beard, which had not been shaved for four years and four months, was of a great length, while a rough goat-skin cap covered his head. He appeared to them as wild as the original owners of the skins which he wore. At length, they began to converse, and he invited them to his hut; but its access was so very difficult and intricate, that only Captain Fry accompanied him over the rocks which led to it. When Alexander had entertained him in the best manner he could, they returned to the boat, our hero bearing a quantity of his roasted goats' flesh for the refreshment of the crew. During their repast he gave

them an account of his adventures and stay upon the island, at which they were much surprised. Captains Dover and Fry invited him to come on board; but he declined their invitation, until they satisfied him that Dampier had no command in this expedition; after which he gave a reluctant consent."

We omit his next set of adventures, which, however, are well worthy of record, and are well recorded, to join him on his return to Scotland:

"For a few days Selkirk was happy in the company of his parents and friends; but, from long habits, he soon felt averse to mixing in society, and was most happy when alone. For days his relations never saw his face from the dawn until late in the evening, when he returned to bed. It was his custom to go out in the morning, carrying with him provisions for the day; then would he wander and meditate alone through the secluded and solitary valley of Keil's Den. The romantic beauties of the place, and, above all, the stillness that reigned there, reminded him of his beloved island, which he never thought of but with regret for having left it. When evening forced him to return to the haunts of men, he appeared to do so with reluctance; for he immediately retired to his room upstairs, where his chest at present stands, and in the exact place, it is probable, where it then stood. Here was he accustomed to amuse himself with two cats that belonged to his brother, which he taught, in imitation of a part of his occupations on his solitary island, to dance and perform many little feats. They were extremely fond of him, and used to watch his return. He often said to his friends, no doubt thinking of himself in his youth, 'That were children as docile and obedient, parents would all be happy in them.' But poor Selkirk himself was now far from being happy, for his relations often found him in tears.

"Attached to his father's house was a piece of ground, occupied as a garden, which rose in a considerable acclivity backwards. Here, on the top of the eminence, soon after his arrival at Largo, Alexander constructed a sort of cave, commanding an extensive and delightful view of the Forth and its shores. In fits of musing meditation, he was wont to sit here in bad weather, and even at other times, and to bewail his ever having left his island. This recluse and unnatural propensity, as it appeared to them, was cause of great grief to his parents, who often remonstrated with him, and endeavored to raise his spirits. But their efforts were made in vain; nay, he sometimes broke out before them in a passion of grief, and exclaimed, 'O, my

beloved island! I wish I had never left thee! I never was before the man I was on thee! I have not been such since I left thee! and, I fear, never can be again!

“ Dr. Lamond, who resided in Largo, and died there a very old man, used often to point out to John Selcraig, the teacher, the spot where the cave was formed, as he remembered, when a child, to have seen the solitary Alexander seated under its roof.

“ Having plenty of money, he purchased a boat for himself, and often, when the weather would permit, he made little excursions, but always alone; and day after day he spent in fishing, either in the beautiful bay of Largo, or at Kingscraig Point, where he would loiter till evening among its romantic cliffs, catching lobsters, his favorite amusement, as they reminded him of the crawfish of Juan Fernandez. The rock to which he moored his boat is still shown. It is at a small distance from Lower Largo, to the eastward of the Temple-house.

“ It was thus he lived during his short stay at home, evidently far from being happy or contented. The visions he had formed of domestic life could not be realized, and he remained among his friends only because he knew not what better to do with himself. He found that he was not fitted for society; his enjoyments were all solitary; his pleasures were derived wholly from himself; he felt oppressed by the kind attentions of strangers. At length chance threw an object in his way, that awakened in his mind a new train of thoughts and feelings, and roused him from his lethargy. In his wanderings up the burnside of Keil's Den to the ruins of Balcruiue Castle and its romantic neighborhood, he often met a young girl seated alone, tending a single cow, the property of her parents. Her lonely occupation and innocent looks made a deep impression upon him. He watched her for hours unseen, as she amused herself with the wild flowers she gathered, or chanted her rural lays. At each meeting the impression became stronger, and he felt more interested in the young recluse. At length he addressed himself to her, and they joined in conversation: he had no aversion to commune with her for hours together, and began to imagine that he could live and be happy with a companion such as she. His fishing expeditions were now neglected. Even his cave became not so sweet a retreat. His mind led him to Keil's Den and the amiable Sophia. He never mentioned this adventure and attachment to his friends: for he felt ashamed, after his discourses to them, and the profession he had made of dislike to human society, to acknowledge that he was upon the point of marrying, and thereby

plunging into the midst of worldly cares. But he was determined to marry Sophia, though as firmly resolved not to remain at home to be the subject of their jests. This resolution being formed, he soon persuaded the object of his choice to elope with him, and bid adieu to the romantic glen. Between lovers, matters are soon arranged, and, accordingly, without the knowledge of their parents, they both set off for London. Alexander left his chest and all his clothes behind; nor did he ever claim them again; and his friends knew nothing and heard nothing of him for many years after; still they kept his effects untouched in hopes of his return. Both his father and mother were dead, when, in the end of the year 1724, or beginning of 1725, twelve years after his elopement with Sophia Bruce, a gay widow, by name Frances Candis or Candia, came to Largo to claim the property left to him by his father,—the house at the Craigie Well. She produced documents to prove her right; from which it appeared that Sophia Bruce lived but a very few years after her marriage, and must have died some time between the years 1717 and 1720. This is farther established by the will and power of attorney, preserved in the Scots Magazine, vol. xlvii. page 672, which is dated in 1717."

TAKING OF THE BASTILE.

It has been generally believed that the taking of the Bastile was the preconcerted effort of reviving liberty; but this was really not the case. Some of the most important actions, which have been achieved by courage or activity, have in their origin, been directed by that imperceptible chain of events, which human blindness terms accident or chance. Like the *Hotel des Invalids*, the Bastile had, from the first moment of the alarms in Paris, been put into a state of defense. Fifteen pieces of cannon were mounted on the towers; and three field-pieces, loaded with grape and case shot, guarded the first gate. An immense quantity of powder and military stores had been brought from the arsenal, and distributed to the different corps; the mortars had been exercised; the draw-bridge and gates strengthened and repaired; the house of the governor himself was fortified, and guarded by light pieces of artillery. The shortness of the time had not permitted him to be equally provident in laying in a sufficient store of provisions. The forces which the fortress included were chiefly foreigners. On the

morning of the 14th, several deputations had waited on the Marquis de Launay, the governor, to demand arms and peace: they were courteously received by him, and he gave them the strongest assurances of his good intentions. Indeed, it is said that he was himself averse to hostile measures, had he not been seduced by the perfidious counsels of *Sieur Louis de Flue*, commander of the Swiss guards, by the orders of the *Baron de Bezenval*, and by the promises of *M. de Flesselles*. The Swiss soldiers had even been engaged by an oath, to fire on the invalids who were in the fortress, if they refused to obey the governor; and the invalids themselves, it is said, were intoxicated with a profusion of liquor, which had been distributed among them.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning, *M. de la Rosiere*, a deputy of the district of *St. Louis de la Culture*, waited on the governor, and was accompanied by a mixed multitude of all descriptions. He entered alone into the house of the governor, and the people remained in the outer court. "I come, sir," said the deputy, "in the name of the nation, to represent to you, that the cannons, which are leveled against the city from the towers of the Bastile, have excited the most alarming apprehensions, and I must entreat that you will remove them." The governor replied "that it was not in his power to remove the guns, (as they had always been there,) without an order from the king; that he would, however, dismount them, and turn them out of the embrasures." The deputy having with difficulty obtained leave, from *M. de Losme*, major of the fortress, to enter into the interior court, summoned the officers and soldiers, in the name of honor, and their country, to alter the direction of the guns, &c.; and the whole of them, at the desire even of the governor, engaged themselves by oath, to make no use of their arms, unless attacked. *M. de la Rosiere*, after having ascended one of the towers with *M. de Launay*, went out of the castle, promising to engage the citizens to send a part of the national guard to do the duty of the Bastile, in conjunction with the troops.

The deputy had scarcely retired, before a number of citizens approached the gate, and demanded arms and ammunition. As the majority of them were unarmed, and announced no hostile intention, *M. de Launay* made no difficulty of receiving them, and lowered the first draw-bridge to admit them. The more determined of the party advanced to acquaint him with the object of their mission: but they had scarcely entered the first court, than the bridge was drawn up, and a general dis-

charge of musketry destroyed the greater part of these unfortunate people.

The motives of the governor, for this apparent act of perfidy, have never been explained, and it cannot be sufficiently regretted, that the intemperate vengeance of the populace did not allow him to enter on his defense, before some impartial court. All, therefore, that can be said at present, is, that its immediate effect was to raise the resentment of the people almost to frenzy. The instantaneous determination was to storm the fortress, and the execution was as vigorous as the resolution was daring. An immense multitude, armed with muskets, sabers, &c., rushed at once into the outer courts. A soldier of the name of Tournay, climbed over the corps-de-garde, and leaped alone into the interior court. After searching in vain for the keys of the draw-bridges in the corps-de-garde, he called out for a hatchet, and soon broke the locks and bolts; and being seconded by the efforts of the people on the other side, the two draw-bridges were immediately lowered. The people lost no time in making good their station; where for more than an hour they sustained a most severe fire from the garrison, and answered it with equal vigor.

During the contest, several deputations from the Hotel de Ville, appeared before the walls with flags of truce, intending to persuade the besieged to a peaceful surrender; but either they were not discovered, amidst the general confusion, or what is more probable, M. de Launay despaired of finding mercy at the hands of the populace, and still flattered himself with some delusive hope of deliverance. The guards, who now acted openly with the people, proved of essential service; and, by the advice of some of the veterans of this corps, three wagons loaded with straw were set on fire under the walls, the smoke of which interrupted the view, and consequently intercepted the aim of the besieged; while the assailants, being at a greater distance, were able to direct their fire to the battlements with an unerring aim. In the mean time, the arsenal was stormed, and a most dreadful havoc was prevented there, by the prudence and courage of M. Humbert, who first mounted the towers of the Bastile: a hair-dresser was in the very act of setting fire to the magazine of powder, when M. Humbert, whose notice was attracted by the cries of a woman, knocked the desperado down with the butt end of his musket; next, instantly seizing a barrel of salt-peter, which had already caught fire, and turning it upside down, he was happy enough to extinguish it.

Nothing could equal the ardor and spirit of the besiegers: an immense crowd, as if unconscious of danger, filled the courts of the fortress, in spite of the unremitted fire of the garrison, and even approached so near the towers, that M. de Launay himself frequently rolled large masses of stone from the platform, upon their heads. Within, all was confusion and terror; the officers themselves served at the guns, and discharged their firelocks in the ranks. But when the governor saw the assailants take possession of the first bridge, and draw up their cannon against the second, his courage then was changed into despair, and even his understanding appeared to be deranged. He rashly sought to bury himself under the enormous mass, which he had in vain attempted to defend. While a turnkey was engaged in distributing wine to the soldiers, he caught the match from one of the pieces of cannon, and ran to the magazine with an intention to set it on fire; but a subaltern, of the name of Ferrand, repulsed him with his bayonet. He then went down to the tour de la liberte, where he had deposited a quantity of powder; but here he was also opposed by the Sieur Beguard, another subaltern officer, who thus prevented an act of insanity, which must have destroyed thousands of citizens, and with the Bastile, would have infallibly blown up all the adjacent buildings, and a considerable part of the suburb of St. Antoine. De Launay at length proposed seriously to the garrison to blow up the fortress, as it was impossible they could hope for mercy from the mob. But he was answered by the soldiers, that they would rather perish than destroy, in this insidious manner, such a number of their fellow citizens. He then hung out a white flag, intimating his desire to capitulate; and a Swiss officer would have addressed the assailants through one of the loop-holes of the draw-bridge; but the hour was past, and the exasperated populace would attend to no offer of capitulation. Through the same opening he next displayed a paper, which the distance prevented the besiegers from reading. A person brought a plank, which was rested on a parapet, and poised by a number of others. The brave unknown advanced upon the plank; but just as he was ready to seize upon the paper, he received a musket shot and fell into the ditch. He was followed by a young man of the name of Maillard, son of an officer of the chatelet, who was fortunate enough to reach the paper, the contents of which were, "We have twenty thousand pounds weight of gunpowder, and will blow up the garrison and all its environs, if you do not accept the capitulation." M. Elie, an officer of the

queen's regiment, who was invested with a kind of spontaneous authority, was for agreeing to terms; but the people indignantly rejected the very word capitulation, and immediately drew up to the spot three pieces of artillery.

The enemy now perceiving that the great bridge was going to be attacked, let down the small draw-bridge, which was to the left of the entrance into the fortress. Messrs. Elie, Hulin, Maillard, Reole, Humbert, Tournay, and some others, leaped instantly on the bridge, and, securing the bolts, proceeded to the door. In the mean time, the French guards, preserving their habitual coolness and discipline, formed a column on the other side of the bridge, to prevent the citizens from rushing upon it in too great numbers. An invalid came to open the gate behind the draw-bridge, and asked the invaders what they wanted. "The surrender of the Bastile," they cried, and he permitted them to enter. The conquerors immediately lowered the great bridge and the multitude entered without resistance; the invalids were ranged on the right, and the Swiss on the left hand, with their arms piled against the wall. They took off their hats, clapped their hands, and cried out, "*Bravo!*" as the besiegers entered. The first moments of this meeting passed in peace and reconciliation: but some soldiers on the platforms, ignorant of the surrender, unhappily fired upon the people, who, suspecting a second act of treachery, fell upon the invalids, two of whom, (the unfortunate Beguard, who had prevented the governor from blowing up the Bastile, and another equally innocent,) were dragged to the Place de Greve, and hanged.*

The sieurs Maillard, Cholat, Arné, and some others, dispute the honor of having first seized M. de Launay. He was not in a uniform, but in a plain gray frock: he had a cane in his hand, and would have killed himself with the sword that it contained, but the grenadier Arné wrested it out of his hand. He was escorted by Messrs. Hulin, Arné, Legris, Elie, and some others, and every effort was exerted by these patriots, to save his life, but in vain: they had scarcely arrived at the Hotel de Ville, before his defenders were overpowered, and even wounded by the enraged populace, and he fell under a thousand

* This was the first instance of that rash and sanguinary spirit, which has since disgraced the French nation in the eyes of all Europe. It is a singular fact, that the French have as yet no clear ideas of the administration of justice. Some time previous to the Revolution, an American gentleman, who resided at Paris in a public capacity, observing the rising spirit of liberty among the people, remarked, "that they would obtain every blessing of a free government, but the *trial by jury*; for that," added he, "they are not prepared."

wounds. M. de Losme Salbrai, his major, a gentleman distinguished for his virtues and his humanity, was also the victim of the popular fury. The Marquis de Pelleport, who had been five years in the Bastile, and during that time had been treated by him with particular kindness, interposed to save him at the risk of his life, but was struck down by a hatchet, and M. de Losme was instantly put to death. The heads of the governor and the major were struck off, and carried on pikes through the streets of the city. The rage of the populace would not have ended here—the invalids who defended the fortress would all have been sacrificed, had not the humanity of the French guards interposed, and insisted on their pardon.

The keys of the Bastile were carried to M. Brissot de Warville, who had been a few years before an inhabitant of these caverns of despotism; and a guard of three thousand men was appointed over the fortress till the council at the Hotel de Ville should decree its demolition. In the intoxication of success, the prisoners were forgotten, and as the keys had been carried to Paris, the dungeons were forced open; seven prisoners only were found, three of whom had lost their reason, having been detained there as state prisoners from the reign of Louis XV.

Thus, by the irresistible enthusiasm of liberty, in a few hours, was reduced that fortress which mercenary armies had considered as impregnable, and which had been in vain besieged by the force of the great Condè for upwards of three weeks.

The fate of M. de Launay involved that of M. de Flesselles, the prévôt des marchands. He had long been suspected of a design to betray the people; and all his actions, indeed, apparently tended to that point. In the pocket of M. de Launay a letter from him was said to have been discovered, which contained these remarkable words, "I will amuse the Parisians with cockades and promises. Keep your station till the evening, you shall then have a reinforcement." At the sight of this letter, the unfortunate de Flesselles was struck dumb. A voice was heard in the hall—"Begone, M. de Flesselles, you are a traitor." "I see," said he, "gentlemen, that I am not agreeable to you, I shall retire." He hastened down the stairs; but as he crossed the Grève, accompanied by a number of persons to defend him, a young man, who had waited an opportunity, shot him with a pistol. His head was cut off, placed on a pike, and carried through the streets, along with that of M. de Launay.

A tumultuous night succeeded this wonderful day; and the songs of joy and triumph which had celebrated the victory of the people, were converted into confused murmurs, expressive

only of anxiety and alarm. A report was spread that the troops were about to enter the city at the Barrier d'Enfer: thither the citizens crowded, under the conduct of the French guards, and preceded by a train of artillery; the body of troops, however, that appeared in that quarter, were dispersed by a single volley. The alarm bells were then sounded; barricadoes were formed at the barriers; deep holes were dug in different parts, to prevent the approach of the cavalry; the tops of the houses were manned; a general illumination was ordered; and the silence of the night was interrupted by discharges of artillery, and by the warning voice of the patroles, "Citizens, do not go to bed: take care of your lights; we must see clearly this night."

The first news of the taking of the Bastile was regarded by the court as an imposture of the popular party: it was, however, at length irresistibly confirmed. The first resolves of the ministry are said to have been desperate, and orders were issued to the commanders, to push the projected movements with all possible vigor. In the dead of the night, Marshal Broglio is said to have arrived to inform them that it was impossible to obey the mandate he had received, of investing the hall of the national assembly with a train of artillery, as the soldiers would not comply with his orders. "Press, then, the siege of Paris," was the answer. The general replied he could not depend on the army for the execution of that project.

The king was the only person in the place, who was kept totally ignorant of these transactions. The Duke de Liancourt, a distinguished patriot, who was then master of the wardrobe, prevented the bloodshed which was apprehended: he forced his way in the middle of the night into the king's apartment, informed him of every circumstance, and announced to the Count d'Artois that a price was set upon his head. The intelligence of the duke was supported by the authority of Monsieur, who accompanied him, and the king was immediately convinced that he had been deceived by evil counsels. Early the next morning the monarch appeared in the assembly, but without the pomp and parade of despotism. His address was affectionate and conciliatory. He lamented the disturbances at Paris; disavowed all consciousness of any meditated attack on the persons of the deputies; and added that he had issued orders for the immediate removal of the troops from the vicinity of the metropolis. It is impossible to express the feelings of the assembly on this affecting occasion. The tear of sympathy started into almost every eye. An expressive silence first pervaded the assembly, which presently was succeeded by a burst of applause.

and acclamation. The king rose to return to the palace; and the deputies, by a sudden impulse formed a train of loyalty, in which all distinctions of orders was forgotten, and accompanied him to the royal apartments. The joy became general throughout Versailles; the people flocked to the palace, where the queen, with the dauphin in her arms, showed herself from a balcony. The music in the mean time played the pathetic air, *Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sien de sa famille*, which was only interrupted by shouts of loyalty, and acclamations of joy. On their return to the hall, the assembly appointed a deputation to convey this happy intelligence to the metropolis.

EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

THE discussion was fatally closed on the 19th of January. After a sitting of near thirty-four hours, the punishment of death was voted by a small majority of the convention; and several of them differing in opinion from the rest respecting the time when it should be inflicted, some contending that it should not be put in execution till after the end of the war, while other proposed to take the sense of the people by referring the sentence to the primary assemblies. The conclusion of this unhappy business is too well known to require a minuter detail. It was, however, on the best grounds, believed, that the majority of the convention were compelled to this unjust measure by the apprehension of becoming victims to popular fury, since a formidable mob was collected, who openly threatened, by name, a considerable number of the deputies, and declared their intention to murder them, if they refused to vote for the death of the king. Every circumstance, indeed, warrants us in asserting that this decision was more the effect of factious fury than of temperate deliberation; and that the cause of liberty has certainly been impeded by the unprincipled violence of its pretended votaries.

The president having announced that he was about to declare the result of their long and important deliberations, a profound and awful silence ensued, while he declared, that out of seven hundred and twenty-one votes, three hundred and sixty-six were for death; three hundred and nineteen for imprisonment during the war; two for perpetual imprisonment; eight for a suspension of the execution of death till after the expulsion of the Bourbons; twenty-three were for not putting him to death, unless the French territory should be invaded by some foreign power;

and one was for death, but with commutation of punishment. The president concluded in a lower and more solemn tone, and, taking off his hat, pronounced, "In consequence of this, I declare, that the punishment decreed by the national convention, against Louis Capet, is *death*." The Spanish court, through the medium of its minister, made a becoming application to the assembly, previous to the passing of the sentence, in behalf of the deposed sovereign; but the reading of the letter was rejected with equal insolence and imprudence. At this period of the sitting, the king's three counsellors were admitted to the bar, and one of them, M. Deseze, addressed the convention; "Citizens, representatives, the law of the nation and your decrees have intrusted to us the sacred functions of the defense of Louis. We come, with regret, to present to you the last act of our function. Louis has given to us his express charge to read to you a letter, signed with his own hand, of which the following is a copy :

Letter from Louis.

"I owe it to my own honor, I owe it to my family, not to subscribe to a sentence which declares me guilty of a crime of which I cannot accuse myself. In consequence, I appeal to the nation from the sentence of its representatives; and I commit, by these presents, to the fidelity of my defenders, to make known to the national convention this appeal, by all the means in their power, and to demand, that mention of it be made in the minutes of their sitting. [Signed] Louis."

M. Deseze then solemnly invoked the assembly, in the name of his colleagues, to consider by what a small majority the punishment of death was pronounced against the dethroned monarch. "Do not afflict France," added this eloquent advocate, "by a judgment that will appear terrible to her, when five voices only were presumed sufficient to carry it." He appealed to eternal justice, and sacred humanity, to induce the convention to refer their sentence to the tribunal of the people. "You have either forgotten or destroyed," said the celebrated M. Tronchet, "the lenity which the law allows to criminals, of requiring at least *two-thirds* of the voices to constitute a definitive judgment."

A melancholy gloom and awful silence superseded the native gaiety of the French capital, during the last days of the life of the deplored Louis, as if some future calamity was presaged to that irritable and factious city; while bodies of armed men patrolled the metropolis, the suppressed sighs and the restrained

lamentations announced to the thinking world, that a fair appeal to the people would have granted life at least to him, who had suffered the mortification of descending from the station of an exalted sovereign to that of a degraded citizen.

After passing Sunday in preparations for his approaching change, and taking an eternal and agonizing farewell of his wife and family, the unfortunate Louis, as the clocks of Paris sounded eight on Monday morning, was summoned to his fate. The monarch ascended the scaffold with heroic fortitude, with a firm step, and a countenance void of dismay; and being prevented from addressing the people, he was sent before the tribunal of the Omnipotent, to claim, and probably to receive, that justice which his earthly judges had denied him.

The following account of the last moments of this unfortunate monarch is truly interesting. It is extracted from the letters of an English lady, at that time in Paris. "The French king received the intelligence of his approaching fate without dismay. He displayed far more firmness upon the scaffold than he had done upon the throne, and atoned for the weakness and inconsistency of his conduct in life, by the calmness and fortitude of his behavior in death. The evening before his execution, his family, from whom he had been separated since the commencement of his trial, were conducted to the tower of the temple, and allowed the sad indulgence of a last interview, unmolested by the presence of his guards. Alas! when imagination pictured the anguish of such an interview, it was not necessary to look back upon the former elevation of the sufferer, in order to pity the gloomy transition in his fate! It was not necessary to recollect, that he who was the following morning to suffer death upon the scaffold, was once the first monarch of Europe, and would be led to execution through the streets of his own capital! It was enough to consider this unfortunate person as a man, a husband, a father! Ah, surely amidst the agonies of final separation from those to whom we are bound by the strongest ties of nature and affection! surely, when we cling to those we love, in the unutterable pang of a last embrace—in such moments the monarch must forget his crown, and the regrets of disappointed ambition must be unfelt amidst the anguish which overwhelms the broken heart. That anguish was not confined to the bosom of the king, the queen, and his sister. The princess, his daughter, had attained that age when perhaps the soul is most susceptible of strong impressions, and its sensibility most exquisite. Even the young prince, who is only in his ninth year, caught the infectious sorrow, and, while his eyes were

bathed in tears, cried sobbing to Santerre, '*Ah, laissez-moi courir les rues ! j'irai aux districts—j'irai à toutes les sections. demander grace pour mon papa !*'*

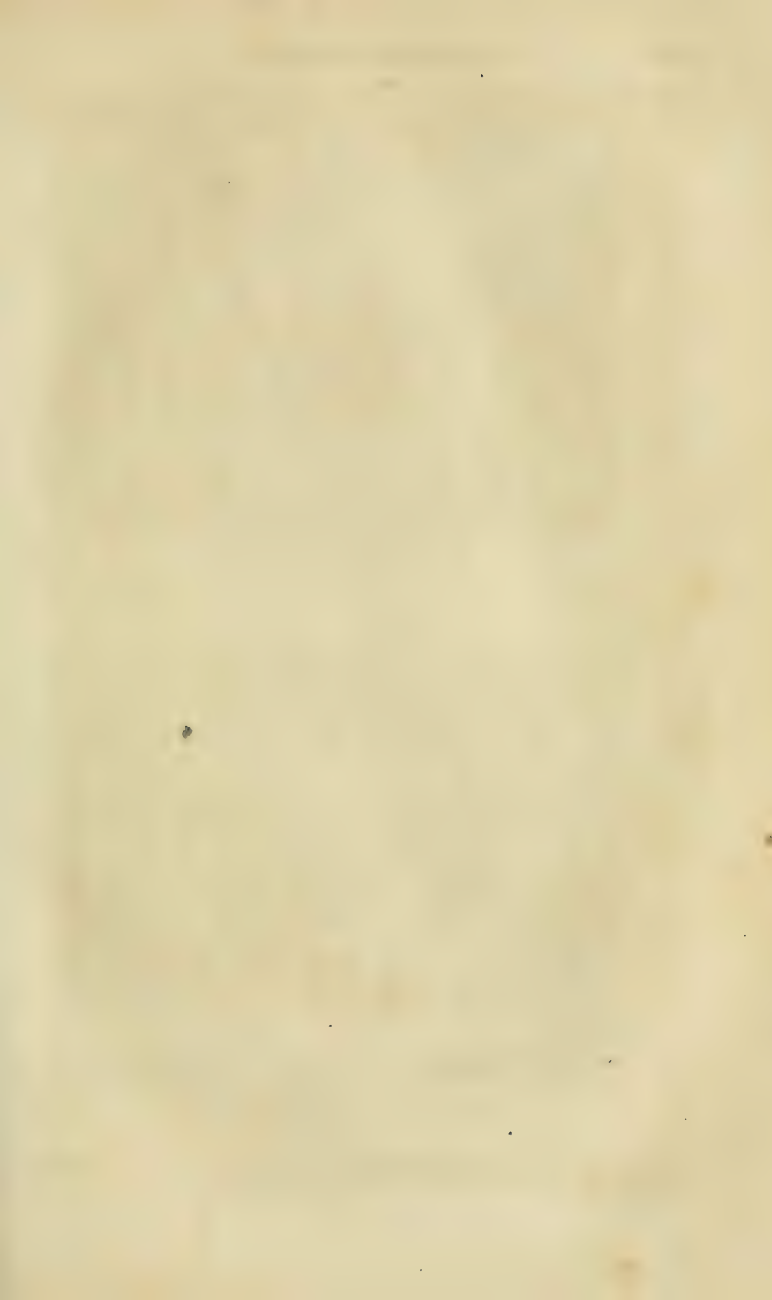
"The king had sufficient firmness to avoid seeing his family on the morning of his execution. He desired the queen might be told that he was unable to bear the sight of her and his children in those last moments. He took a ring off his finger, which contained some of his own hair, of the queen's, and of his two children, and desired it might be given to the queen. He called the municipal officers around him, and told them it was his dying request, that Clery, his valet de chambre, might remain with his son. He then said to Santerre, '*Marchons,*'† and after crossing, with a hurried pace, the inner court of the temple, he got in the mayor's carriage, which was in waiting, and was attended by his confessor.

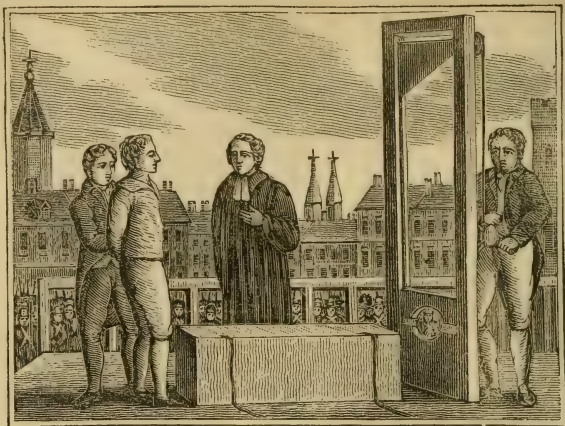
"The calmness which Louis XVI. displayed on this great trial of human fortitude, is attributed not only to the support his mind received from religious faith, but also to the hope which it is said he cherished, even till his last moments, that the people, whom he meant to address from the scaffold, would demand that his life might be spared. And his confessor, from motives of compassion, had encouraged him in this hope. After ascending the scaffold with a firm step, twice the unhappy monarch attempted to speak, and twice Santerre prevented him from being heard by ordering the drums to beat immediately. Alas ! had he been permitted to speak, poor was his chance of exciting commiseration ! Those who pitied his calamities had carefully shunned that fatal spot ; and those who most immediately surrounded him, only waited till the stroke was given, in order to dip their pikes and their handkerchiefs in his blood !

"Two persons who were on the scaffold, assert, that the unhappy monarch, finding the hope he had cherished, of awakening the compassion of the people, frustrated by the impossibility of his being heard, as a last resource, declared that he had secrets to reveal, of importance to the safety of the state, and desired he might be led to the national convention. Some of the guards, who heard this declaration, cried, '*Yes, let him go to the convention !*' Others said '*No.*' Had the king been conducted to the convention, it is easy to imagine the effect which would have been produced on the minds of the people,

* '*Oh ! let me run through the streets—I will go to the districts—I will go to all the sections, and beg for my papa !*'

† '*Let us go.*'





Execution of Louis XVI.—Page 211.



Arrest of Charlotte Corday.—Page 212.

by the sight of their former monarch led through the streets of Paris, with his hands bound, his neck bare, his hair already cut off at the foot of the scaffold, in preparation for the fatal stroke, with no other covering than his shirt. At that sight, the enraged populace would have melted into tenderness, and the Parisian women, among whom were numbers who passed the day in tears of unavailing regret, would have rushed between the monarch and his guards, and have attempted his rescue even with the risk of life. Santerre who foresaw these consequences, who perceived the danger of this rising dispute among the guards, called to the executioner to do his office. Then it was, that despair siezed upon the mind of the unfortunate monarch; his countenance assumed a look of horror; twice in agony he repeated, '*Jesuis perdu! Jesuis perdu!*'* His confessor, mean time, called to him from the foot of the scaffold, '*Louis, fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel!*'† and in one moment he was delivered from the evils of mortality.

"The executioner held up the bleeding head, and the guards cried '*Vive la Republique!*' Some dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood; but the greater number, chilled with horror at what had passed, desired the commandant would lead them instantly from the spot. The hair was sold in separate tresses, at the foot of the scaffold; and as if every incident of this tragedy had been intended to display the strange vicissitude of human fortune, as if every scene were meant 'to point a moral,' the body was conveyed in a cart to the parish church of St. Madelaine, and laid among the bodies of those who had been crushed to death on the Place de Louis XV., when Louis XVI. was married, and of those who had fallen before the chateau of the Thuilleries on the 10th of August.

"The grave was filled with quick lime, and a guard placed over it till the corpse was consumed."

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

MARY ANNE CHARLOTTE D'ARMANS CORDAY was born of respectable parents at St. Saturnin, in Normandy. She was brought up at Caen, where her beauty and accomplishments were seen and admired by Belsunce, the major of a regiment

* 'I am undone! I am undone!'

† 'Son of St. Louis. ascend to heaven!'

quartered in the town. The death of this worthy favorite, who was murdered by some assassins, excited the vengeance of the youthful heroine, and when she saw her lover branded with the name of conspirator, in a paper published by Marat, she hastened to Paris, determined to sacrifice to her resentment the man who had so shamefully abused the object of her affections, and had defended the condemnation of the deputies of merit and virtue in the convention.

She arrived in Paris on the 11th July, 1793. On the 12th she addressed a note to her intended victim, professing to have some intelligence to communicate to him, respecting those of the proscribed deputies who had made their escape and assembled in the city she had come from, which would interest him as a lover of his country, and soliciting to be admitted to his presence.

Marat was at this time indisposed, and for the last three days had not appeared in the convention. On the 13th, in the earlier part of the day, she presented herself at the door of his house, but was refused admittance. Leaving a second note, she retired, and came back between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, in a carriage; when, after some opposition from the attendants, she was called in by order of Marat himself, whose attention had been attracted by the noise. She found the deputy in the bath. Having entered into conversation with him, she had discoursed for some minutes on the proceedings of the refugees in Normandy, when Marat remarked that in a few days he would have every man of them guillotined. The words were no sooner uttered, than, drawing forth a long knife from under her robe, the female Brutus plunged it up to the haft in the body of him whom she believed to be the chief enemy and curse of her country.

The cries of the wounded man instantly brought his attendants into the apartment; and his murderess seeing all chance of escape at an end, resigned herself into their hands, and was forthwith conducted to the prison of the Abbaye, amidst the shouts and execrations of a mob, consisting in great part of the vilest class of her own sex, who had assembled around the house on the rumor of what had taken place. Marat died in a few hours. Four members of the Committee of Police, and as many of that of General Security, immediately proceeded to interrogate Charlotte Corday respecting the crime she had committed. Her answers to some of the questions put to her by these persons, depict forcibly the energetic and resolute character of the woman. She at once admitted that it was she who had slain Marat. Being asked what induced her to commit that assassi-

nation, "His crimes," she boldly replied. "Was it a priest who had taken the oaths to the constitution," they asked her, "or one who had not, to whom you went to make confession at Caen." "I went," she answered, "neither to one nor the other." At another question, raising her voice with all her force, "Yes," she exclaimed, "I have slain one man to save a hundred thousand, a wretch to preserve those who are innocent, a ferocious beast to give repose to my country; I was a republican before the revolution, and I never wanted energy." "What do you understand by energy?" asked her examiners. "The sentiment," she replied, "by which those are animated, who, casting from them all thought of their interest as individuals, know how to offer themselves up as sacrifices for their country."

Of course, after such an act as she had committed, her fate was sealed. She appeared for the first time before the revolutionary tribunal, on the 16th; when nothing could exceed the self-possession of her demeanor, and the lofty indifference with which she regarded the violent death to which she was so soon to be surrendered. This unfortunate woman, notwithstanding her exaggerated patriotism, appears to have possessed a nature in many respects nobly endowed, and even a heart susceptible of the tenderest affections. In a letter which she wrote from her prison to Barbaroux, whom she had known at Caen, she says, "I have never hated but one being on earth, and him, with what intensity I have sufficiently shown; but there are a thousand whom I love still more than I hated him." "A lively imagination," she goes on, "and a feeling heart, promise but a stormy life; I beseech those who might regret me, to consider this, and they will rejoice to know that I am enjoying repose in the Elysian fields, with Brutus and others of the ancients." She addressed a short note, on the day before her execution, to her father, in which, after having asked his forgiveness for having disposed of her life without his permission, she adds, "I pray you to forget me, or rather to rejoice in my fate; the cause at least, in which I perish, is a noble one. I embrace my sisters, whom I love with my whole heart, as likewise all my relations. Never forget the verse of Corneille:

'Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.'"*

The heroine, when her last hour was come, shrunk from her fate no more than she had previously done. Before setting out for the place of execution, she asked, with a smile of scorn,

* The crime, and not the scaffold, makes the shame.

whether the body of Marat was to be deposited in the pantheon. Such was the imposing dignity of her demeanor, as she passed along on her way, that even the abandoned rabble who were wont to flock around the guillotine, and disturb with their ferocious howls the last moments of its victims, were on this occasion awed into comparative silence; and some of the more respectable spectators took off their hats at her approach, while murmurs of applause and sympathy broke from others, which all their fears for themselves could not restrain. She mounted the scaffold with a firm step. When the executioner proceeded to tie her hands, a part of the ceremony for which she was unprepared she at first manifested a disposition to resist the attempt, imagining that some insult was intended her; but on the matter being explained, she smiled at her mistake, and offered no further opposition. When she had laid her head on the block, the executioner removed a handkerchief that covered her neck and shoulders; and on this, those who stood around her remarked that a quick instinct of modesty instantly suffused her cheeks with a deep blush. The mounted blood still reddened her visage when the head, after being separated from the body, was held up by the executioner to the view of the multitude.

NARRATIVE, BY ABBE MORELLET, DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

DEAR SIR,—The celebrated and respectable Abbe Morellet, who is now in his 88th year, and who is considered as the father of the French Literati, gave Miss Edgeworth, when we were at Paris, in 1802, the inclosed narrative, written by him.

It contains a lively picture of friendship and courage in an individual, and a just tribute to the force of religion upon the human mind. When the people of Paris proclaimed Atheism, they lost all sense of morality, and thirsted like savages for human blood. The few who remained faithful to the religion of their country, met death with fortitude and resignation.

I send you a translation of Monsieur Morellet's narrative, to keep alive in the minds of your readers a continual abhorrence of the crimes which result from popular frenzy, when the obligations of law and religion have been thrown off by the great mass of the people.

R. L. E.

Edgeworthstown, January 10, 1834.

To preserve the recollection of traits, which are an honor to mankind, and which happened in the most calamitous, and I may say ferocious times, I have collected the following facts, which took place at Paris, in the beginning of September, 1792.

Towards the end of August, 1792, M. l'Abbe G., formerly Grande Vicair de B., was at Paris, suffering with those unfortunate priests who would not take the oath of the civil constitution of the clergy, who were proscribed under the unjust appellation of *refractory priests*, that is, rebellious to the law; though they had violated no law, since in refusing to take the oath, they had only made use of the liberty of religious opinion established by the constitution itself. In thus sacrificing their fortunes to their religion, they made themselves respectable, even to those who consider religion a prejudice.

After the 10th of August, the *Commune Provisoire*, composed at first only of deputies from twenty-two or twenty-three sections of Paris, having got possession of all the power in the capital, and having taken from the ancient municipality its private authority, conceived, in their assemblies held without form or rule, the atrocious designs which they afterwards executed, and which Carra, Marat, Robespierre, Osselin, &c., boldly avowed in the Commune, in the Society of Jacobins, and even in the tribune of the National Convention.

One of the first most powerful means taken by this new *Commune*, for the execution of their plans, was the establishment of the Domiciliary, and nocturnal visits, under the pretense of collecting arms for the troops going to the frontiers, and as they said, to discover ill-intentioned persons; but their real design was to pursue those who had defended the law on the 10th of August. They proscribed ministers, the unsworn clergy, and in short all those whom they called enemies to the revolution, to which they said they must still sacrifice many victims.

By the order of this Commune the gates of Paris were shut with unexampled severity, the villages and municipalities for many miles distant, were commanded to stop and send back all those who had escaped, which order was executed with the greatest rigor. Those who resisted this persecution, by concealment, were seized in the space of some nights, and imprisoned in the Abbaye, the *Conciergerie la force*, the *Bicetre*, the *Salpetriere*, the *St. Pelagie*, and these prisons not being sufficient, the ecclesiastics, to the number of 300, were shut up in the church *Des Carmes* in the *Seminaire de St. Finnin*, in the Mayoralty, &c

M. l'Abbe G. remained till the end of August, without hav

ing been discovered, though perhaps he was pursued with more eagerness than the others, because of his intimacy with many people of rank, bishops and ecclesiastics, remaining at Paris. At last, however, he was found in the middle of the night, in an empty room of a house he had taken from an absent friend, and was taken to his section, and from thence to the Mayoralty, formerly the Hotel of the first President.

When he was brought before a sort of tribunal which served to distribute the prisoners among their different prisons; he asked, how, under a government which professed to have established liberty, a citizen domiciliated in his own house, could be arrested, without having been denounced, without a mandate, without an order. They answered—“*Are you not a priest?*” “*Yes,*” said he, “*Well,*” replied they, “*we will detain you.*”

On the night of his sentence, he was conducted into a garret, in the Mayoralty, now converted into a prison, where there were sixty others, most of whom were ecclesiastics, the rest loyalists, citizens of Paris, literary people, distributors of Newspapers, &c.

Here the scene of action opened for a young man who displayed great courage and presence of mind, and all the heroism of gratitude and friendship.

M. l'Abbe G. had done some service to this young man, whose name was Dreux; he had given him some assistance in his education, and had obtained for him a place in one of the offices of the municipality.

Dreux had assisted the Abbe G. to conceal himself. He had lodged some days with him, when he showed him the most constant attention. After the Abbe G.'s imprisonment, his most earnest wish was that Dreux should be acquainted with his misfortune. Dreux's thoughts were bent on finding some means to restore to him his liberty.

The design of the massacre of the prisoners had been for some weeks publicly announced. The people were possessed with the greatest indignation against what they called the delays of *justice*, which were said to be connected with the designs of the aristocracy. Criminals, and those who were accused of contriving a counter revolution, were mentioned as the objects of their fury; but it was easy to see that when once the people should break into the prisons, the nobility, the ex-ministers, the priests, the aristocrats, and even the moderate democrats and constitutionalists, would not escape, even though the robbers and murderers, their avowed objects, might be spared.

Dreux, though he had great strength of mind, was but of small stature, and very robust. After having paid the Abbe G. the first attentions he required, he turned all his thoughts, to discover the means by which he could snatch his friend from the danger with which the prisoners were menaced.

This undertaking required that he should solicit all those in power; his employment in his office did not allow him sufficient time; he therefore told the principal clerk, that it would be impossible for some days to be as assiduous as usual, and begged that he would not object to his being absent some times, that he might be of some assistance to a friend and a benefactor. The clerk, of course, was but little touched by this reason; he answered dryly that Dreux's first duty was to attend to the business of his office, that he would allow him no indulgence, and that he would give his place to another, if the business was interrupted. "*But if I was sick,*" said the young man, "*you would not take away my place; would not you find some means of doing without me for a few days; I beg you to do that which you would do if that was the case.*" The clerk was still inexorable. "*Then sir,*" said Dreux, "*you may give my place to some other, for to preserve it I will never do any thing unfriendly or ungrateful.*" The clerk had the cruelty to take him at his word, and he was soon without home, without employment, but with the power of assisting his benefactor; a wonderful sacrifice, when one considers, that at the moment when Dreux made it, he had no certainty of success in this rash enterprise.

His first step was to inform the Abbe's friends of his danger, particularly Madame Asseline, sister to the Bishop of Bologne, who immediately tried to obtain his liberty from the reigning power, Petion, Tanchet, Manuel, &c., and from that *commune* exercising a power so much more despotic, than that with which they had so long reproached the police of Paris, indeed more tyrannical than that of Tiberius or Nero.

All this time the Abbe G. and his companions felt all the misery of the place in which they were confined, most of them slept on straw, and were ill fed, not having the means of paying for better food.

Amongst the prisoners, the ecclesiastics, who formed their greatest number, kept at one end of the garret, which served as their prison, and united by the same profession and the same opinions, persuaded that they suffered in a good cause, they showed much courage and resignation. One of the prisoners was Chanois, a man of letters, editor of some periodical

works, amongst others the *Moderator*, a paper looked upon as anti-revolutionary, though it was moderate, but moderation even was criminal in the eyes of those men, who pretended to establish all kinds of liberty, and who knew no bounds to their tyranny of the press.

Chanois was very melancholy ; after some days the Abbe G. entered into conversation with him. Chanois had observed with some surprise, the calmness and tranquillity of the priests, which was so strongly in contrast with the appearance of the other prisoners. He communicated this remark to the Abbe G. who said that this was the natural effect of religion, which was even a greater consolation than philosophy. Chanois assured him that he was not one of those philosophers who would destroy the foundation of all morality, and all hope of happiness hereafter, by disbelief in the existence of a Supreme Being, an avenger of crimes, and a remunerator of virtue. The Abbe G. undertook to prove to him that this was not enough, that men wanted a revealed religion to determine the ideas suggested by reason, and to give more consistency to the moral system, by uniting morals with religion. In short, that this was the only doctrine which could support men under great calamities, and by which they could be taught to look forward to death without horror. This explanation, and these reasons so satisfied Chanois, that he remained consoled and calm till the last moment.

The prisoners continued in profound ignorance of their last destination till the 1st September. That night the Abbe G. and those who had been in the same room with him, were carried to the Abbaye St. Germain ; about thirty other prisoners were left till the next day.

The circumstance of the removal of the prisoners, from the Mayoralty to the Abbaye, the day before the massacre, and even on the very day on which it began, is very remarkable, as an incontestable proof that those in power must not only have formed, but reflected on the design of permitting the people to massacre all those who had been arrested. The murders were to begin on Sunday—and as they dared not stain the Mayoralty with their crimes, the victims were sent to the place of execution the evening before. The thirty who had remained in the Mayoralty were taken only a few hours before the massacre began. The *Marsellois* who conducted them, knew what was to happen to them that night—they informed the prisoners of the fate that awaited them, and showed them to the people as already devoted. In short they brought them to an immediate

death, for the people having already surrounded the Abbaye, they were murdered as they descended from the carriages in which they had been brought, before they entered the prison, with the exception of one man, the Abbe Sicard, that benefactor of mankind, the celebrated institutor of the school for the deaf and dumb; he was hid in the coach by four others who were dead; the murderers did not perceive him, and he was saved by a miracle, and by the courage of a clock-maker of the name of Mouet.

The Abbe G.'s friends did not forget his danger; but though the design of the massacre of the prisoners was known nearly a month beforehand, it was scarcely possible to believe that it could be executed with such celerity—besides, in the agitated state of Paris, there was great difficulty in obtaining audience of any public man; so that notwithstanding all their efforts, Sunday morning arrived before either Dreux or Madame Asseline could do any thing. At this moment the situation of the prisoners became most critical.

Dreux having seen the Abbe G. at the Mayoralty on Saturday, returned there on Sunday, and not finding him there hastened to the Abbaye, where he succeeded in learning in what room he was confined; from thence he went to Madam Asseline, and described the Abbe G.'s danger as so urgent, that she immediately went to Tanchet, whom she had already solicited in vain, but who had appeared favorable to the Abbe G. with whom he had been *Grand Vicaire de Bourges*.

As she passed the post, the *pont neuf*, the alarm gun sounded, and the people crowded together; she was terrified, and turned back; this, perhaps, was a fortunate accident for her friend, for we have since heard, that she would not have found the Abbe Tanchet, and this first step having failed, they probably would have given up all hope of ever finding him, and that scheme would have failed, which, after many difficulties, they accomplished. Madam Asseline set on a new scent, about two o'clock, for the Abbe Tanchet, *rue de Chabanois*. She found him, renewed her solicitations, conjured him by every thing that could touch him; but he alone could do nothing, particularly at the present critical moment. An order from M. Manuel was the only thing which could procure the release of the Abbe G. But how was Manuel to be found in the general commotion of Paris. There was no time to be lost—notwithstanding the difficulties and the improbability of success, Dreux and Madame Asseline were setting out to look for him, when from the Abbe Tanchet's window, they saw him at dinner, in

the opposite house (a good time for the magistrate of the people to take his ease.) Madame Asseline begged the Abbe Tanchet to send for him; he did; Manuel resisted for a long time their pressing entreaties; at last, taking a pen, he wrote a note in nearly these words:

“Concierge de l'Abbaye,

“Release your prisoner, called Abbe G. who has not taken the oath, but who was not obliged to do so, as he had no public employment. This must be executed by the Commissary of the *Section des Cordeliers*.
“P. MANUEL.”

Madame Asseline thought that as Manuel gave her this paper, he appeared as if he imagined it would be of no service, that there would be neither time nor opportunity to make use of it, and he looked with pity and contempt on the confidence she put in it. This, however, neither discouraged her nor Dreux, to whom she brought the order. He ran in all haste to the *Section des Cordeliers*, (the Abbe G.'s section,) that the Commissary might execute it. The Committee of the section was assembled when he arrived; they made a thousand difficulties, they examined the order minutely, said that the Abbe G. was suspected of *aristocracy*, that he had not mounted guard in person. The young man insisted, explained to them the value of the order, and at last succeeded in getting the order executed, and obliged some of the members to sign it, which they did, maliciously inserting in the paper that the Abbe G. had *not mounted guard*—this was enough to make the order useless. But after all these difficulties had been surmounted, it was necessary for him to find a Commissary of the Abbaye: not one of these zealous loyalists would endanger their own safety; they were now reduced to fear the ferocious animal (the people) whom they had unchained.

Dreux at last determined to take the order, and to attempt to execute it by himself. It was then between four and five in the afternoon; the massacre had already begun in the Abbaye: but these circumstances, so discouraging to any other, could not shake his resolution; he determined to pursue his courageous enterprise.

As he approached the Abbaye, he saw Manuel, who had come thither ostensibly to try to calm the people, perhaps without any desire, and certainly without any hope of success. Dreux joined him, and told him of the refusal of the Commissaries of the *Section of the Cordeliers*, and entreated him to

execute his own order. Manuel refused, saying that he came there only on public affairs; he began to harangue the populace; his voice was weak, and the words expired on his lips. Dreux, to gain his good will, became his interpreter, repeated word for word what he said, in a strong clear voice; at last the following words escaped either from the interpreter or the orator, that *only villains could commit such outrages, and trample under their feet all laws.*

At the word *villain*, which should not have been rashly uttered before such an audience, loud murmurings arose, the cry of aristocracy arose, and the mob menaced both the orator and his interpreter. Dreux pulled the magistrate by the sleeve, showed him his danger, made him take off his scarf, forced him through the crowd, and returned with him in a hackney coach to the Hotel de Ville, where Dreux hoped to find some Commissary who would supply the place of those who had already refused him.

Manuel told the members of the Commune of his escape, which he said he owed entirely to the young citizen whom they now beheld, (great applause.) One of the members made a vote of thanks to the protector of Manuel, and begged that his name might be inscribed in the registers of the Commune. Dreux thanked them, said that he had only done his duty, and refused to tell his name. All the reward asked for the service he had done to the magistrate of the people, was, that they should give him a Commissary to execute his order; but he here experienced the same refusal which he had met with at the Cordeliers; he found himself again reduced to execute the order himself.

He could not get to the Abbaye, or execute his courageous design, without some assistance; he wanted arms. He was so fortunate as to find, just near him, a young man, a friend of his, who agreed to join him. They went to the Abbe G.'s house, where he found a fusil and a saber. They set off for the Abbaye, and pierced the crowd till they reached the door of the lower hall, in which that very morning the jailor had told him the Abbe G. was confined; the approaches to this were not yet crowded by the mob, as the people did not know that there were any prisoners there.

Dreux then showed the jailor the order. The jailor observed that it was addressed to the *concierge*, (the keeper,) that he was only a subaltern, and had no power, and that besides, the prisoner's freedom could only be granted by a Commissary of the Section. Dreux opposed this, by all the reasons he could think of. He said that nobody would know, and he promised

to give him the order as soon as he should have executed it. Dreux made him a present of fifty livres, and promised him two hundred more if he released his prisoner. This softened the jailor; he still, however, made no positive promise; this showed Dreux the necessity of not letting go his hold.

Dreux placed himself at the door, and under pretense of doing duty as a sentinel, he prevented any crowd from being formed, observing, that if four or five were allowed to stay here, they would soon increase to twenty or a hundred. To prevent this, he determined to say in a brutal voice, to every body that came towards the little passage behind the church, "*no one goes through here*"—and to those who insisted upon passing, he added, "*do you want to force the guard?*"

Dreux was in despair at not finding his friend in the hall, where he had seen him that morning; he could not believe that he was not there. He took a torch to search the hall himself, called him again, looked in every corner, examined every face, and now showed too much his agitation, at not finding this prisoner, about whom, till then, he had appeared not to know any thing.

He now saw all his efforts vain, all his hopes vanish. Did he still live, or had he been in one of the halls where the assassins had already been? He at last however discovered the little window, either himself or from some sign from the prisoners, who had often seen him at la Maine, where he visited the Abbe G. and perceived his good intentions; however it was, he understood that the Abbe G. had got out of that window, and instantly began to think how he could find him.

The good young man says, that during this visit, he felt the greatest compassion and respect for all these ecclesiastics, many of whom were very old, most of them on their knees, praying, calmly expecting the stroke of death, without one complaint, or shedding one tear. In the midst of them the Cure of *St. Jean engreave octogenaire*, with gray hairs, who had been a curate for forty years, having fulfilled this long career with all the civil virtues of a man in public life, and the religious virtues of a good pastor, and now giving to his companions the only arms which they opposed to the fire of the assassins.

He was particularly struck with a very extraordinary circumstance—that not one of these men answered after such repeated calls, when they knew that he was not there. Though this was such an easy and natural means of escaping their danger, and without hurting the Abbe G., for his absence prevented his making any use of the assistance they offered to him.

There was something grand and touching in this universal silence. The Abbe G. in his recital of this circumstance, adds, that he flattered himself, that if he had been in the hall at that moment, he should not have answered.

To return to Dreux. The interest he had showed to find the Abbe G. at last made them suspect him. Some of the assassins who were near him, communicated their suspicions to others—Dreux did not waste any time in disputing with them, but with an astonishing presence of mind, he violently seized one of these priests by the arm, and dragged him to the door, with a most brutal and menacing manner.

The unfortunate priest, having often seen him at la Maine, naturally thought that not finding the Abbe G. he was going to save his life, and affectionately pressed his hand; Dreux perceived the poor man's mistake, and felt extremely grieved, but he resolved to save his friend and benefactor. He let go the hand of the priest, and mingled in the crowd of the people, foreseeing, but without the power of preventing it, that this unfortunate man would be one of the first victims. At this moment the massacre of the priests in the hall began. Dreux immediately set out to find some way of getting into the little court; he was followed by his companion whom we formerly mentioned. They came to a little street which was terminated by a wall, which formed one of the sides of the little court, a heap of earth and stones against this wall facilitated their getting upon the wall. By the bright light of the moon, Dreux distinctly saw eight or ten prisoners, amongst whom he soon distinguished the Abbe G.'s tall figure. Dreux at this moment perceived a man beside him, who had got on the heap of rubbish, and was also looking over the wall into the little court; he was armed with a musket, which he was just going to fire on the people in the little court; Dreux made a sudden motion apparently from awkwardness, and struck the musket from the man's hand; he then made a thousand apologies, and got down with him, to look for the door of the court, but he had the address soon to separate from him.

He returned to his friend, and his observations having perfectly satisfied him, he went to the door of the court, where he would have remained quiet if he could, but they gathered together in this place, and very soon the assassins came, and the jailor not being with them, they were proceeding to break open the door of the little court, when Dreux commanded, and obtained silence. He then produced, and repeated the order from Manuel, to the assassins; amongst the people were many who

had promised to deliver the prisoner. They burst open the door, and called out with loud voices, "Etienne G. ! Abbe G. !"

The Abbe seeing their bayonets and drawn swords, thought he was going to certain death, and was sure that he was distinguished from his companions only to be treated with more cruelty. He had not then heard Dreux's voice—imagine his surprise on seeing Dreux and his friend, at the head of the mob, enter the court—Dreux seized him by the arm, and with the assistance of his friend, forced a passage for him through the crowd, and reached the little lane which was formerly mentioned.

At one end of this lane, there was a door which opened into the church of the Abbaye. In this church an assembly of the Municipality of the section had just been held—it was one o'clock—the meeting had broken up—the members had all left the church—the Swiss porter had just shut and locked all the doors except that leading from the lane by which Dreux, his friend, and the Abbe G. were entering the church—they entered it, but how were they to get out ? To return by the door at which they had entered, could only lead them back through the lane to the court, where, at this moment, the mob were massacring their companions. They had no doubt that the assassins would soon follow, to search the church, to pursue and murder those who might take refuge there, as actually happened a few moments afterwards. With great difficulty, by repeated entreaties and vehement threats, Dreux at last obliged the porter to open the great door of the church, and then the outer iron gate—instantly rushing forward with his friend, carrying the Abbe G. between them, crying out as loud as they could, "come through here, come this way—this way—my friends—long life to the nation—vive la nation !" They happily forced their way through another crowd of the people, who had assembled at the great door of the church. They got safely to the street of St. Marguerite, where there was no mob, and from whence they could easily go to their own homes.

We should not omit to mention, that in thus saving his friend, Dreux had an opportunity of doing another good action. A poor priest who had taken refuge, as they had done, in the church, not knowing how to get out, had hid himself behind the door, and when he saw Dreux and his companions come in, he took them for assassins, and trembled from head to foot. This unfortunate priest had no hat on, and was in his ecclesiastical dress, a circumstance which much increased the danger both for himself, and for all who might attempt to save him. He

and a poor curate had been arrested about fifteen miles from Paris, by the *federalists*, at a *nobleman's* country house, where he had been paying a visit; for this *crime* he had been committed the preceding day to the prison of the Abbaye.

Dreux's friend gave the curate his hat, and hiding and hustling him as well as they could between them, they got him through the crowd, under favor of the darkness and confusion. As he had been thrown into prison the moment he had been brought to Paris, he had no lodging, no place to go to in the town. It was not safe to take him to any inn. At last, however, he recollected that he had an acquaintance who lived in a convent, in a remote part of the city; with this friend he was at last lodged in perfect safety.

As to the Abbe G., after escaping from so many dangers, the most delightful feeling to him, was not the mere sense of personal escape, but the certainty of having a friend so strongly attached to him—a friend capable of such generous, persevering heroism.

BATTLE OF ABOUKIR.

MALTA having surrendered to the English, after a blockade of two years, the French entered into a treaty for evacuating Egypt; but the British government refusing to ratify the convention which had been formed under the auspices of Sir Sidney Smith, the French general in that country re-commenced hostilities. The British government, conceiving that the possession of Egypt by the French would endanger their East Indian possessions, sent Sir Ralph Abercrombie with an army, to drive them from the country: the following is an account of the landing of the army, and the battle of Aboukir.

“The season being now favorable, orders were issued for effecting a descent, which took place, according to a plan before agreed on, a colored sketch of which was transmitted from on board of the *Foudroyant*, commanded by Admiral Lord Keith, to each of the captains employed upon this occasion. The first division of the army, amounting to near six thousand men, under Major General Coote, having got into the boats, a rocket was fired at three o'clock in the morning, on which they immediately rowed towards the *Mendovi*, anchored in a central position at some distance from the shore. At nine, gun boats, armed launches, and cutters, having been stationed for

their protection, another signal was made, in consequence of which they advanced towards the beach, under the superintendence of Captains Cochrane, Stevenson, Scott, Lamour, Apthorpe, and Morrison, of the royal navy; and, instead of dreading the preparations of the enemy, steered directly for that part of the shore where the greatest opposition was likely to take place; for the French had occupied a steep sand hill, and lined all the adjacent heights with artillery and infantry, so that on the approach of the flotilla within this amphitheater of fire, the castle of Aboukir, together with the guns, to the number of fifteen, placed on the eminences, poured down a most terrible and incessant discharge of shot, shell and grape, which forced the boats to incline a little from their original direction, although instead of being daunted, the men answered every discharge by a **huzza**.

The reserve under Major General Moore, having leaped on shore, part led by Colonel Spencer, rushed up the eminence, and charging with fixed bayonets, forced the artillery, infantry, and dragoons, to give way in succession. But while the guards, under Major General Ludlow, were landing, and before they had time to form, they were suddenly attacked by a body of cavalry from behind the sand hills, some of the troopers actually leaping at the same time into the sea, where they killed some men, crowded in the boats and incapable of using their arms. Being at length repulsed, the troops advanced in succession to support the reserve, which by this time had obtained possession of the commanding ground in front. In their progress they fell in with a column of the enemy, which had intended to attack them in flank; but being overawed by the daring march and unexampled hardihood of the assailants, it retreated towards Alexandria, after maintaining an irregular fire for some time. On this the English advanced three miles and encamped with the right to the sea, and the left inclining to the lake Maadie. The loss of the British on this occasion, in killed and wounded, including seamen and marines, exceeded seven hundred, while that of the French, in consequence of being covered by the sand hills, did not amount to more than one half. The possession of the enemy's position, the capture of seven pieces of cannon and a howitzer, together with the discomfiture of a large body of men protected by a fortress, strong batteries, and a nearly inaccessible eminence, constitute the principal exploits of this day.

The judicious arrangements of the admiral had enabled a **body** of six thousand men, together with three hundred and

fifty seamen, who either conducted artillery or acted as pikemen, to land in the course of the first day; and during the succeeding, the remainder being carried on shore, immediately effected a junction. On the 12th, the whole army moved forward, and arrived within sight of the enemy, who to the number of six thousand were now encamped on an advantageous ridge of sand hills, with their right towards the canal of Alexandria, and their left to the sea. Next morning orders were given to attack the French with an intention to turn their right flank. To prevent the success of this evolution, the enemy descended from the heights and charged the leading brigades of the two advancing lines, commanded by the Major General Craddock and the Earl of Cavan. The regiments which formed their respective advanced guards, suffered considerably upon this occasion; but the troops having changed their position with equal quickness and precision, obliged the foe to retire under protection of the fortified heights that constituted the principal defense of the city. It was intended to have carried them also, and the reserve under Major General Moore which had remained in column during the whole day, was brought forward for that purpose; while the second line, under Major General Hutchinson, advanced to the left, across part of the lake of Mareotis, with a view to assail both flanks; but after some hesitation it was deemed prudent to withdraw and encamp with the right to the sea and the left to the canal of Alexandria and the adjacent lake, notwithstanding there was but little doubt of the event on the part of the troops, flushed with victory, and confident of success. This movement, however, proved eminently destructive to them, in consequence of being placed within the range of the enemy's cannon; so that the loss of the British was much greater than during the former action, no less than one hundred and forty-three rank and file having been killed, and nine hundred and forty-six wounded. On this occasion, General Abercrombie, in consequence of a defect in his sight, having been obliged to advance considerably on purpose to reconnoiter, had a horse shot under him, and was saved from being either killed or taken prisoner by the intrepidity of the 19th regiment.

The English now began to fortify their new position by means of heavy cannon, brought on shore for that purpose; and as a defensive warfare on the part of an invading army always assumes an unprosperous aspect, the late retreat appeared in every point of view to be eminently absurd. What rendered the situation of the British troops still more critical, was the arrival of Menou from Cairo, with a large reinforcement of

troops; but on the other hand, the castle of Aboukir, which had sustained a siege of eight days while in possession of the Turks, now surrendered to the British at the end of five.

No sooner had the French commander-in-chief entered Alexandria, than he determined to give battle to the English. Instead of hemming in the invaders, cutting off their supplies, intercepting their convoys, and meditating a tedious and destructive war against troops unaccustomed to the country, he resolved, notwithstanding the jealousies that prevailed in his own army, to decide the fate of Egypt in a single combat. The necessary dispositions were accordingly made for an attack next morning before daylight, by a body of about twelve thousand men; and in the general orders issued on the preceding evening, describing the order of battle, it was expressly stated, "that the design was to drive the English into the lake Maa-die." The left, consisting of four demi-brigades of light-infantry, was commanded by General Lanusse, assisted by General Roize, with a body of cavalry. The generals Frient and Rampon were stationed in the center, with five demi-brigades; General Reynier was posted on the right, with two demi-brigades and two regiments of cavalry; while General D'Estain commanded the advanced guard, consisting of one demi-brigade, some light troops, and a detachment of artillery. The action commenced by a false attack on the left wing of the British, by the dromedary corps; but the real contest was reserved for the right, against which the French infantry, sustained by a strong body of cavalry, advanced and charged in column, while the brigade under General Silly, marched straight against the grand redoubt. They at the same time attempted to penetrate the center, while the left was kept in check by means of a body of light troops.

The first onset, as is usual on the part of the French, was impetuous, and was expected to have been irresistible; but the steady valor of the English checked their ardor, and they were repulsed in two successive charges, during which the British infantry, although broken, and contending hand to hand with a well appointed cavalry, succeeded in remaining masters of the field. But notwithstanding the whole line had been partially engaged, the hottest part of the action occurred on the right; for the chief effort of the twelve French demi-brigades, and all the cavalry in their camp, one regiment only excepted, was evidently directed against this flank, as it was intended, after turning it, to envelop the reserve, and thus insure a complete victory. A body of chosen troops, consisting of about

nine hundred, which in consequence of a series of brilliant achievements in Italy, had acquired the appellation of "the Invincibles," actually succeeded in a certain degree, by piercing between the walls of an ancient ruin and a modern battery, which they attempted to storm three different times. But repeated volleys of grape and ball, together with a charge of bayonets, nearly annihilated the whole of these celebrated soldiers, who perished on the ground they occupied, without flinching, while the officer who bore the famous standard embroidered with their exploits, exclaimed, "Long live the republic!" as he surrendered the trophy, at the same moment, with his life. In the mean time, Menou, perceiving that he was completely foiled, and imagining that he had reason to be dissatisfied with the conduct of some of his generals, determined to withdraw the troops. They accordingly retired, under the protection of their cannon, but although a deficiency of ammunition rendered the pursuit of the English army less fatal to the French, their flank was annoyed by some armed vessels, the shot from which pierced their columns, and quickened their retreat.

Amidst such a general display of gallantry, it is difficult to select those regiments which claim a superior degree of merit; but it is allowed that the twenty-eighth and forty-second particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion, while the foreign brigade contributed greatly, by its spirited movement in advance, not only to decide the fate of the day, but to rescue a whole battalion from inevitable destruction. The guards, also, during the attack on the center, conducted themselves with equal coolness and intrepidity; and the conduct of Major General Ludlow, who fought at their head, as well as of Major General Moore, who was wounded while leading on the reserve, together with Brigadier General Stuart, and Colonel Puget, at once merited and acquired the praise of the commander-in-chief.

The loss of the enemy has been calculated at three thousand men, and many of their principal officers perished on this occasion. Their cavalry suffered considerably; Roize, the commander, perished in the field, and two other generals died soon after of their wounds. It appears by the returns, that thirteen hundred and six rank and file, with seventy officers, of the British, were either killed, wounded, or missing. Eight officers of the staff, of which five possessed the rank of general, were included in this list, as was also the commander-in-chief.

On the first attack of the enemy, which proved equally sudden and unexpected, Sir Ralph Abercrombie rode towards the

right, against which he perceived all the fury of the assailants to be directed.

During a charge with cavalry which took place soon after he was unhorsed and wounded in two different places; but notwithstanding this, he still possessed strength sufficient to wrest the saber from the hand of a French officer of dragoons, who had attempted to cut him down; and on being relieved and remounted by the aid of a detachment of the forty-second, he presented the weapon to a gallant naval officer, Sir Sidney Smith, who happened to have broken his own during the combat. The general, however, could not be prevailed upon to quit the field, until after the defeat of the French, and the conclusion of a combat which had continued nearly seven hours. At length, fainting with the loss of blood, he was carried on board the Admiral's ship, where he died seven days after, to the inexpressible regret of the whole army.

His successor, in a well written eulogium, pays a due tribute of respect to his memory: "We have sustained an irreparable loss," says he, in his first public dispatch, "in the person of our never sufficiently to be lamented commander-in-chief, who was mortally wounded in the action, and died on the 28th of March. I believe he was wounded early, but he concealed his situation from those about him, and continued in the field, giving his orders with that coolness and perspicuity which had ever marked his character, till long after the action was over, when he fainted through weakness and loss of blood. Were it permitted," continues Hutchinson, "for a soldier to regret any one who has fallen in the service of his country, I might be excused for lamenting him more than any other person; but it is some consolation to those who tenderly loved him, that as his life was honorable, so was his death glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country, will be sacred to every British soldier, and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity."

Thus ended a conflict in which the number of prisoners did not exceed two hundred, and the cannon taken amounted to but two, one of which, upon a former occasion, had constituted part of the spoil of the vanquished Austrians. But notwithstanding this, and although a numerous army was yet to be overcome, lines nearly impregnable to be stormed, and two fortified towns to be captured, this action, fought on the barren isthmus of Aboukir, by its moral and political, as well as military effects, eventually decided the sovereignty of the whole of this portion of Africa. Nor was ever the scene of this important and memo-



Battle of Aboukir.—Page 230.



Bonaparte crossing the Alps.—Page 237.

able contest devoid of interest, or unworthy of record. The field of battle exhibited the ruins of a Roman colony. At a little distance was a city famous in the annals of mankind, and calculated at once to remind the beholder of the genius of Alexander and the exploits of the first Cesar. These monuments of ancient grandeur, now designated by the names of the pillar of Pompey and the needle of Cleopatra, were finely contrasted with the Phasillon, Caffarelli, and Cretin, all fortified according to the modern rules of war, as well as with the armies of two northern nations, contending for a remote and unhealthy corner of the east, while the adjacent sea presented an object eminently interesting, as connected with the signal defeat of Anthony in one age, and of De Bruix in another.

A terrific grandeur was at the same time impressed by the sight of so many bodies of men and horses mingled promiscuously together, while hundreds of cannon, darting forth scorching flames and metals mingled with heat, at once enlivened the gloom, and added to the multitude of victims.

To crown the whole, an heroic chief, pierced with a mortal wound, and yet consoled even in the embrace of death, by the exploits of his soldiers, was borne reluctantly from the field, which still resounded with his triumph.

PASSAGE OF THE ALPS, BY BONAPARTE.

ON the 8th of May, 1800, Bonaparte arrived at Geneva. He was met by Marescot, who had been employed in exploring the wild passes of the Great St. Bernard, and received from him an appalling picture of the difficulties of marching an army by that route into Italy. "Is it possible to pass?" said Napoleon, cutting the engineer's narrative short. "The thing is barely possible," answered Marescot. "Very well," said the chief consul; "*en avant*, let us proceed."

Bonaparte himself, on the 15th, at the head of the main body of his army, consisting of 30,000 men and upwards, marched from Lausanne to the little village, called St. Pierre, at which point there ended every thing resembling a practical road. An immense and apparently inaccessible mountain, reared its head among general desolation and eternal frost; while precipices, glaciers, ravines, and a boundless extent of faithless snows, which the slightest concussion of the air converts into avalanches, capable of burying armies in their descent, appeared to for-

bid access to all living things but the chamois, and his scarcely less wild pursuer. Yet, foot by foot, and man by man, did the French soldiers proceed to ascend this formidable barrier, which nature had erected in vain, to limit human ambition. The view of the valley, emphatically called "of Desolation," where nothing is to be seen but snow and sky, had no terrors for the First Consul and his army. They advanced up paths hitherto only practiced by hunters, or here and there a hardy pedestrian; the infantry, loaded with their arms, and in full military equipment, the cavalry leading their horses. The musical band played from time to time at the head of the regiments, and, in places of unusual difficulty, the drums beat a charge, as if to encourage the soldiers to encounter the opposition of nature herself.

Two modes were resorted to, for carrying the cannon, and surmounting the difficulties that presented themselves upon this occasion. General Marmont, who commanded the artillery, ordered trees to be felled, and hollowed in such a manner, as to present a bed for the eight pounders and howitzers. One hundred men, seizing the rope fastened to each log, pulled with all their force; while others, by means of levers, prevented it from falling over the craggy summits. The chief of brigade, Gassendi, also contrived sledges, which supported cannon of a larger dimension.

The gun-carriages were all taken to pieces and carried separately, except those belonging to the four pounders, each of which was borne by ten men on a kind of litter. The ammunition was conveyed partly by the soldiers, and partly by means of mules. Three whole days were consumed by these operations, and at the end of that period Bonaparte offered one thousand livres apiece, being the sum promised by him for each cannon; but the troops generously refused to accept of any compensation whatsoever.

Probably no troops save the French could have endured the fatigue of such a march; and no other general than Bonaparte would have ventured to require it at their hand.

He set out a considerable time after the march had begun, alone, excepting his guide. He is described by the Swiss peasant who attended him in that capacity, as wearing his usual simple dress, a gray surtout, and three-cornered hat. He traveled in silence, save a few short and hasty questions, about the country, addressed to his guide from time to time. When these were answered, he relapsed into silence.

There was a gloom on his brow, corresponding with the

weather, which was wet and dismal. His countenance had acquired, during his eastern campaigns, a swarthy complexion, which added to his natural severe gravity, and the Swiss peasant who guided him, felt fear as he looked on him. Occasionally his route was stopped by some temporary obstacle occasioned by a halt in the artillery or baggage; his commands on such occasions were peremptorily given, and instantly obeyed; his very look seeming enough to silence all objection, and remove every difficulty.

After reaching the village of St. Peter, three leagues of the steepest portion of the ascent were still to be scaled, and that too by means of an intricate foot-way, before the soldiers, fainting with fatigue, could reach the summit of St. Bernard, which takes its name from an inhabitant of Savoy, Bernard de Meuthon, who, with a provident humanity, founded a monastery there during the sixteenth century, for the benefit of such travelers as might be either bewildered or benighted in the mountains. Having at length climbed to the top, with incredible labor, at the end of five hours, the army, exhausted with fatigue, and in need of refreshment, found a banquet ready prepared for them. Tables, placed upon the snow, presented bread, victuals, and wine; and the monks, presiding over this unexpected but desirable repast, pressed the willing soldiers to participate in what they termed their frugal fare. This entertainment was provided by Bonaparte, who had sent money to the monks of St. Bernard, for this purpose, from Lausanne.

The descent to Vernay, the first village in Piedmont, was accompanied with less exertion, but greater danger; several horses fell over the precipices, and every division occupied three hours in the march. Some of the soldiers, on purpose to economize time, glided along the top of the polished snow to the foot of the precipice, in the space of a few minutes, and Bonaparte himself was the first to give the example of this new mode of descending into Italy.

The whole of the army and artillery having at last passed the mountain, after three days of unceasing exertion, the advanced guard, commanded by General Lasnes, took possession of Aosta. The town of Bard exhibited a feeble resistance; but the hatchets of the grenadiers having forced open the gates, the army passed through the place, under the protection of a battery stationed on the steepest part of a mountain. The fortress itself was forced to surrender in the course of a few hours, after which the invaders established their head-quarters at Ivrea.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

[From the Bijou.]

I WAS scarcely sixteen when I embarked for the first time in the B——. of eighty guns, and joined the fleet off Cadiz, under the command of Lord Nelson, in the early part of October, 1805. On the 19th of that month, the appearance of a ship under a press of sail, steering for the fleet, and firing guns, excited our attention, and every glass was eagerly pointed towards the stranger, in anticipation of the intelligence which the repeating ships soon announced, "that the enemy was getting under weigh." The signal was instantly made for a general chase, and in a few minutes all sail was set by the delighted crew. An instance of the quick observation of the admiral which now occurred, is deserving of notice. It was his lordship's custom to paint the masts of his ship yellow, and the hoops of the same color; and as the black hoops were universal in the navies of France and Spain, he saw the advantage which might arise from the distinction; he therefore telegraphed to us and a few others to conform to *his* system. This arrangement proved of great utility, for in situations where the ensign was shot away, or hid from view, it was only necessary to ascertain that the hoops were black to be certain of our opponent. Our headmost ships got sight of the combined fleet the next morning, and in the afternoon they were visible from the deck. Every preparation was made for battle; and as our look-out squadron remained close to them during the night, the mind was kept in continual agitation by the firing of guns and rockets.

As the day dawned, the horizon appeared covered with ships; the whole force of the enemy was discovered standing to the southward, distant about nine miles, between us and the coast near Trafalgar. I was awakened by the cheers of the crew, and by their rushing up the hatchways to get a glimpse of the hostile fleet. The delight manifested, exceeded any thing I ever witnessed; surpassing even those gratulations, when our native cliffs are descried after a long period of distant service.

There was a light air from the N. W. with a heavy swell. The signal to bear up and make all sail, and to form the order of sailing in two divisions, was thrown out, the Victory, Lord Nelson's ship, leading the starboard, and the Royal Sovereign, bearing the flag of Admiral Collingwood, the second in command, the lee-line. At eight the enemy wore to the northward, and owing to the light wind which prevailed during the day,

they were prevented from forming with any precision, and presented the appearance of a double line convexing to leeward. At nine we were about six miles from them, with studding sails on both sides; and as our progress never exceeded a mile and a half an hour, we continued all the canvas we could spread until we gained our position alongside our opponent. The officers now met at breakfast; and though each seemed to exult in the hope of a glorious termination to the contest so near at hand, a fearful presage was experienced that all would not again unite at that festive board. One was particularly impressed with a persuasion that he should not survive the day; nor could he divest himself of this presentiment, but made the necessary disposal of his property in the event of his death. The sound of the drum, however, soon put an end to our meditations; and after a hasty, and, alas! a final farewell to some, we repaired to our respective posts.

Our ship's station was far astern of our leader, but her superior sailing caused an interchange of places with the Tonnant: on our passing that ship, the captains greeted each other on the honorable prospect in view.* Captain T—— exclaimed, "A glorious day for Old England! We shall have one apiece before night!" This confidence in our professional superiority, which carries such terror to other nations, seemed expressed in every countenance; and as if in confirmation of this soul-inspiring sentiment, the band of our consort was playing—"Britons strike home." At half-past ten the Victory telegraphed—"England expects that every man will do his duty." As the emphatic injunction was communicated through the decks, it was received with enthusiastic cheers; and each bosom glowed with ardor at this appeal to individual valor. About half-past eleven the Royal Sovereign fired three guns, which had the intended effect of inducing the enemy to hoist their colors, and showed us the tricolored flag intermixed with that of Spain. The drum now repeated its summons; and the captain sent for the officers commanding the several quarters. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have only to say that I shall pass close under the stern of that ship; put in two round shot, and then a grape, and give her *that*. Now go to your quarters, and mind not to fire till each gun will bear with effect." With this laconic instruction, the gallant little man posted himself on the slide of the foremost caronade, on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. At forty-five minutes past eleven, a ship, ahead, opened her fire, and finding that her shot passed over the Sovereign, several others did the same; and from the peculiar formation of this part of their line.

as many as ten ships brought their broadsides to bear with powerful effect. The determined and resolute countenance of the weather-beaten sailor, here and there brightened by a smile of exultation, was well suited to the terrific appearance which they exhibited; some were stripped to the waist; some had bared their necks and arms; others had tied a handkerchief round their heads; and all seemed eagerly to await the order to engage. My two brother officers and myself were stationed, with about thirty men at small arms, on the poop, on the front of which I was now standing. The shot began to pass over us, and gave us intimation of what we should in a few minutes undergo. An awful silence prevailed in the ship, only interrupted by the commanding voice of Captain H——, "Steady! star-board a little! Steady, so!" echoed by the master, directing the quarter-masters at the wheel. A shriek soon followed; a cry of agony was produced by the next shot; the loss of the head of a poor recruit was the effect of the succeeding; and as we advanced, destruction rapidly increased. A severe contusion in the breast now prostrated our captain, but he soon resumed his command. Those only who have been in a similar situation to the one I am attempting to describe, can have a correct idea of such a scene: my eyes were horror struck at the bloody corpses around me; and my ears rang with the shrieks of the wounded, and the moans of the dying. At this moment, seeing that almost every one was lying down, I was half disposed to follow the example, and several times stooped for the purpose; but—and I remember the impression well—a certain monitor seemed to whisper,—“Stand up and do not shrink from your duty.” Turning round, my much esteemed and gallant senior fixed my attention: the serenity of his countenance, and the composure with which he paced the deck, drove more than half my terrors away; and joining him, I became somewhat infused with his spirit, which cheered me on to act the part it became me. My experience is an instance how much depends on the example of those in command, when exposed to the fire of the enemy, more particularly in the trying situation in which we were placed for nearly thirty minutes, from not having the power to retaliate.

It was just twelve o'clock when we reached their line. Our energies became roused, and the mind diverted from its appalling condition, by the order of "stand to your guns!" which, as they successively came to bear, were discharged into our opponents on either side; but as we passed close under the stern of the *Santa Anna* of one hundred and twelve guns, our attention was more strictly called to that ship. Although, until that

moment, we had not fired a shot, our sails and rigging bore evident proofs of the manner in which we had been treated: our mizen-top-mast was shot away, and the ensign had been thrice re-hoisted: numbers lay dead on the decks, and eleven wounded were already in the surgeon's care. The firing was now tremendous; and at intervals the dispersion of the smoke gave us a sight of the colors of our adversaries. At this critical period, while steering for the stern of *l'Indomptable*, which continued a most galling, raking fire on us, the *Fougueux* being on our starboard quarter, and the Spanish *Monarca* on our larboard bow, the master earnestly addressed the captain—"Shall we go through, sir?" "Go through by ——!" was his energetic reply; "there's your ship, sir, place me close along side of her." Our opponent defeated this manœuver by bearing away in a parallel course with us, within pistol shot. About one o'clock the *Fougueux* ran us on board on the starboard side; and we continued thus engaging until the latter dropped astern: our mizen-mast soon went, and shortly afterwards the main-top-mast. A two-decked ship then took a position on our bow; and a seventy-four, the *Achille*, on our quarter. At two o'clock the main-mast fell over the larboard side, and at half-past the fore-mast was shot away close to the deck. In this unmanageable state we were but seldom capable of annoying our antagonists, while they had the power of choosing their distance; and every shot from them did considerable execution. We had suffered severely, as must be supposed; and those on the poop were now ordered to assist at the quarter deck guns, where we continued until the action ceased. I was under the break of the poop, aiding in running out a carronade, when a cry of "stand clear there, here it comes," made me look up; and at that instant the main-mast fell over the bulwarks just above me. This ponderous mass made the ship's whole frame shake; and had it taken a central direction, it would have gone through the poop, and added many to our list of sufferers. Until half-past three we remained in this harassing situation: the only means of bringing our battery towards the enemy was to use the sweeps in the gun-room ports. To these we had recourse, but without effect, for even in ships under perfect command they prove almost useless; and we lay a mere hulk covered in wreck, and rolling with the swell. At this hour a three-decked ship was seen steering towards us. It can easily be imagined with what anxiety every eye turned towards this formidable object, which would either relieve us from our unwelcome neighbors, or render our situation desperate.

We had scarcely seen the British colors since one o'clock;

and it is impossible to express our emotion as the alteration of the stranger's course displayed the white ensign to our sight; but we were too confident in our expectation of support; for although she approached near enough to discern the British colors on the stump of our mizen-mast, she took a different direction. We did not, however, continue much longer in this dilemma, for the *Swiftsure* came nobly to our relief. Can any enjoyment in life be compared with the sensation of delight and thankfulness which such a deliverance produced? It was like the transition from death to life; and the features so long distorted by anxiety softened into an expression of placidity and gratitude. On ordinary occasions we contemplate the grandeur of a ship under sail, with admiration; and even to those whose profession makes them familiar with such scenes, this wonderful production of art seldom fails to attract general notice. But under impressions of danger and excitement, such as prevailed at this crisis, every one eagerly looked towards our approaching friend, who came speedily on; and when within hail, manned the rigging, cheered, and then boldly steered for the ship which had so long annoyed us: shortly after, the *Polyphemus* took off the fire from the *Spaniard* on our bow.

It was near four o'clock when we ceased firing; but the action continued in the body of the fleet about three miles to windward. The van division of the enemy having tacked, it seemed that the fight was about to be renewed. Rear Admiral Duma-noir making off with four sail of the line to the southward in close order, passed within gun-shot of us; and as we lay in a helpless and solitary situation, our apprehension was much relieved by seeing them proceed silently on their course. The *Argonaut*, of eighty guns, having surrendered, we sent an officer to take possession. He returned with her second captain, who stated her loss to amount to two hundred killed.

There are two periods in the life of a sailor which are impressive beyond all others in his eventful career: to the first I have adverted in the early part of this narrative, when each hoped to see his friend again; and now that the conflict was over, our kinder feelings resumed their sway. Eager inquiries were expressed, and earnest congratulations exchanged, at this joyful moment. The officers came to make their report to the captain, and the fatal result cast a gloom over the scene of our triumph. I have alluded to the impression of our first lieutenant, that he should not survive the contest. This gallant officer was severely wounded in the thigh, and underwent amputation; but his prediction was realized; for he expired before the action had ceased.

The junior lieutenant was likewise mortally wounded on the quarter-deck. These gallant fellows were lying beside each other in the gun-room preparatory to their being committed to the deep; and here many met to take a last look of our departed friends, whose remains soon floated in the promiscuous multitude, without distinction either of rank or nation. In the act of launching a poor sailor over the poop, he was discovered to breathe; and after being a week in the hospital, the ball which entered the temple came out of his mouth. I notice this occurrence to show the probability that many are thrown overboard when life is not extinct. The upper deck presented a confused and dreadful appearance. Masts, yards, sails, ropes, and fragments of wreck were scattered in every direction: nothing could be more horrible than the scene of blood and mangled remains with which every part was covered, and which, from the quantity of splinters, resembled a shipwright's yard strewn with gore.

From our extensive loss, thirty-four killed and ninety-six wounded, our cock-pit exhibited a scene of suffering and carnage which rarely occurs. I visited this abode of suffering with the natural impulse which led many others thither, namely, to ascertain the fate of a friend or companion. So many bodies in such a confined place, and under such distressing circumstances, would affect the most obdurate heart: my nerves were but little accustomed to such trials, but even the dangers of the battle did not seem more terrific than the spectacle before me. On a long table lay several, anxiously looking for their turn to receive the surgeon's care, yet dreading the fate which he might pronounce. One subject was undergoing amputation, and every part was heaped with sufferers. Their piercing shrieks and expiring groans were echoed through this vault of misery; and even at this distant period the heart-sickening picture is alive in my memory.

What a contrast to the hilarity and enthusiastic mirth which reigned in this spot the preceding evening! At all other times the cock-pit is the region of conviviality and good humor, for here it is that the happy midshipmen reside, at whose board neither discord nor care interrupt the social intercourse. But a few short hours since, on these benches, which were now covered with mutilated remains, sat these scions of their country's glory, who hailed the coming hour of conflict with cheerful confidence, and each told his story to beguile the anxious moments, the younger ones eagerly listening to their experienced associates; and all united in the toast of "May we meet again at this hour to-morrow!" I have heard some men say, that they

have not felt any thing like fear at the near approach of battle. Such stoicism may exist; the nerves of robust constitutions may wholly subdue the weakness of our nature; but candor must own that a struggle generally takes place between our sentiments of duty and honor and that natural feeling which makes us shudder at impending danger. Truly and beautifully has a distinguished writer observed,

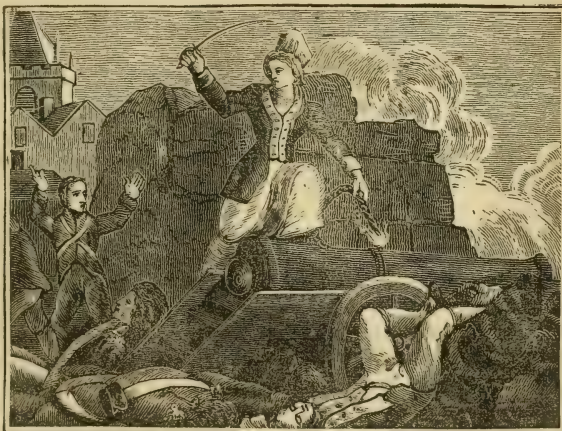
"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were brutish and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."

About five o'clock the officers assembled in the captain's cabin to take some refreshment. The parching effects of the smoke made this a welcome summons, although some of us had been fortunate in relieving our thirst by plundering the captain's grapes which hung round his cabin; still four hours' exertion of body, with the energies incessantly employed, occasioned a lassitude both corporally and mentally, from which even the victorious termination, now so near at hand, could not arouse us. Moreover, there sat a melancholy on the brows of some who mourned the messmate who had shared his perils and his vicissitudes for many years. Then the merits of the departed hero were repeated with a sigh, but his errors sank with him into the deep. There were few who did not bear some marks of this sanguinary engagement, and those who had the good fortune to escape unhurt, presented an appearance which testified the dangers they had encountered.

Before sunset all firing had ceased. The view of the fleet at this period was highly interesting, and would have formed a beautiful subject for a painter. Just under the setting rays were five or six dismantled prizes: on one hand lay the *Victory*, with part of our fleet and prizes; and on the left hand the *Sovereign*, and a similar cluster of ships. The remnant of the combined fleet was making for Cadiz, to the northward. The *Achille* had burnt to the water's edge, with the tricolored ensign still displayed, about a mile from us, and our tenders and boats were using every effort to save the brave fellows who had so gloriously defended her; but only two hundred and fifty were rescued, and she blew up with a tremendous explosion. A boat with the lieutenant of the *Entreprenante* shortly after came on board, on his return from the *Victory*, to announce the death of the immortal Nelson. The melancholy tidings spread through the ship in an instant, and its paralyzing effect was wonderful. Our captain had served under the illustrious chief for years, and had



Death of Lord Nelson.—Page 240.



Siege of Zaragoza.—Page 252.



partaken in the anxious pursuit of the enemy across the Atlantic with the same officers and crew. "Lord Nelson is no more," was repeated with such despondency and heartfelt sorrow, that every one seemed to mourn a parent. All exertion was suspended: the veteran sailor indulged in silent grief; and some eyes evinced that tenderness of heart is often concealed under the roughest exterior.

The motive of the French admiral in putting to sea has been variously stated: by some, to form a junction with the ships in the Mediterranean; by others, that as Admiral Villeneuve had intimation of being superseded, he determined on fighting our fleet. The latter opinion was confirmed by the Spanish captain, who expressed his astonishment when I told him the extent of our loss. "That is not possible!" he exclaimed, "for we had positive assurance that Lord Nelson was in England, and we believed the English fleet to be no more than twenty-two sail of the line." This mistake arose from Sir Robert Calder's departure for England, and the separation of the squadron which went to Tetuan for water; and the junction of several ships, since that circumstance was not known to the enemy.

Night coming on, the Naiad frigate took us in tow, and the next day, endeavoring to get into the Straits, we lost sight of the fleet. After the decks were cleared we were employed in erecting jury-masts to keep the ship under command, and before dark we had a few small sails set for the purpose. The sea and wind had increased, with every appearance of a heavy gale coming on. The ship labored excessively, and in spite of the constant exertions of the frigate we drifted fast towards the shore. Several times the tow-rope parted, but, notwithstanding the risk of approaching an ungovernable hulk in such a tremendous sea, a line was thrown, and repeatedly the hawser was refixed to her stern. The increasing storm had driven us so near the shore, that it appeared almost beyond human hope that we should escape the frightful prospect before us. About midnight a midshipman came into the ward-room, where most of our cots were swinging, to say that the captain wished the officers to come on deck, as it was probable we should be ashore very shortly. This awful intelligence was received with consternation and horror, and we instantly started on our feet. Just at this crisis one of the twenty-four pounders out of the stern window, broke adrift from its lashing, and the apprehension of our danger had taken such entire possession of our minds, that the crash appeared to announce our dissolution.

Those who have been in a tempest must have witnessed the

levity and fearlessness of the sailor even in moments of the utmost peril and alarm. After our recovery from the fright which the lurching of the ship had produced, a young man who was roused by the noise ran past us in such dismay, that it created a burst of laughter from men who expected that their existence would terminate the next instant. With difficulty I got on deck; the ship rolled in the trough of the sea in such a manner, that the water came in through the ports and on the gangways, and the shot were rattling about the decks, on which many of the helpless wounded were lying exposed.

At one o'clock the roar of the elements continued, and every roll of the sea seemed to the affrighted imagination as the commencement of the breakers. The hours lagged tediously on, and death appeared with each gust of the tempest. In the battle the chances were equal; but shipwreck in such a hurricane was certain destruction, and the doubtful situation of the ship kept the mind in a perpetual state of terror. In this horrible suspense each strike of the bell, as it proclaimed the hour, sounded as the knell of our approaching destiny, for none could expect to escape the impending danger.

In silent anxiety we awaited the fate which daylight would decide; and the thoughts of home, kindred, and friends, pressed round the heart, and aggravated our despair. Each brightening of the clouds was hailed as the long-looked for dawn, while the succeeding shade, which appeared to mock our misery, sank our wearied hopes into deeper despondency. How oft and how numerous were the inquiries of the sentry—"How goes the time?" And when the welcome order to "strike two bells"* was heard, it aroused our sinking energies, and every eye was directed towards the shore. In a few minutes—"Land on the lee bow!—Put the helm up!"—resounded through the ship, and all was again bustle and confusion.

When we got round, the breakers were distinctly seen, about a mile to leeward, throwing the spray to such terrific height, that even in our security we could not behold them without shuddering. This was a period of delight most assuredly; but intense dread had so long overpowered every other feeling, that escape from destruction seemed like returning animation, producing a kind of torpor which rendered us insensible to our miraculous preservation; and it was not until the mind had recovered its wonted calmness that our hearts were impressed with a due sense of the merciful protection we had experienced.

* Five o'clock

As the day advanced the wind abated, and the enlivening rays of the sun well accorded with our happiness. The Naiad having us in tow spread all her canvas, steering a direct course for Gibraltar. All fears had ceased, and the gladdened faces seemed to anticipate nothing but pleasure as they turned towards the object of our destination. This enjoyment, near as it appeared, was again interrupted by a cry of "A sail ahead!" The next report, that "she looked large," was soon confirmed by "A ship of the line!"

The consciousness of our own weakness magnifies every object of terror, and blinds us to the resources that may be still at our disposal. "The stranger must," it was supposed, "be the advance of the squadron which escaped to the southward:" and so confidently did the captain believe it, that a consultation was held, when it was resolved to destroy the battered hulk, and make our escape in the frigate. Preparations to carry this decision into effect were about to commence, when the private signal dispersed our hasty fears; and we then recollected that Admiral Louis had gone to Tetuan for water.

The Rock opened to our view about eleven. On the preceding evening the governor received information of the defeat of the combined fleet by a market-boat, which had been present; and in honor of the victory he directed a salute to be fired by the garrison. When we arrived near our anchorage, the battery of the Devil's Tongue commenced firing, and a *feu de joie* followed along the lines; each ship manned her yards and cheered as we passed; and our entrance into the Mole was very gratifying. Crowds of every class came to greet and congratulate us; and although so jealous a rivalry then existed between the two services, that scarcely an officer of the line came on board, we experienced much attention from those of the royal artillery, and some of us partook of their hospitality. The contrast of our ship's present appearance, with the bright sides and the majestic beauty which marked her proud course a few days before, was very striking to an indifferent observer: to those who felt identified, as it were, with her fortunes, the reflection of her helpless condition, and the honorable scars she bore, made a grateful and lasting impression. We had endured danger and suffering, but we had triumphed!

Disabled ships continued to arrive for several days, bringing with them the only four prizes that were rescued from the fury of the late gale. The anchorage became covered with ships. In the Mole lay six dismasted hulls, whose battered sides, dismounted guns, and shattered ports, presented unequivocal evi-

dence of the brilliant part they had taken in the gloriously contested battle; a little beyond, the more recently arrived lay at their anchors. At this proud moment no shout of exultation was heard, no joyous felicitations were exchanged, for the lowered flag which waved on the Victory's mast marked where the mourned hero lay, and cast a deepening shade over the triumphant scene. The exertion which was necessary to refit the ships did not however permit the mind to dwell on this melancholy subject. In a few days several were ready to proceed home; and on the 4th of November, the Victory and ourselves bent our course for England. As we were the first who took the returns of our killed and wounded, nothing was known of our loss by our friends until our arrival, although several ships had preceded us. Their suspense can be imagined; for the anxious inquirer only knew that we had suffered severely. Each day our protracted arrival increased their solicitude, hoping, yet dreading, as the eager eye watched the signal that announced approaching ships. At length we reached our destination, and arrived in Plymouth Sound on the 4th of December. Boats innumerable floated round us with faces expressive of the torturing anxiety which was felt; and a moment ensued of such boundless joy to many, and bitter agony to others, that no pen can describe it; it would have wrung the most callous heart.

I could not bear to hear the effusions of grief which burst from the childless parent, or witness the sorrow of brotherly tenderness; and I hastened to the affectionate embraces of my own family.

SIEGE OF ZARAGOZA.

[From the Monthly Review.]

The siege of Zaragoza has been a thousand times celebrated, both in prose and verse; but we question whether it has ever been so ably and so intelligibly described as by Colonel Napier. To his account of this siege we return, sickened with the atrocities of the Portuguese, and the fearful and unjustifiable retaliation of the French. The military transactions which preceded the siege, we shall not pause to explain; it will be sufficient to observe, that when the Spaniards had been defeated at Tudela, the fugitive soldiers hastened with such incredible speed to Zaragoza, that even fame itself was not able to outstrip them. They carried the first news of their own defeat:—

"The citizens and the neighboring peasantry were astounded at this quick and unexpected calamity. They had, with a natural credulity, relied on the vain and boasting promises of their chiefs, and, being necessarily ignorant of the true state of affairs, never doubted that their vengeance would be sated by a speedy and complete destruction of the French. When their hopes were thus suddenly blasted; when they beheld troops, from whom they expected nothing but victory, come pouring into the town with all the tumult of panic; when the peasants of a'l the villages through which the fugitives passed came rushing into the city along with the scared multitude of flying soldiers and camp followers; every heart was filled with consternation, and the date of Zaragoza's glory would have ended with the first siege, if the success at Tudela had been followed up by the French with that celerity and vigor which the occasion required.

"Napoleon, foreseeing that this moment of confusion and terror would arrive, had, with his usual prudence provided the means and given directions for such an instantaneous and powerful attack as would inevitably have overthrown the bulwark of the eastern provinces. But the sickness of Marshal Lasnes, the difficulty of communication, the consequent false movements of Moncey and Ney, in fine, the intervention of fortune, omnipotent as she is in war, baffled the emperor's long-sighted calculations, and permitted the leaders in the city to introduce order among the multitude, to complete the defensive works, to provide stores, and finally, by a ferocious exercise of power, to insure implicit obedience to their minutest orders. The danger of resisting the enemy appeared light, when a suspicious word, or even a discontented gesture, was instantaneously punished by a cruel death."

The French, from various causes, neglected to follow up their advantages, by suddenly attacking the city, and were by far too few to invest the place in form. They, however, remained in observation in the neighborhood, and actively employed themselves in bringing up their battering train, which consisted of sixty guns, with well furnished ammunition. At the same time, the inhabitants of Zaragoza were equally industrious in providing for the siege. In the interval between the first and second siege, the city had been strongly fortified by the genius of a native engineer, and every house had been transformed into a citadel. The description of the "external defenses" we pass over, as less interesting; but the author's picture of the interior of the city at the commencement of the second siege is so ably executed, and so necessary to the proper understanding of what fol-

lows, that we cannot resist the temptation to transfer it to our pages.

"These were the regular external defenses of Zaragoza, most of which were constructed at the time, according to the skill and means of the engineers; but the experience of the former siege had taught the people not to trust to the ordinary resources of art, and, with equal genius and resolution, they had prepared an internal system of defense infinitely more efficacious.

"It has been already observed, that the houses of Zaragoza were fire-proof, and generally, of only two stories, and that, in all the quarters of the city, the numerous massive convents and churches rose like castles above the low buildings, and that the greater streets, running into the broad-way called the Cosso, divided the town into a variety of districts, unequal in size, but each containing one or more large structures. Now, the citizens, sacrificing all personal convenience, and resigning all idea of private property, gave up their goods, their bodies, and their houses, to the war, and being promiscuously mingled with the peasantry and the regular soldiers, the whole formed one mighty garrison, well suited to the vast fortress into which Zaragoza was transformed; for, the doors and windows of the houses were built up, and their fronts loop-holed; internal communications were broken through the party walls, and the streets were trenched and crossed by earthen ramparts, mounted with cannon, and every strong building was turned into a separate fortification. There was no weak point, because there could be none in a town which was all fortress, and where the space covered by the city were the measurement for the thickness of the ramparts."

Such were the material obstacles which the inhabitants of Zaragoza opposed to their enemies; but their leaders had recourse to other expedients, and the account which the author gives us of these, is not the least curious passage in his work.

"The people were cheered by a constant reference to the former successful resistance; their confidence was raised by the contemplation of the vast works that had been executed, and it was recalled to their recollection that the wet, usual at that season of the year, would spread disease among the enemy's ranks, and would impair, if not entirely frustrate his efforts. Neither was the aid of superstition neglected; processions imposed upon the sight, false miracles bewildered the imagination, and terrible denunciations of the Divine wrath shook the minds of men, whose former habits and present situation rendered them peculiarly susceptible of such impressions. Finally, the leaders were

themselves so prompt and terrible in their punishments, that the greatest cowards were likely to show the boldest bearing in their wish to escape suspicion.

"To avoid the danger of any great explosion, the powder was made as occasion required; and this was the more easily effected, because Zaragoza contained a royal depot and refinery for salt-peter; and there were powder-mills in the neighborhood, which furnished workmen familiar with the process of manufacturing that article. The houses and trees beyond the walls were all demolished and cut down, and the materials carried into the town. The public magazines contained six months' provision; the convents were well stocked, and the inhabitants had, likewise, laid up their own stores for several months. General Doyle also sent a convoy into the town from the side of Catalonia, and there was abundance of money, because, in addition to the resources of the town, the military chest of Castanos' army, which had been supplied only the night before the battle of Tudela, was, in the flight, carried to Zaragoza.

"Companies of women, enrolled to attend the hospitals, and to carry provisions and ammunition to the combatants, were commanded by the Countess of Burita, a lady of an heroic disposition, who is said to have displayed the greatest intelligence and the noblest character during both sieges. There were thirteen engineer officers, and eight hundred sappers and miners, composed of excavators formerly employed on the canal, and there were from fifteen hundred to two thousand cannoneers.

"The regular troops that fled from Tudela, being joined by two small divisions, which retreated at the same time, from Sanguesa and Caparosa, formed a garrison of thirty thousand men, and together with the inhabitants and peasantry, presented a mass of fifty thousand combatants, who, with passions excited almost to frenzy, awaited an assault amidst those mighty intrenchments, where each man's home was a fortress, and his family a garrison. To besiege, with only thirty-five thousand men, a city so prepared, was truly a gigantic undertaking!"

"Active operations commenced on the 20th of December, when the two French marshals, Moncey and Mortier, having established their hospitals and magazines at Alagon, on the Xalon river, advanced in three columns against Zaragoza. The skirmishes which took place in the vicinity and suburbs of the city, not differing in any respect from the ordinary operations of war, we shall pass over, in order to come the more rapidly to the principal events of the siege. When the success of the French, however, became too evident to be overlooked, the Span-

ish commanders had recourse to flattering fictions to restrain the hopes of the people.

"Unshaken by this aspect of affairs, the Spanish leaders, with great readiness of mind, immediately forged intelligence of the defeat of the emperor, and, with the sound of music, and amidst the shouts of the populace, proclaimed the names of the marshals who had been killed; asserting also, that Palafox's brother, the Marquis of Lazan, was already wasting France. This intelligence, extravagant as it was, met with implicit credence, for such was the disposition of the Spaniards throughout this war, that the imaginations of the chiefs were taxed to produce absurdities proportionable to the credulity of their followers; hence the boasting of the leaders and the confidence of the besieged augmented as the danger increased, and their anticipations of victory seemed realized when the night-fires of a succoring force were discerned blazing on the hills behind Gazan's troops."

When the siege had been protracted for thirty-three days, without any decisive result, Marshal Lasnes, who had hitherto been prevented by severe illness from conducting the operations in person, arrived before Zaragoza, and instantly gave a new color to the state of affairs. Previously the soldiers, emboldened by the dissensions of the generals, were in a state almost bordering upon mutiny; but Lasnes, says the historian, repressing all disputes, restored discipline in the army, and pressed the siege with infinite resolution. After numerous heroic efforts, the French succeeded in driving the Spaniards from their ramparts, and rendered these formidable works the front line of their intrenchments.

"The walls of Zaragoza thus went to the ground, but Zaragoza herself remained erect; and, as the broken girdle fell from the heroic city, the besiegers started at the view of her naked strength. The regular defenses had, indeed, crumbled before the skill of the assailants; but the popular resistance was immediately called, with all its terrors, into action; and, as if Fortune had resolved to mark the exact moment when the ordinary calculations of science should cease, the chief engineers on both sides were simultaneously slain. The French general, La Caste, a young man, intrepid, skillful, and endowed with genius, perished like a brave soldier; but the Spanish colonel, San Genis, died not only with the honor of a soldier, but the glory of a patriot; falling in the noblest cause, his blood stained the ramparts which he had himself raised for the protection of his native place."

The fortifications of the city having been thus destroyed, or

taken possession of by the enemy, the struggle assumed a new character.

"The war being now carried into the streets of Zaragoza, the sound of the alarm-bell was heard over all the quarters of the city; and the people, assembling in crowds, filled the houses nearest to the lodgments made by the French. Additional traverses and barricades were constructed across the principal streets; mines were prepared in the more open spaces; and the communications from house to house were multiplied, until they formed a vast labyrinth, of which the intricate windings were only to be traced by the weapons and the dead bodies of the defenders. The members of the junta, become more powerful from the cessation of regular warfare, with redoubled activity and energy urged the defense, but increased the horrors of the siege by a ferocity pushed to the very verge of frenzy. Every person, without regard to rank or age, who excited the suspicions of these furious men, or of those immediately about them, was instantly put to death; and amidst the noble bulwarks of war, a horrid array of gibbets was to be seen, on which crowds of wretches were suspended each night, because their courage had sunk beneath the accumulating dangers of their situation, or because some doubtful expression or gesture of distress had been misconstrued by their barbarous chiefs.

"From the heights of the walls which he had conquered, Marshal Lasnes contemplated this terrific scene; and, judging that men so passionate, and so prepared, could not be prudently encountered in open battle, he resolved to proceed by the slow, but certain process of the mattock and the mine; and this was also in unison with the emperor's instructions."

The historian goes on to observe, that from the 29th of January to the 2d of February, the French were solely occupied in enlarging their lodgments upon the walls, and in forcing their way through the walls of the houses, and the ranks and bodies of the Spaniards, who gallantly opposed them with counter-assaults.

"It has been already observed, that the crossing of the large streets divided the town into certain small districts, or islands of houses. To gain possession of these, it was necessary not only to mine but to fight for each house. To cross the large intersecting streets, it was indispensable to construct traverses above or to work by underground galleries; because a battery raked each street, and each house was defended by a garrison that, generally speaking, had only the option of repelling the enemy in front or dying on the gibbet erected behind. But as long as the convents and churches remained in possession of the Span

iards, the progress of the French among the islands of small houses was of little advantage to them, because the large garrisons in the greater buildings enabled the defenders not only to make continual and successful sallies, but also to countermine their enemies, whose superior skill in that kind of warfare was often frustrated by the numbers and persevering energy of the besieged."

The more rapidly to overcome these obstacles, several breaching batteries were fixed upon two of the principal convents, one of which was assaulted on the 31st of January; while a part of the wall was at the same time thrown down by a petard, and a body of the besiegers poured in, and took possession of the convent and several houses in its vicinity. This, however, was not effected without opposition, the Spaniards opening a mine from one convent to the other; but the miners were discovered and stifled.

"The 1st of February the breach in St. Augustin, also, became practicable, and the attention of the besieged being drawn to that side, the French sprung a mine which they had carried under the wall from the side of Saint Monica, and immediately entered by the opening. The Spaniards thus unexpectedly taken in the rear, were thrown into confusion, and driven out with little difficulty. They, however, rallied in a few hours after, and attempted to retake the structure, but without success, and the besiegers, animated by this advantage, broke into the neighboring houses, and, at one push, carried so many as to arrive at the point where the street called the Quemada joined the Cosso, or public walk. The besieged rallied, however, at the last house of the Quemada, and renewed the combat with so much fury that the French were beaten from the greatest part of the houses they had taken, and suffered a loss of above a hundred men."

The bold resistance made by the Spaniards in another quarter, almost overcame the resolution of the Polish troops, notwithstanding that two tremendous explosions had taken place, and blown up a number of the besieged.

"The experience of these attacks induced a change in the mode of fighting on both sides. Hitherto the play of the French mines had reduced the houses to ruins, and thus the soldiers were exposed completely to the fire from the next Spanish posts. The engineers, therefore, diminished the quantity of powder that the interior only might fall and the outward walls stand, and this method was found successful. Hereupon the Spaniards, with ready ingenuity, saturated the timbers and planks of the houses

with rosin and pitch, and setting fire to those which could no longer be maintained, interposed a burning barrier which often delayed the assailants for two days, and always prevented them from pushing their successes during the confusion that necessarily followed the bursting of the mines. The fighting was however incessant, a constant bombardment, the explosion of mines, the crash of falling buildings, clamorous shouts, and the continued echo of musketry deafened the ear, while volumes of smoke and dust clouded the atmosphere and lowered continually over the heads of the combatants, as hour by hour, the French, with a terrible perseverance, pushed forward their approaches to the heart of the miserable but glorious city."

But the perseverance of the French was at least equalled by the firmness of the Spaniards, who continued, in the midst of blood and desolation, to oppose force to force, and stratagem to stratagem, as long as the ruins of their city afforded them a footing. The French, however, had the advantage of superior genius, knowledge, and discipline; and they seem at length to have regarded the inhabitants of Zaragoza rather as a nest of wild beasts, which it was their duty to exterminate, than as a band of glorious patriots contending for the independence of their country, and the inviolability of their native hearths. They could not, however, conceal from themselves the fact, that no men ever fought more desperately in defense of their homes; and though they might despise them as soldiers, they must frequently have respected them as men. Be this as it may, the besiegers, having carried on their operations until the 17th of February, until the foundations of Zaragoza were pierced by mines and counter-mines like a burrow of rabbits, and until the whole site of the city appeared to be nothing but one mass of smoking and sanguine ruins, began to flag in spirit, if not to relax in action.

"At the left attack also, a number of houses, bordering on the Cosso, being gained, a battery was established that raked that great thoroughfare above ground, while under it six galleries were carried, and six mines loaded to explode at the same moment; but the spirit of the French army was now exhausted; they had labored and fought without intermission for fifty days; they had crumbled the walls with their bullets, burst the convents with their mines, and carried the breaches with their bayonets,—fighting above and beneath the surface of the earth, they had spared neither fire nor the sword, their bravest men were falling in the obscurity of a subterranean warfare; famine pinched them, and Zaragoza was still unconquered!

“‘Before this siege,’ they exclaimed, ‘was it ever heard of, that twenty thousand men should besiege fifty thousand?’ Scarcely a fourth of the town was won, and they themselves, were already exhausted. ‘We must wait,’ they said, ‘for reinforcements, or we shall all perish among their cursed ruins, which will become our own tombs, before we can force the last of these fanatics from the last of their dens.’

“Marshal Lasnes, unshaken by these murmurs, and obstinate to conquer, endeavored to raise the soldiers’ hopes. He pointed out to them that the losses of the besieged so far exceeded their own, that the Spaniards’ strength would soon be wasted and their courage must sink, and that the fierceness of their defense was already abated,—but if contrary to expectation they should renew the example of Numantia, their utter destruction must quickly ensue from the united effects of battle, misery, and pestilence.”

These reasonings had their proper weight with the army, and on the 18th of February a general assault took place. The French, collecting all their energies, as it were, for a last and terrible blow, rushed through the burning and falling ruins, carried the island of houses leading down to the quay, and forced the Spaniards to abandon all the external fortifications between St. Augustin and the Ebro. At the same moment the mines under the university, containing three thousand pounds of powder, were sprung, the walls tumbled down, and the French entered through the crumbling ruins. Fifty pieces of artillery were at the same moment thundering upon the suburbs; and Marshal Lasnes, observing that the firmness of the Spaniards appeared to be shaken by these multiplied disasters, immediately ordered an assault, which was attended with considerable success.

“This important success being followed on the 19th by another fortunate attack on the right bank of the Ebro, and by the devastating explosion of sixteen hundred pounds of powder, the constancy of the besieged was at last shaken. An aid-de-camp of Palafox came forth to demand certain terms, before offered by the marshal, adding thereto that the garrison should be allowed to join the Spanish armies, and that a certain number of covered carriages should follow them. Lasnes rejected these proposals, and the fire continued, but the hour of surrender was come! Fifty pieces of artillery on the left bank of the Ebro, laid the houses on the quay in ruins. The church of Our Lady of the Pillar, under whose especial protection the city was supposed to exist, was nearly effaced by the bombardment, and the six mines under the Cosso, loaded with many thousand pounds of

powder, were ready for a simultaneous explosion, which would have laid a quarter of the remaining houses in the dust. In fine, war had done its work, and the misery of Zaragoza could no longer be endured.

"The bombardment, which had never ceased since the 10th of January, had forced the women and children to take refuge in the vaults, with which the city abounded. There the constant combustion of oil, the closeness of the atmosphere, unusual diet, and fear and restlessness of mind, had combined to produce a pestilence which soon spread to the garrison. The strong and the weak, the daring soldier and the shrinking child, fell before it alike, and such was the state of the atmosphere and the predisposition to disease, that the slightest wound gangrened and became incurable. In the beginning of February the deaths were from four to five hundred daily; the living were unable to bury the dead, and thousands of carcasses, scattered about the streets and court-yards, or piled in heaps at the doors of the churches, were left to dissolve in their own corruption, or to be licked up by the flames of the burning houses as the defense became contracted.

"The suburb, the greatest part of the walls, and one-fourth of the houses were in the hands of the French; sixteen thousand shells thrown during the bombardment, and the explosion of forty-five thousand pounds of powder in the mines, had shaken the city to its foundations, and the bones of more than forty thousand persons of every age and sex, bore dreadful testimony to the constancy of the besieged."

Palafox being now sick, and the popular leaders, who had principally contributed to keep up the resolution of the besieged, having fallen in battle, a new junta was formed, by which it was determined that a deputation should wait upon Marshal Lasnes, and negotiate a capitulation. The deputation accordingly waited upon the marshal, and, after some little discussion, agreed, according to the French writers, to surrender up the place at discretion; though the Spanish historians assert that certain terms were granted by the French. The instrument, however, has never been produced, and appears to have had no existence, except in the partial writers of Spain. The deputation was no doubt assured that the laws of humanity would be respected.

"With this understanding the deputies returned to the city; but fresh commotions had arisen during their absence. The party for protracting the defense, although the least numerous, were the most energetic; they had before seized all the boats on the Ebro, fearing that Palafox and others, of whom they

entertained suspicions, would endeavor to quit the town; and they were still so menacing and so powerful, that the deputies durst not pass through the streets, but retired outside the walls to the castle of Aljaferia, and from thence sent notice to the junta of their proceedings. The dissentient party would, however, have fallen upon the others the next day, if the junta had not taken prompt measures to enforce the surrender. The officer in command of the walls near the castle, by their orders, gave up his post to the French during the night, and on the 21st of February, from twelve to fifteen thousand sickly beings laid down those arms which they were scarcely able to support; and this cruel and memorable siege was finished."

STORMING AND SACKING OF BADAJOZ, IN 1812.

THE night at length passed over, and the dawn of morning ushered in a day pregnant with events that will be recorded in our history as amongst the most brilliant that grace its annals. The batteries against the curtain soon reduced it to a heap of ruins; and the certainty that the trial would be made the same evening re-established good humor amongst the soldiers. It was known early in the day, that the breaches were allotted to the light and fourth divisions; to the fifth, the task of escalading the town on the side of the fort of Pardeleras; and to Picton, with his invincible 3d, to carry the castle by escalading its stupendous walls, upwards of thirty-five feet high. The Portuguese brigade, under General Power, were to divert the enemy's attention on the side of San Christoval; while 300 men, taken from the guard in the trenches, were to carry the outwork of San Roque.

To insure the success of an enterprise, upon which so much was at stake, 20,000 men were to be brought into action as I have described; by five o'clock, all the ladders were portioned out to those destined to mount them. The time fixed for the assemblage of the troops was eight; that of the attack, ten. The day passed over heavily, and hour after hour was counted, each succeeding one seemed to double the length of the one that preceded it; but, true as the needle to the pole, the long-expected moment arrived, and the clear, but deep, note of the town-clock was now heard throughout our lines, as it tolled the hour of eight, and ere its last vibration had died away, the vast mass of assailants were in battle array. A thick and dusky vapor, is-

hung from the Guadiana and Rivellas, hung above the heads of the hostile forces, and hid alike, by its heavy veil, each from the view of its opponent; the batteries on both sides were silent, as if they reserved their efforts for the approaching struggle; and, except the gentle noise which the rippling of the Guadiana created, or the croaking of the countless frogs that filled the marshes on each side of its banks, every thing was as still as if the night was to be one of quiet repose; and a passing stranger, unacquainted with the previous events, might easily suppose that our army were no otherwise occupied than in the ordinary routine of an evening parade; but Phillipon, profiting by this cessation, retrenched and barricaded the breaches in a manner hereafter to be described.

So soon as each division had formed on its ground in open column of companies, the arms were piled, and the officers and soldiers, either walked about in groups of five or six together, or sat down under an olive-tree, to observe, at their ease, the arrangements of the different brigades which were to take a part in the contest. Then, again, might be seen some writing to their friends a hasty scroll, no doubt, and, in my opinion, an ill-timed one. It is a bad time—at the moment of entering a breach—to write to a man's father or mother—much less his wife!—to tell them so; and, besides, it has an unseasonable appearance in the eyes of the soldiers, who are decidedly the most competent judges of what their officers should be, or at least, what *they* would *wish* them to be—which is tantamount, at such a crisis.

There is a solemnity of feeling which accompanies the expectation of every great event in our lives, and the man who can be altogether dead to such a feeling is little, if any thing, better than a brute. The present moment was one that was well calculated to fill every bosom throughout the army; for, mixed with expectation, hope, and suspense, it was rendered still more touching to the heart, by the music of some of the regiments, which played at the head of each battalion, as the soldiers sauntered about to beguile the last hour many of them were destined to live. The band of my corps, the 88th, all Irish, played several tunes which exclusively belong to their country, and it is impossible to describe the effect it had upon us all; such an air as "Savourneen Deelish" is sufficient, at any time, to inspire a feeling of melancholy, but on an occasion like the present, it acted powerfully on the feelings of the men: they thought of their distant homes—of their friends, and of by-gone days. It was Easter Sunday; and the contras which their present position presented to what it would have been, were they in their native

land, afforded ample food for the occupation of their minds; but they were not allowed time for much longer reflection. The approach of Generals Picton and Kempt, accompanied by their staff, was the signal for the formation of the column of attack; and almost immediately the men were ordered to stand to their arms. Little, if any directions were given; indeed, they were unnecessary—because the men, from long service, were so conversant with the duty they had to perform, that it would have been but a waste of words and time, to say what was required of them.

All was now in readiness. It was twenty-five minutes past nine: the soldiers unincumbered with their knapsacks—their stocks off—their shirt-collars unbuttoned—their trowsers tucked up to the knee—their tattered jackets, so worn out, as to render the regiment they belonged to barely recognizable—their huge whiskers, and bronzed faces, which several hard-fought campaigns had changed from their natural hue—but, above all, their self-confidence, devoid of boast or bravado, gave them the appearance of what they, in reality, were—an invincible host.

The division now moved forward in one solid mass, the 45th leading, followed closely by the 88th and 74th; the brigade of Portuguese, consisting of the 9th and 21st regiments of the line, under Colonel de Champlemond, were next; while the 5th, 77th, 83d, and 94th, under Colonel Campbell, brought up the rear. Their advance was undisturbed until they reached the Rivellas; but at this spot some fire-balls, which the enemy threw out, caused a great light, and the third division, 5000 strong, were to be seen from the ramparts of the castle. The soldiers, finding they were discovered, raised a shout of defiance, which was responded to by the garrison, and in a moment afterwards, every gun that could be brought to bear against them was in action; but no way daunted by the havoc made in his ranks, Picton, with his division, forded the Rivellas, knee-deep, and soon gained the foot of the castle wall, and here he saw the work that was cut out for him, for he no longer fought in darkness. The vast quantity of combustible matter, which out-topped this stupendous defense, was in a blaze, and the flames which issued forth on every side, lighted, not only the ramparts and ditch, but the plains that intervened between them and the Rivellas. A host of veterans crowned the wall, all armed in a manner as imposing as novel; each man had beside him eight loaded firelocks; while, at intervals, and proportionably distributed, were pikes of an enormous length, with crooks attached to them, for the purpose of grappling with the ladders; the top of the wall was covered with rocks of pon-

of various size, only requiring a slight push to hurl them upon the heads of our soldiers; and there was a sufficiency of hand-grenades and small shells, at the disposal of the men that defended this point, to have destroyed the entire of the besieging army; while on the flanks of each curtain, batteries, charged to the muzzle with grape and case shot, either swept away entire sections, or disorganized the ladders as they were about to be placed, and an incessant storm of musketry, at the distance of fifteen yards, completed the resources which the enemy brought into play, which, as may be seen, were of vast formidableness.

To oppose this mass of warriors, and heterogeneous congregation of missiles, Picton had nothing to depend upon for success but his tried and invincible old soldiers—he relied firmly upon their devoted courage, and he was not disappointed. The terrible aspect of the rugged wall, forty feet in height, in no way intimidated them; and, under a frightful fire of small arms and artillery, the ponderous ladders were dragged into the ditch, and, with a degree of hardihood that argued well for the issue, were planted against the lofty battlements that domineered above his soldiers' heads: but this was only the commencement of one of the most terrific struggles recorded during this hard-fought night. Each ladder, so soon as placed upright, was speedily mounted, and crowded from the top round to the bottom one; but those that escaped the pike-thrusts, were shattered to atoms by the heavy cross-fire from the bastions, and the soldiers that occupied them, impaled upon the bayonets of their comrades in the ditch, died at the foot of those ladders which they had carried such a distance, and with so much labor. An hour had now passed over—no impression had been made upon the castle, and the affair began to have a very doubtful appearance, for, already more than half of the third division had been cut off. General Kempt, commanding the right brigade, fell, wounded, early in the night; and the 88th regiment alone, the strongest in the division, lost nineteen officers and four hundred and fifty men, and the other regiments were scarcely in a better condition. Picton, seeing the frightful situation in which he was placed, became uneasy; but the good will with which his brave companions exposed and laid down their lives re-assured him; he called out to his men—told them they had never been defeated, and that now was the moment to conquer or die. Picton, although not loved by his soldiers, was respected by them: and his appeal, as well as his unshaken front, did wonders in changing the desperate state of the division. Major Ridge, of the 5th, by his personal exertions, caused two ladders to be placed upright, and

he, himself, led the way to the top of one, while an officer of the 83d, (Lieutenant Bowles, I believe,) mounted the other; a few men, at last, got footing on the top of the wall; at the same time, Lieutenant William Mackie of the 88th—he that led the forlorn hope at Rodrigo—(unnoticed!—*still a lieutenant!!*)—and Mr. Richard Martin (son to the member for Galway, who acted as a volunteer with the 88th during the siege) succeeded in mounting another. Mackie—ever foremost in the fight—soon established his men on the battlements, himself unhurt, but Martin fell desperately wounded. A general rush to the ladders now took place, and the dead and wounded, which lay in the ditch, were indiscriminately trampled upon, for humanity was nowhere to be found. A frightful butchery followed this success; and the shouts of our soldiery, mingled with the cries of the Frenchmen, supplicating for mercy, or in the agonies of death, were heard at a great distance. But few prisoners were made; and the division occupied, with much regularity, the different points allotted to each regiment. Meanwhile the ravelin of San Roque was carried by the gorge, by a detachment drawn from the trenches, under the command of Major Wilson of the 48th, and the engineers were directed to blow up the dam and sluice that caused the inundation of the Rivellas, by which means the passage of that river, between La Picturina and the breaches could be more easily effected. One entire regiment of Germans, called the regiment of Hesse d'Armstadt, that defended the ravelin, were put to death.

While all this was taking place at the castle and San Roque, a fearful scene was acting at the breaches. The light and 4th divisions, 10,000 strong, advanced to the glacis undiscovered—a general silence pervaded the whole, as the spirits of the men settled into that deep sobriety which denotes much determination of purpose; but at this spot their footsteps were heard; and perhaps since the invention of gunpowder, its effects were never more powerfully brought into action. In a moment, the different materials, which the enemy had arranged in the neighborhood of the breaches, were lighted up—darkness was converted into light—torches blazed along the battlements—and a spectator, at a short distance from the walls, could distinguish the features of the contending parties. A battery of mortars, doubly loaded with grenades, and a blaze of musketry, unlike any thing hitherto witnessed by the oldest soldier, opened a murderous fire against the two divisions; but, unshaken by its effects, they pressed onward, and jumped into the ditch. The fourth division, destined to carry the breach to the right, met with a

frightful catastrophe at the onset. The leading platoons, consisting of the fusileer brigade, sprang into that part of the ditch that had been filled by the inundation of the Rivellas, and were seen no more; but the bubbles that rose on the surface of the water were a terrible assurance of the struggles which those devoted soldiers ineffectually made to extricate themselves from the deadly grasp of each other and from so unworthy an end. Warned by the fate of their companions, the remainder turned to the left, and following the footsteps of the light division, pressed onwards in one mingled mass to the breaches of the curtain and La Trinidad. Arrived here, they encountered a series of obstacles that it was impossible to surmount, and which I find great difficulty in describing. Planks, of a sufficient length and breadth to embrace the entire face of the breaches, studded with pikes a foot long, were to be surmounted ere they reached the top of the breach; yet some there were—the brave Colonel Macleod of the 43d, amongst the number—who succeeded so far, but on gaining the top, *chevaux de frise*, formed of long sword-blades firmly fixed in the trunks of trees of a great size, and chained, boom-like, across the breach, were still to be passed: while at each side, and behind the *chevaux de frise*, trenches were cut, sufficiently extensive for the accommodation of 3000 men, who stood in an amphitheatrical manner—each tier above the other—and armed with eight muskets each, like their companions at the castle, awaited the attack so soon as the planks on the face, and the *chevaux de frise* on the top of the breach were surmounted; but they might have waited until doomsday for that event, because it was morally impossible.

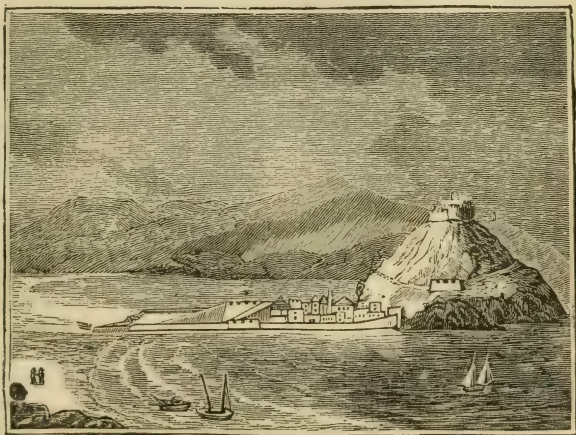
The vast glare of light caused by the different explosions, and the fire of cannon and musketry, gave to the breaches the appearance of a volcano vomiting forth fire in the midst of the army; the ground shook, meteors shone forth in every direction, and when for a moment the roar of battle ceased, it was succeeded by cries of agony, or the furious exultation of the imperial soldiers. To stand before such a storm of fire, much less endeavor to overcome a barrier so impregnable, required men whose minds, as well as frames, were cast in a mould not human; but nevertheless, so it was. The gallant light and fourth divisions boldly braved every danger, and with a good will, rarely to be found, prolonged a struggle, the very failure of which, taking into account the nature of the obstacles opposed to them, and their immense losses, was sufficient to immortalize them. At length, after a dreadful sacrifice of lives—all the generals, and most of the colonels, being either killed or

wounded—they were driven from the breaches, while the Frenchmen, securely intrenched behind them, might be seen waving their caps in token of defiance. This was too galling for men who had never known defeat; and they ran back headlong to the attack, and destruction. But for what end? To judge from the past, when their numbers were more numerous they had failed; they were now reduced to less than half, while the resources of the enemy were unimpaired; and the prospect before them was hideous. Their former efforts, when they were in full vigor, had not been productive of any good result, and they felt that those they had made were stronger than those which were yet to come; but experience and feeling were alike unheeded; hope, more powerful than either, urged them on, and like an unlucky gamester, every fresh reverse but increased their eagerness to continue the game. Again did they attempt to pass this terrible gulf of steel and flame; and again were they driven back, cut down, annihilated. Thousands of the bravest soldiers lay in piles upon each other, weltering in blood, and trodden down by their own companions. The 43d left twenty-two officers and three hundred men on the breach; four companies of the 52d were blown to atoms by an explosion; and the 95th, as indeed every other regiment engaged, suffered in proportion. Our batteries, from whence a clear view of all that was passing could be distinguished, maddened by the havoc of the breaches, poured in a torrent of shot; and, in the excitement of the moment, killed friends as well as foes. Finally, the remnant of the two divisions retired; and with a valor, bordering upon desperation, prepared for a third trial; but the success of Picton's attack was by this time whispered amongst them, and the evacuation of the breaches soon after confirmed the rumor.

While the attack of the castle and breaches was in progress, the fifth division, under General Leith, maintained a fierce and dangerous struggle on the south side of the city and the Parde-leras fort; but the resistance at those points was feeble, as compared with the other two. In some instances, the French troops deserted the walls before they were carried; and it is worthy of remark, that while the 38th regiment were *mounting* the ladders, the imperial soldiers were scrambling *down* them at the reverse side; in many instances, treading upon the fingers of our own men! The few men of Leith's division, thus established on the ramparts, boldly pressed on in the hope of causing a change in favor of the men at the breaches; but the multitude that had fled before this handful of troops became reassured when they beheld the scantiness of their numbers, and, returning to the fight,



Storming of Badajoz.—Page 260.



View of St. Sebastian.—Page 269.



forced them up a street leading to the ramparts. Leith's men became panic-struck by this unexpected burst, and retraced their steps in confusion; many were killed ere they reached the wall; and some, infected by the contagion of the moment, jumped over the battlements, and were dashed to pieces in their fall. One, an officer, bearing the flag of his regiment, fearing it might be captured, flung himself from the wall, and falling into a part of the ditch that was filled with the slime of the river, escaped unhurt. At this critical moment, General Walker reached the spot with a fresh body of troops, and driving back the French with ruinous disorder, established his men at this point; and from that moment, the fate of Badajoz was sealed. The enemy fled in every direction towards the bridge leading to San Christoval; and the remnant of the ill-fated light and 4th divisions with difficulty entered the town by the breaches, although unopposed!

It was now half-past two o'clock in the morning, and the fighting had continued, without cessation, from ten the preceding night. More than 350 officers and 4000 men had fallen on our side; yet the enemy's loss was but small in proportion; because, with the exception of the castle, where the 3d division got fairly amongst them, the French with that tact for which they are so remarkable, got away the moment they found themselves out-matched.

Shortly after the last attack at the breaches had failed, and long after the castle had been carried, (although it was not generally known at the time,) I was occupied with Major Thompson of the 74th, (acting-engineer,) in placing some casks of gunpowder under the dam of the Rivellas, in front of San Roque; when, while leaning on his shoulder, I was struck by a musket-ball in the left breast; I staggered back, but did not fall, and Thompson, bandaging my breast and shoulder with his handkerchief caused me to be removed inside the ravelin; but the firing continued with such violence upon this point, that it was long before I could venture out of it. At length, nearly exhausted from loss of blood, and fearing that I might be unable to reach the camp if I delayed much longer, I quitted it, accompanied by two sappers of my own corps, (Bray and Macgowan,) who supported me as I walked towards the trenches. Bray was wounded in the leg while he tried to cover me from the enemy's fire; but this brave fellow soon recovered, and afterwards greatly distinguished himself in the battle of the Pyrenees, by killing a French colonel at the head of his battalion.

By this time the attack of Badajoz was, in effect, finished. Some irregular firing was still to be heard as the fugitives hurried from street to street towards the Roman bridge leading to San Christoval, but all resistance might be said to have ceased. An attempt to retake the castle was made in vain; but the brave Colonel Ridge of the 5th, who had so distinguished himself, lost his life by almost one of the last shots that were fired in this fruitless effort to recover a place which had cost the army the heart's-blood of the third division; and the dawn of the morning of the 7th of April showed to the rest of the army, like a speck in the horizon, the shattered remnant of Picton's invincible soldiers, as they stood in a long group upon the ramparts of a spot that by its isolated situation, towering height, and vast strength, seemed not to appertain to the rest of the fortifications, and which the enemy, with their entire disposable force, were unable to retake from the few brave men that now stood triumphant upon its lofty battlements. Nevertheless, triumphant and stern as was their attitude, it was not without its alloy, for more than five-sixths of their officers and comrades either lay dead at their feet, or badly wounded in the ditch below them. All their generals, Picton amongst the number, and almost all their colonels, were either killed or wounded; and as they stood to receive the praises of their commander, and the cheers of their equally brave but unfortunate companions in arms, their diminished front and haggard appearance told, with terrible truth, the nature of the conflict in which they had been engaged.

Early on the morning of the 7th of April, Phillipon and his garrison, which had taken refuge in San Christoval, hoisted the white flag, in token of submission, and from that moment the beautiful and rich town of Badajoz became a scene of plunder and devastation.

Badajoz, one of the richest and most beautiful towns in the south of Spain, whose inhabitants had witnessed its siege in silent terror for one and twenty days, and who had been shocked by the frightful massacre that had just taken place at its walls, was now about to be plunged into all the horrors that are, unfortunately, unavoidable upon an enterprise such as a town taken by storm. Scarcely had Count Phillipon and his garrison commenced their march towards Elvas, when the work of pillage commenced. Some—many indeed—of the good soldiers turned to the ditch of the castle and to the breaches to assist and carry off their wounded companions; but hundreds were neglected in the general and absorbing thirst for plunder.

The appearance of the castle was that of a vast wreck: the

various ladders lying shattered at the base of its walls, the broken piles of arms, and the brave men that lay as they had fallen—many holding their firelocks in their grasp—marked strongly the terrible contest in which they had been engaged, and presented to the eye of a spectator ample food for reflection; it was not possible to look at those brave men, all of them dead or frightfully maimed, without recollecting what they had been but a few short hours before; yet those feelings, fortunately perhaps, do not predominate with soldiers, and those sighs, far from exciting reflections of a grave nature, more usually call forth some jocular remark, such as, “that he will have no further occasion to draw rations;” or, “that he has stuck his spoon in the wall and left off messing;” such is the force of habit.

At the breaches, the light and fourth division soldiers lay in heaps upon each other—a still warm group; and many of those veterans from whom the vital spark had not yet fled, expired in the arms of the few of their companions who sought to remove them to a place better suited to their miserable condition. But war, whatever its numerous attractions to a young mind may be, is but ill calculated to inspire it with those softer feelings so essential to soothe us in the moment of our distress; it must not, therefore, be wondered at, that a wish for plunder and enjoyment took the place of humanity, and that hundreds of gallant men were left to perish from neglect.

A military writer, (Capt. Kincaid,) whose book has been the theme of admiration by all that have read it—and I hope, for their own sakes, that there are few who have not—in speaking of this epoch, says, that three days after the fall of the town he rode towards the Guadiana, and that in passing the verge of the camp of the fifth division, he was surprised and shocked to find two soldiers standing at the door of a small shed; they made signs to him, and upon examination he found that each had lost a leg! The surgeon had dressed their wounds on the night of the assault, and although their melancholy and destitute situation was known to hundreds of their companions, who had promised them relief, they were actually famishing *within three hundred yards of their own regiment!!!*

Before six o'clock in the morning of the 7th of April, all organization amongst the assaulting columns had ceased, and a scene of plunder and cruelty, that it would be difficult to find a parallel for, took its place. The army, so fine and effective on the preceding day, was now transformed into a vast band of brigands, and the rich and beautiful city of Badajoz presented the turbulent aspect that must result from the concourse of nu-

merous and warlike multitudes, nearly strangers to each other, or known only by the name of the nation to whom they belonged. The horde of vagabonds, Spaniards as well as Portuguese, women as well as men, that now eagerly sought for admission to plunder, nearly augmented the number of brigands to what the assailing army had reckoned the night before; and it may be fairly said that twenty thousand people—armed with full powers to act as they thought fit, and all, or almost all, armed with weapons which could be turned, at the pleasure or caprice of the bearer, for the purpose of enforcing any wish he sought to gratify—were let loose upon the ill-fated inhabitants of this devoted city. These people were under no restraint, had no person to control them, and in a short time got into such an awful state of intoxication that they lost all control over their own actions. What a frightful picture is this of a town carried by storm!—it is true, nevertheless, and, unfortunately for the sake of humanity, it is necessary, absolutely necessary; because if such latitude was not allowed to the soldiery, I believe that few fortresses would be carried by assault; the alternative is not, however, the less painful. If the reader can for a moment fancy a fine city, containing an immense population, amongst which may be reckoned a proportion of the most beautiful women that Andalusia, or perhaps the world, could boast of,—if he can fancy that population, and those females, left to the mercy of 20,000 infuriated and licentious soldiers for two days and two nights—if, I say, he can fancy this, he can well imagine the horrors that were acted within the walls of Badajoz.

In the first burst, all the wine and spirit stores were forced open and ransacked from top to bottom; and it required but a short time for the men to get into that fearful state that was alike dangerous to all—officers or soldiers, or the inhabitants of the city. Casks of the choicest wines and brandy were dragged into the streets, and when the men had drunk as much as they fancied, the heads of the vessels were stove in, or the casks otherwise so broken that the liquor ran about in streams.

In the town were a number of animals that belonged to the garrison, several hundred sheep, numerous oxen, as likewise many horses; those were amongst the first taken possession of; and the wealthy occupier of many a house was glad to be allowed the employment of conducting them to our camp, as, by doing so, he got away from a place where his life was not worth a minute's purchase; but terrible as was this scene, it was not possible to avoid occasionally laughing, for the *conduc*

leur was generally not alone obliged to drive a herd of cattle, but also to carry the bales of plunder taken by his employers, perhaps from his own house!—and the stately gravity with which the Spaniard went through his work, dressed in short breeches, frilled shirt, and a hat and plumes that might vie with our eighth Henry, followed, as he was, by our ragamuffin soldiers with fixed bayonets, presented a scene that would puzzle even Mr. Cruikshank himself to justly delineate. The plunder so captured was deposited in one camp, and placed under a guard, chiefly composed of the soldiers' wives!

The shops were rifled, first by one group, who despoiled them of their most costly articles, then by another, who thought themselves rich in capturing what had been rejected by their predecessors; then another, and another still, until every vestige of property was swept away. A few hours was sufficient for this; night was fast drawing near, and then a scene took place that has seldom fallen to the lot of any writer to describe. Every insult, every infamy that human invention could torture into language, was practiced. Age as well as youth was alike unrespected, and perhaps not one house, or one female, in this vast town, escaped injury: but war is a terrible engine, and, when once set in movement, it is not possible to calculate when or where it will stop. Happy are those countries that have not been visited by its scourge; and grateful ought the nation to be that can boast of having a man—I mean the Duke of Wellington—that, by his great genius as a general and steel-hardiness *as a man*—because nothing but the *latter* quality, in which, perhaps, he surpasses all ancient or modern heroes, could have enabled him or his army to remain in the Peninsula one day after the invasion of Portugal by the Prince of Estling, in 1810, has kept the British empire free from such a calamity; but such a picture of this great man can be but ill-appreciated by the “people,” who one day followed the triumphant car of the conqueror of Napoleon’s hitherto invincible legions and marshals, and whose deafening shouts of applause shook the metropolis of Great Britain to its basement story, and who, a few short years afterwards, *pelted him with mud in the same streets!* But war, not politics, is the subject of this “Reminiscence,” so I shall lay aside the latter and pursue the former.

The day of the 8th of April was also a fearful one for the inhabitants; the soldiers became reckless, and drank to such an excess, that no person’s life, no matter of what rank, or station, or sex, was safe. If they entered a house that had not been emptied of all its furniture or wine, they proceeded to destroy

it; or, if it happened to be empty, which was generally the case, they commenced firing at the doors and windows, and not unfrequently at the inmates, *or at each other!* They would then sally forth in the streets, and fire at the different church-jells in the steeples, or the pigeons that inhabited the old Moorish turrets of the castle; even the owls were frightened from this place of refuge, and, by their discordant screams, announced to their hearers the great revolution that had taken place near their once peaceful abodes. The soldiers then fired upon their own comrades, and many men were killed, in endeavoring to carry away some species of plunder, by the hands of those who, but a few hours before, would have risked their own lives to protect those they now so wantonly sported with: then would they turn upon the already too deeply injured females, and tear from them the trinkets that adorned their necks, fingers, or ears! and, finally, they would strip them of their wearing apparel. Some, it is said, there were, ruffians of the lowest grade no doubt, who *cut* the ear-rings out of the females' ears that bore them, when they discovered a band of marauders approaching the unfortunate beings that were subjected to such brutal treatment, and whom they feared might anticipate them in their infamy; for here, as in all such disgraceful scenes, "might made right;" and the conduct of the soldiers, during the sacking of Badajoz, is a sufficient proof, if such proof be wanting, of the dangers attendant upon any thing where the multitude are allowed to think and act for themselves.

Hundreds of those fellows took possession of the best warehouses, and for a time fulfilled the functions of merchants; those, in their turn, were ejected by a stronger party, who, after a fearful strife and loss of lives, displaced them, and occupied in their stead, and those again were conquered by others, and others more powerful! and thus was Badajoz circumstanced on the morning of the 8th of April, 1812. It presented a fearful picture of the horrors that are inevitable upon a city carried by assault; and although it is painful to relate these disgraceful facts, it is essential nevertheless. All writers, no matter how insignificant they may be—and I am willing to place myself at the bottom of the list of those persons—should in any detail which may lay claim to historical facts, be extremely cautious that they in no way mislead their readers; and in any thing that I have ever written, or may hereafter write, I shall not deviate from this principle. I feel as much pride as any man can feel in having taken a part in actions that must ever shed luster upon my country; but no false feeling of delicacy shall

ever prevent me from speaking the truth—no matter whether it touches the conduct of one man or ten thousand!

To put a stop to such a frightful scene, it was necessary to use some forbearance, as likewise a portion of severity. In the first instance, parties from those regiments that had least participated in the combat were ordered into the town to collect the hordes of stragglers that filled its streets with crimes too horrible to detail, but the evil had spread to such an extent that this measure was inadequate to the end proposed, and in many instances the parties so sent became infected by the contagion, and in place of remedying the disorder, increased it, by joining once more in revels they had for a time quitted. At length, a brigade of troops was marched into the city, and were directed to stand by their arms while any of the marauders remained; the provost-marshals attached to each division were directed to use that authority with which they are of necessity invested. Gibbets and triangles were in consequence, erected, and many men were flogged, but, although the contrary has been said, none were hanged—*although hundreds deserved it.*

A few hours, so employed, were sufficient to purge the town of the infamous gang of robbers that still lurked about its streets, and those ruffians—chiefly Spaniards or Portuguese, not in any way attached to the army—were infinitely more dangerous than our fellows, bad as *they* were. Murder—except, indeed, in a paroxysm of drunkenness, and in many cases, I regret to say, it *did* occur in this way—never entered their thoughts, but the infamous miscreants here referred to would commit the foulest deeds for less than a dollar.

Towards evening tranquillity began to return, and protected as they now were by a body of troops, untainted by the disease which had spread like a contagion, the unfortunate inhabitants took advantage of the quiet that reigned; yet it was a fearful quiet, and might be likened to a ship at sea, which, after having been plundered and dismasted by pirates, was left floating on the ocean without a morsel of food to supply the wants of its crew, or a stitch of canvas to cover its naked masts; by degrees, however, some clothing, such as decency required, was procured for the females, by the return of their friends to the town; and many a father and mother rejoiced to find their children, who were still dearer to them than ever from the dangers they had escaped alive, although it was impossible to hide from them the fact that they had been seriously and grossly injured. But there were also many who were denied even this sad consolation, for numbers of the towns-people had fallen in the confusion tha

prevailed. Some of our officers also were killed in this way, and it has been said, I believe truly, that one or two, one a colonel commanding a regiment, lost their lives by the hands of their own men. These calamities are, however, the unavoidable attendants on war; and a great victory, gratifying as it unquestionably is to the general who achieves it, is not without its alloy, and brings forcibly to my recollection the fine reply of the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo, to a lady of great literary celebrity in Paris. This lady was amongst the many French who were at a ball given at the time the allied armies occupied Paris in 1815. She was most pointed in her attentions to the duke, and devoted almost her entire conversation to him in preference to the two emperors, the King of Prussia, or the other distinguished allied generals. "My lord," said she, in the course of the conversation, "do you not think the gaining of a great battle a delightful thing?" "*Ne pensez vous pas, qu'une grande victoire est la plus agreable de toutes choses?*" "Madam," replied the duke, with a degree of coldness bordering on austerity, "I look upon it as the greatest calamity—except losing one!" "*Je la regarde comme le plus grand malheur—excepte une defaite!*" It was a fine saying, and worthy of him that uttered it; yet this same man has been represented as one devoid of feeling!

The plunder with which our camp was now filled was so considerable, and of so varied a description, that numerous as were the purchasers, and different their wants, they all had, nevertheless, an opportunity of suiting themselves to their taste; still the sale had not commenced in form, although, like other markets, "some private sales were effected."

Early on the morning of the 9th of April, a great concourse of Spaniards had already thronged our lines; the neighboring villages poured in their quota of persons seeking to be the purchasers of the booty captured by our men, and each succeeding hour increased the supply for their wants, numerous and varied as they were, and our camp presented the appearance of a vast market. The scene after the taking of Rodrigo was nothing in comparison to the present, because the resources of Badajoz might be said to be in the ratio of five to one as compared with her sister fortress, and, besides, our fellows were, in an equal proportion, more dexterous than they had been in their maiden effort to relieve Rodrigo of its valuables. It may, therefore, be well supposed, and the reader may safely take my word for it, that the transfer of property was, on the present occasion, considerable. Some men realized upwards of a thousand dollars,

(about 250*l*.) others less, but all, or almost all, gained handsomely by an enterprise in which they had displayed such unheard-of acts of devotion and bravery; and it is only to be lamented that they tarnished laurels so nobly won by traits of barbarity that it would be difficult to find a parallel for in the annals of any army. But such atrocities are ever the attendants upon any thing where those, hitherto dependant upon their superiors, whose station in society enables them to be the most competent judges of what is proper, are allowed to think and act for themselves; and a licentious army, although not by the half so bad as a licentious mob, is nevertheless a terrible scourge. The sale of the different commodities went on rapidly, notwithstanding we had no auctioneers; there was "king's duty," but, most undeniably, if the Spaniards paid no "king's duty," they paid the piper! While the diverse articles were carried away by the purchasers, the wounded were carrying away to the hospitals and camp, and the lamentations of the women for their dead or wounded husbands was a striking contrast to the scene of gayety which almost every where prevailed.

STORMING OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

THE town of St. Sebastian occupies a neck of land which juts into the sea, being washed on two sides by the waters of the Bay of Biscay, and on a third by the River Gurumea. This stream, though insufficient in respect of width, cannot be forded, at least near the town, except at the time of low tide; it therefore adds not a little to the general strength of the place. But the strength of the place consists far more in the great regularity and solidity of its fortifications, than in its natural situation. Across the isthmus, from the river to the bay, is erected a chain of stupendous masonry, consisting of several bastions and towers, connected by a well sheltered curtain, and covered by a ditch and glacis, whilst the castle, built upon a high hill, completely commands the whole, and seems to hold the town, and every thing in it, entirely at its mercy.

The governor of St. Sebastian's was evidently a man of great energy of mind, and of very considerable military talent. Every thing which could be done to retard the progress of the siege, he had attempted; the breach which had been effected previous to the first assault, was now almost entirely filled up, whilst many new works were erected, and what was not, per-

haps, in strict accordance with the rules of modern warfare, they were erected by British prisoners. We could distinctly see these poor fellows laboring at their task in full regimentals, and the consequence was, that they were permitted to labor on without a single gun being turned against them. Nor was this all that was done to annoy the assailants—right after night petty sorties were made, with no other apparent design than to disturb the repose, and to harass the spirits, of the besiegers; for the attacking party seldom attempted to advance farther than the first parallel, and it was uniformly beaten back by the piquets and reserve.

During the last ten days, the besieging army had been busily employed in bringing up ammunition, and in dragging into battery one of the most splendid trains of heavy ordnance which a British general has ever had at his command. On the evening of the 26th, these matters were completed; no fewer than sixty pieces of artillery, some of them sixty-four, and none of lighter metal than eighteen pounders, were mounted against the town, whilst twenty mortars of different caliber prepared to scatter death among its defenders, and bid fair to reduce the place itself to a heap of ruins.

These arrangements being completed, it was deemed prudent, previous to the opening of the batteries, to deprive the enemy of a little redoubt which stood upon an island in the harbor, and in some degree enfiladed the trenches. For this service, a detachment, consisting of a hundred men, a captain, and two subalterns, were allotted, who, filing from the camp soon after night-fall, embarked in the boats of the cruizers; here they were joined by a few seamen and marines, under the command of a naval officer, and having made good their landing under cover of darkness, they advanced briskly to the assault. The enemy were taken completely by surprise—only a few shots were fired on either side, and in the space of five minutes, the small fort, mounting four guns, with an officer and thirty men as its garrison surrendered, or rather were taken possession of by the assailants.

So trifling, indeed, was the resistance offered by the French garrison, that it disturbed not the slumbers of the troops in camp. The night of the 26th, accordingly, passed by in quiet, but as soon as the morning of the 27th dawned, affairs assumed a very different appearance. Soon after daybreak, a single shell was thrown from the heights on the right of the town, as a signal for the batteries to open, and then a most tremendous cannonade began. The first salvo, indeed, was one of the

finest things of the kind I ever witnessed. Without taking the trouble to remove the slight covering of sand and turf which masked the batteries, the artillerymen, laying their guns by such observation as small apertures left for the purpose enabled them to effect, fired, upon the given signal, and thus caused the guns to clear a way for themselves in their future discharges; nor were these tardy in occurring. So rapid, indeed, were the gunners in their movements, and so unintermitting the fire which they kept up from morning till night, during the whole of the 27th, the 28th, the 29th, and 30th, that by sun-set on the latter day, not only was the old breach reduced to its former dilapidated condition, but a new, and a far more promising breach was effected.

In the mean time, however, the enemy had not been remiss in their endeavors to silence the fire of the besiegers, and to dismount their guns. They had, indeed, exercised their artillery with so much good-will, that most of the cannon found in the place, after its capture, were unserviceable; being melted at the touch-holes, or otherwise damaged from too frequent use. But they fought, on the present occasion, under every imaginable disadvantage; for, not only was our artillery much more than a match for theirs, but our advanced trenches were lined with troops, who kept up an incessant and deadly fire of musketry upon the embrasures. The consequence was, that the fire from the town became every hour more and more intermitted, till, long before mid-day, on the 28th, the garrison attempted no further resistance, than by the occasional discharge of a mortar from beneath the ramparts.

I have said that by sun-set on the 29th, the outer breach was reduced to its former dilapidated state, and a new and a more promising one effected. It will be necessary to describe, with greater accuracy than I have yet done, the situation and actual state of these breaches.

The point selected by Sir Thomas Graham as most exposed, and offering the best mark to his breaching artillery, was that side of the town which looked towards the river. Here there was no ditch, nor any glacis, the waters of the Gurumea flowing so close to the foot of the wall, as to render the one useless, and the other impracticable. The rampart itself was consequently bare to the fire of our batteries, and as it rose to a considerable height, perhaps twenty or thirty feet above the plain, there was every probability of its soon giving way to the shots of the battering guns. But the consistency of that wall is hardly to be imagined by those who never beheld it. It seemed, indeed, as

if it were formed of one solid rock, and hence, the breach, which, to the eye of one who examined it only from without appeared at once capacious and easy of ascent, proved, when attacked, to be no more than a partial dilapidation of the exterior face of the masonry. Nor was this all. The rampart gave way, not in numerous small fragments, such as might afford a safe and easy footing to those who were to ascend, but in huge masses, which, rolling down like crags from the face of a precipice, served to impede the advance of the column, almost as effectually as if they had not fallen at all. The two breaches were about a stone's-throw apart, the one from the other. Both were commanded by the guns of the castle, and both were flanked by projections in the town wall. Yet such was the path by which our troops must proceed, if any attempt should be made to carry the place by assault.

That this attempt would be made, and that it certainly would be made on the morrow, every man in the camp was perfectly aware. The tide promised to answer about noon; and noon was accordingly fixed upon as the time of attack, and the question, therefore, was, who by the morrow's noon would be alive, and who would not. Whilst this surmise very naturally occupied the minds of the troops in general, a few more daring spirits were at work, devising means for furthering the intended assault, and securing its success. Conspicuous among these, was Major Snodgrass, an officer belonging to the 52d British regiment, but who commanded on the present occasion, a battalion of Portuguese. Up to the present night, only one ford, and that at some little distance from both breaches, had been discovered. By examining the stream, as minutely as it could be examined by a telescope, and from a distance, Major Snodgrass had conceived the idea, that there must be another ford, so far above the one already known, as to carry those who should cross by it, at once to the foot of the smaller breach. Though the moon was in her first quarter, and gave a very considerable light, he devoted the whole of the night of the 29th to a personal trial of the river; and he found it, as he expected to find it, fordable at low water, immediately opposite to the smaller breach. By this ford he accordingly crossed, the water reaching somewhat above his waist. Nor was he contented with having ascertained this fact; he clambered up the face of the breach at midnight, gained its summit, and looked down upon the town. How he contrived to elude the vigilance of the French sentinels I know not; but that he did elude them, and that he performed the gallant act which I have just

recorded, is familiarly known to all who were at the siege of St. Sebastian's.

So passed the night of the 30th, a night of deep anxiety to many, and of high excitement to all; and many a will was made, as soldiers make their wills, before morning. About an hour before day, the troops were, as usual under arms, and then the final orders were given for the assault. The division was to enter the trenches about ten o'clock, in what is called light marching order; that is, leaving their knapsacks, blankets, &c., behind, and carrying with them only their arms and ammunition; and the forlorn hope was to prepare to move forward, as soon as the tide should appear sufficiently low to permit their crossing the river. This post was assigned to certain detachments of volunteers, who had come down from the various divisions of the main army, for the purpose of assisting in the assault of the place. These were to be followed by the 1st, or royal regiment of foot; that by the 4th; that by the 9th, and it again by the 47th; whilst several corps of Portuguese were to remain behind as a reserve, and to act as circumstances should require, for the support or cover of the assailing brigades. Such were the orders issued at daybreak on the 30th of August, and these orders, all who heard them cheerfully prepared to obey.

It is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the morning of the 31st rose darkly and gloomily, as if the elements themselves had been aware of the approaching conflict, and were determined to add to its awfulness by their disorder. A close and oppressive heat pervaded the atmosphere, whilst lowering and sulphureous clouds covered the face of the sky, and hindered the sun from darting upon us one intervening ray, from morning till night. A sort of preternatural stillness, too, was in the air; the birds were silent in the groves; the very dogs and horses in the camp, and cattle besides, gazed in apparent alarm about them. As the day passed on, and the hour of attack drew near, the clouds gradually collected into one black mass, directly over the devoted city; and almost at the instant when our troops began to march into the trenches, the storm burst forth. Still, it was comparatively mild in its effects. An occasional flash of lightning, succeeded by a burst of thunder, was all of it which we felt, though this was enough to divert our attention.

The forlorn hope took its station at the mouth of the most advanced trench, about half-past ten o'clock. The tide which had long turned, was now fast ebbing, and these gallant fel-

lows beheld its departure with a degree of feverish anxiety such as he only can imagine, who has stood in a similar situation. This was the first time that a town was stormed by daylight since the commencement of the war, and the storming party were enabled distinctly to perceive the preparations which were making for their reception. There was, therefore, something, not only interesting but novel, in beholding the muzzles of the enemy's cannon, from the castle and other batteries, turned in such a direction as to flank the breaches; whilst the glancing of bayonets, and the occasional rise of caps and feathers, gave notice of the line of infantry which was forming underneath the parapet. There an officer could, from time to time, be distinguished, leaning his telescope over the top of the rampart, or through the opening of an embrasure, prying with deep attention into our arrangements.

Nor were our own officers, particularly those of the engineers, idle. With the greatest coolness they exposed themselves to a dropping fire of musketry which the enemy at intervals kept up, whilst they examined and re-examined the state of the breaches, a procedure which cost the life of as brave and experienced a soldier as that distinguished corps has produced. I allude to Sir Richard Fletcher, chief engineer to the army, who was shot through the head only a few minutes before the column advanced to the assault.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader any thing like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him, a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace. On such occasions, little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their fire-locks, the officers upon their swords; and few words, except monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change color, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling who has not filled it.

Noon had barely passed, when the low state of the tide giving evidence that the river might be forded, the word was given to advance. Silent as the grave, the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, canister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper; insomuch that in the space of two minutes the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on.

The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clambering up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear-ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannons and the rattle of musketry; our front ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful.

At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach; where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies; for this was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and saber met saber, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back.

Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portu-

guese regiment, dashed across the river by his own ford, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as has never perhaps been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

This fire had been kept up only a very few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder, placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned, anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *elite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive,—the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, instantly succeeded by a smoke so dense, as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps a half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to gaze upon the havoc which had been produced; insomuch, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards.

The state of stupefaction into which they were at first thrown, did not, however, last long with the British troops. As the smoke and dust of the ruins cleared away, they beheld before them a space empty of defenders, and they instantly rushed forward to occupy it. Uttering an appalling shout, the troops sprung over the dilapidated parapet, and the rampart was their own. Now then began all those maddening scenes, which are witnessed only in a successful storm, of flight, and slaughter,

and parties rallying only to be broken and dispersed; till, finally, having cleared the works to the right and left, the soldiers poured down into the town.

To reach the streets, they were obliged to leap about fifteen feet, or to make their way through the burning houses which joined the wall. Both courses were adopted, according as different parties were guided in their pursuit of the flying enemy, and here again the battle was renewed. The French fought with desperate courage; they were literally driven from house to house, and street to street, nor was it till a late hour in the evening that all opposition on their part ceased. Then, however, the governor with little more than a thousand men, retired into the castle; whilst another detachment, of perhaps two hundred, shut themselves up in a convent.

As soon as the fighting began to wax faint, the horrors of plunder and rapine succeeded. Fortunately, there were few females in the place; but of the fate of the few which were there, I cannot even now think without a shudder. The houses were every where ransacked, the furniture wantonly broken, the churches profaned, the images dashed to pieces; wine and spirit cellars were broken open, and the troops, heated already with angry passions, became absolutely mad by intoxication. All order and discipline were abandoned. The officers had no longer the slightest control over their men, who, on the contrary, controlled the officers; nor is it by any means certain, that several of the latter did not fall by the hands of the former, when they vainly attempted to bring them back to a sense of subordination.

Night had now set in, but the darkness was effectually dispelled by the glare from burning houses, which, one after another, took fire. The morning of the 31st had risen upon St. Sebastian's, as neat and regularly built a town as any in Spain; long before midnight, it was one sheet of flame; and by noon on the following day, little remained of it, except its smoking ashes. The houses, being lofty like those in the old town of Edinburgh, and the streets straight and narrow, the fire flew from one to another with extraordinary rapidity. At first, some attempts were made to extinguish it; but these soon proved useless, and then the only matter to be considered, was, how personally to escape its violence. Many a migration was accordingly effected from house to house, till, at last, houses enough to shelter all could no longer be found, and the streets became the place of rest to the majority.

The spectacle which then presented was truly shocking. A

strong light falling upon them from the burning houses, disclosed crowds of dead, dying, and intoxicated men, huddled indiscriminately together. Carpets, rich tapestry, beds, curtains, wearing apparel, and every thing valuable to persons in common life, were carelessly scattered about upon the bloody pavement, whilst ever and anon fresh bundles of these were thrown from the windows above. Here you would see a drunken fellow whirling a string of watches round his head, and then dashing them against the wall; there another more provident, stuffing his bosom with such smaller articles as he most prized. Next would come a party rolling a cask of wine or spirits before them, with loud acclamations; which in an instant was tapped, and in an incredible short space of time emptied of its contents. Then the ceaseless hum of conversation, the occasional laugh, and wild shout of intoxication, the pitiable cries, or deep moans of the wounded, and the unintermitted roar of the flames, produced altogether such a concert, as no man who listened to it can ever forget.

Of these various noises, the greater number now began to subside, as night passed on; and long before dawn there was a fearful silence. Sleep had succeeded inebriety with the bulk of the army—of the poor wretches who groaned and shrieked three hours ago, many had expired; and the very fire had almost wasted itself by consuming every thing upon which it could feed. Nothing, therefore, could now be heard, except an occasional faint moan, scarcely distinguishable from the heavy breathing of the sleepers; and even that was soon heard no more.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

WE distinguished at a distance, and amidst the dust, long columns of Russian cavalry, all marching towards Moscow, and all retiring behind the town, as soon as we approached it. While the fourth corps was constructing a bridge across the Moskwa, the staff, about two o'clock, established itself on a lofty hill, whence we perceived a thousand elegant and gilded steeples, which, glittering in the rays of the sun, appeared at the distance, like so many flaming globes. One of these globes, placed on the summit of a pillar, or an obelisk, had the exact appearance of a balloon suspended in the air. Transported with delight at this beautiful spectacle, which was more gratify-

ing, from the remembrance of the melancholy objects which we had hitherto seen, we could not suppress our joy; but, with one spontaneous movement, we all exclaimed, *Moscow! Moscow!* At the sound of this wished-for name, the soldiers ran up the hill in crowds, and each discovered new wonders every instant. One admired a noble *chateau* on our left, the elegant architecture of which displayed more than eastern magnificence; another directed his attention towards a palace or a temple; but all were struck with the superb picture which this immense town afforded. It is situated in the midst of a fertile plain. The Moskwa is seen meandering through the richest meadows; and, after having fertilized the neighboring country, takes its course through the middle of the town, separating an immense cluster of houses, built of wood, stone, and bricks, constructed in a style which partakes of the gothic and modern architecture, and in which, indeed, the architecture of every different nation is strangely mingled. The walls variously painted, the domes covered with lead, or slates, or glittering with gold, offered the most pleasing variety; whilst the terraces before the palaces, the obelisks over the gates, and above all, the steeples, really presented to our eyes one of those celebrated cities of Asia, which we had thought only existed in the creative imagination of the Arabian poets.

We were still contemplating this noble spectacle, when we saw a well-dressed man coming towards us, through a by-way from Moscow. Several of our soldiers immediately ran to meet him, and, viewing him with suspicion, were disposed to make him pay dearly for his imprudent curiosity. But the calmness with which he addressed us, and the fluency with which he spoke our language, and, above all, our impatience to hear some tidings from Moscow, made us all listen to him with pleasure and interest.

"I am not come here," said he, "to observe your maneuvers, nor give you false information: I am an unfortunate merchant, ignorant of every thing which relates to war; and, notwithstanding I am the victim, I have not inquired into the motives which have induced our sovereigns to engage in this fatal contest. Your emperor to-day, about noon, entered Moscow, at the head of his invincible legions; but he found only a deserted town. Some wretches, who have escaped from prison, and some miserable prostitutes, were the only creatures who interrupted its solitude. Hasten if possible, to stop their excesses. Liberty has only been granted them, with the hope that all the crimes which they may commit will be attributed

to the French army. Being aware of the misfortunes which threaten us, I came to find among you a man sufficiently generous to protect my family; for, in spite of the orders of our government, I cannot consent to abandon my house, and to lead a wandering, miserable life in the woods. I prefer applying to French generosity, and I trust that I shall find a protector among those who have been ever represented to us as our most cruel enemies. The great men of our empire, deceived by a savage and destructive policy, will doubtless attempt to irritate you, by causing the whole population to emigrate, and leaving nothing but a deserted city, if indeed it is not already sacrificed to the flames." Every one interrupted him, saying, that it was impossible any people would thus effect their own ruin, from the uncertain hope of involving their enemy in it.

"It is but too true that such a resolution is taken," said this unhappy man; "and, if you yet doubt it, know that count Rastopchin, governor of Moscow, quitted it yesterday. Before he departed, he charged the very outcast of human beings to assist him in his revenge. How far he will proceed I know not; but I tremble when I recollect that he has often threatened to burn Moscow, if the French should approach it. Such barbarity must seem atrocious and even incredible to you, if you are not aware of the deadly hatred which your unheard of victories have inspired in the nobility. They know that the whole of Europe is under your domination, and, from a sentiment of pride, they would destroy their native country, rather than see it subjugated.

"If the nobility, ashamed of their defeats, had not meditated the destruction of the capital, why should they have fled with all their property? Why have the merchants likewise been compelled to follow them, carrying with them their goods and their treasures? Why, lastly have no magistrates remained in this desolate town to implore the mercy of the conqueror? They have all fled, and thus seem determined to urge your soldiers to every excess; for the legal authorities, the only protection of the citizens, by abandoning their posts, have abandoned every thing."

This unfortunate Moscovite shed many bitter tears while he thus addressed us. To calm his grief, we promised what he requested and endeavored to console him, by dissipating those fears, too well founded, which the dangers of his unhappy country had excited. We questioned him as to the direction in which the Russians had retreated; what they had done since the battle of the Moskwa, and lastly, what was become of the

emperor Alexander and his brother Constantine? He answered all our questions in the most satisfactory manner, and confirmed the intelligence which had been already communicated to me by the friar in Zwenighorod. This unhappy man, becoming more composed, and being secretly flattered by the agreeable surprise which the sight of Moscow and its environs had caused, consented at my request to give us some account of a city, the conquest of which promised to crown all our hopes. He expressed himself as follows:

"Moscow, built in the Asiatic style, has five inclosures, one within another; the last, comprising the town and its suburbs, is about thirty werstes in circumference; but the fourth inclosure, which comprises the town only, and which is called *Semlaingorod*, is but twelve. The suburbs, or *slobodes*, are thirty in number. In winter, the population amounts to three hundred thousand souls, but on the approach of summer, every one retires to his country-house, and this number diminishes one third.

"The high towers and the embattled walls, which you see rising in the midst of the town, trace the first inclosure, called *Kremlin*. This fortress, in the form of a perfect triangle, is celebrated in our annals, and has never been taken. The plan of it was drawn, towards the fourteenth century, by some Italian architects. The interior of the Kremlin is divided into two parts; the one called *Krepots*, or citadel, contains only the palace and some churches, each of which is surmounted by five domes. From this place you may perfectly distinguish them, as much by their elevation as by the gilding of the steeples, and their fantastical architecture. In the second inclosure are some noble houses, commercial streets, and the place called *Bazar*, or *Khitaigorod*, a name given it by the Tartars, who were its founders.

"You will find in my country," added the Moscovite, "a great number of edifices, justly celebrated as the most beautiful in Europe. It is useless to describe them to you, since you will soon see them yourselves. I wish that you may long admire them, but a fatal presentment convinces me, that the great and superb town, justly considered as the market of Europe and of Asia, will, ere long, astonish the world with the most dreadful catastrophe."

As he uttered these words, the unfortunate man seemed suffocated with grief. I pitied him; but I could not leave him without asking the name of that great building, of red and white brick, which was seen to the north of the town, on the

road to Petersburg. He informed me, that it was the famous *chateau* of Peterskoe, where the sovereigns of Russia used to reside previous to their coronation.

Although the bridge over the Moskwa was not yet finished, the viceroy ordered the troops of his corps to cross the river. The cavalry had already passed it, and had taken post before the village of Khorchevo. We were here officially informed of the entry of our troops into Moscow. The fourth corps received orders to halt at this place till the following day, when an hour would be appointed for us to enter the capital of the Russian empire.

On the 15th of September, our corps left the village, where it had encamped, at an early hour, and marched to Moscow. As we approached the city, we saw that it had no walls, and that a simple parapet of earth was the only work which constituted the outer inclosure. Nothing indicated that the town was inhabited; and the road by which we arrived was so deserted that we saw neither Russian nor even French soldiers. No cry, no noise was heard, in the midst of this awful solitude. We pursued our march, a prey to the utmost anxiety, and that anxiety was redoubled when we perceived a thick smoke, which arose in the form of a column, from the center of the town. It was first believed that the Russians, agreeably to their custom, had, in retreating, set fire to some magazines. Recollecting, however, the recital of the inhabitant of Moscow, we feared that his prediction was about to be fulfilled. Eager to know the cause of this conflagration, we in vain endeavored to find some one who might satisfy our irrepressible curiosity, and the impossibility of satisfying it, increased our impatience and augmented our alarm.

We did not enter at the first barrier that presented itself, but moving to the left, we continued to march round the town. At length, according to the orders of the viceroy, I placed the troops of the fourth corps in a position to guard the high road towards Petersburg. The thirteenth and fifteenth division encamped around the *chateau* of Peterskoe, the fourteenth established itself in the village between Moscow and this *chateau*, and the Bavarian light cavalry was a league in front of the village.

When these positions were taken, the viceroy entered Moscow, and fixed his head quarters in the palace of Prince Mononoff, in the beautiful street of St. Petersburg. The quarter assigned to our corps was one of the finest in the town. It was composed entirely of superb edifices, and of houses, which al-

though of wood, had an appearance of surprising grandeur and magnificence. The magistrates having abandoned the town, every one established himself at his pleasure in these sumptuous palaces; even the subaltern officer was lodged in vast apartments, richly decorated, and of which he could easily fancy himself to be the proprietor, since no one appeared but a humble and submissive porter, who, with a trembling hand, delivered to him the keys of the mansion.

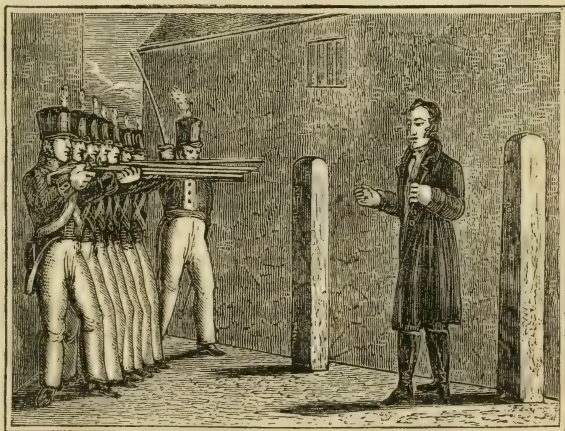
Although Moscow had been entered by some of our troops the preceding day, so extensive and so deserted was the town, that no soldier had yet penetrated into the quarter which we were to occupy. The most intrepid minds were affected by this loneliness. The streets were so long, that our cavalry could not recognize each other from the opposite extremities. They were seen advancing with caution; then, struck with fear, they suddenly fled from each other, though they were all enlisted under the same banners. In proportion as a new quarter was occupied reconnoitering parties were sent forward to examine the palaces and the churches. In the former, were found only old men, children, or Russian officers, who had been wounded in the preceding engagements; in the latter, the altars were decorated for a festival; a thousand lighted tapers, burning in honor of the patron saint of the country attested that the pious Moscovites had not ceased to invoke him till the moment of their departure. This solemn and religious spectacle, rendered the people whom we had conquered, powerful and respectable in our estimation, and filled us with that consternation which is the offspring of injustice. With cautious steps we advanced through this awful solitude; often stopping and looking fearfully behind us; then, struck with sudden terror, we eagerly listened to every sound; for the imagination, frightened at the very magnitude of our conquest, made us apprehensive of treachery in every place. At the least noise we fancied that we heard the clashing of arms, and the cries of the wounded.

Approaching, however, towards the center of the town, and especially in the neighborhood of the Bazar, we began to see some inhabitants assembled round the Kremlin. These deluded beings, deceived by a national tradition, had believed that this citadel was impregnable, and had attempted the preceding day to defend it for an instant against our valiant legions. Dismayed by their defeat, they contemplated, with tears, those lofty towers which they had hitherto regarded as the *palladium* of their city. Proceeding further on, we saw a crowd of soldiers,

who exposed to public sale a vast quantity of articles which they had pillaged: for it was only at the grand magazines of provisions that the imperial guards had placed sentinels. Continuing our progress, the number of soldiers multiplied; they were seen in troops, carrying on their backs pieces of cloth, loaves of sugar, and whole bales of merchandise. We knew not how to account for this shocking disorder, when at length some fusileers of the guards informed us that the smoke which we had seen on entering the town, proceeded from a vast building, full of goods, called the exchange, and which the Russians had set on fire in their retreat. "Yesterday," said these soldiers, "we entered the city about twelve o'clock, and, towards five, the fire began to appear. We endeavored at first to extinguish it, but we soon learned that the governor had sent away all the engines. It is also believed," added they, "that this fire, which cannot be subdued, has been kindled by the nobility, with an intention of exciting us to plunder, and destroying our discipline; and likewise with the determination to ruin those merchants who opposed the abandonment of Moscow." A natural curiosity made me proceed. As I advanced towards the fire, the avenues were still more obstructed by soldiers and beggars, carrying off goods of every kind. The less precious articles were despised, and soon thrown away, and the streets were covered with merchandise of every description. I penetrated at length into the interior of the exchange; but alas! it was no more the building so renowned for its magnificence; it was rather a vast furnace, from every side of which the burning rafters were continually falling and threatening us with instant destruction. I could still, however, proceed with some degree of safety under the piazzas. These were filled with numerous warehouses, which the soldiers had broken open; every chest was rifled, and the spoil exceeded all their expectations. No cry, no tumult was heard, in this scene of horror. Every one found abundantly sufficient to satisfy his thirst for plunder. Nothing was heard but the crackling of the flames, and the noise of the doors that were broken open; and occasionally a dreadful crash, caused by the falling in of some vault. Cottons, muslins, and, in short, all the most costly productions of Europe and Asia, were a prey to the flames. The cellars were filled with sugar, oil, and vitriol; these burning all at once, in the subterraneous warehouses, sent forth torrents of flame through thick iron grates, and presented a striking image of the mouth of hell. It was a spectacle both terrible and affecting. Even the most hardened minds were struck



Burning of Moscow.—Page 284.



Execution of Murat.—Page 302.

with a conviction that so great a calamity would, on some future day, call forth the vengeance of the Almighty upon the authors of such crimes.

But what was our regret and our terror, when, on the following morning, at the dawn of day, (September 16,) we saw the conflagration raging on every side, and perceived that the wind, blowing with violence, spread the flames in all directions.

The most heart-rending scene which my imagination had ever conceived, far surpassing the most afflicting accounts in ancient or modern history, now presented itself before our eyes. A great part of the population of Moscow, frightened at our arrival, had concealed themselves in cellars or secret recesses of their houses. As the fire spread around, we saw them rushing in despair from their various asylums. They uttered no imprecations, they breathed no complaint; but, carrying with them their most precious effects, fled before the flames. Others, of greater sensibility, and actuated by the genuine feelings of nature, saved only their children, who were closely clasped in their arms. Many old people, borne down by grief rather than by age, had not sufficient strength to follow their families, and expired near the houses in which they were born. The streets, the public places, and particularly the churches, were filled with these unhappy people, who, lying on the remains of their property, suffered even without a murmur. No contention or noise was heard. Both the conqueror and the conquered were equally hardened; the one from excess of fortune—the other from excess of misery.

The fire, whose ravages could not be restrained, soon reached the finest parts of the city. Those palaces which we had admired for the beauty of their architecture, and the elegance of their furniture, were enveloped in the flames. Their magnificent fronts, ornamented with bas-reliefs and statues, fell with a dreadful crash on the fragments of the pillars which had supported them. The churches, though covered with iron and lead, were likewise destroyed, and with them those beautiful steeples, which we had seen the night before, resplendent with gold and silver. The hospitals, too, which contained more than twenty thousand wounded, soon began to burn. This offered a harrowing and dreadful spectacle; almost all these poor wretches perished. A few who still lingered, were seen crawling, half burnt, amongst the smoking ruins; and others, groaning under heaps of dead bodies, endeavored in vain to extricate themselves from the horrible destruction which surrounded them.

How shall I describe the confusion and tumult, when permission was granted to pillage this immense city! some covered themselves with stuffs, richly worked with gold; some were enveloped in beautiful and costly furs; while others dressed themselves in women and children's pelisses, and even the galley-slaves concealed their rags under the most splendid court-dresses; the rest crowded into the cellars, and forcing open the doors, drank the most luscious wines, and carried off an immense booty.

This horrible pillage was not confined to the deserted houses alone, but extended to those which were inhabited, and soon the eagerness and wantonness of the plunderers, caused devastations which almost equalled those occasioned by the conflagration. Every asylum was soon violated by the licentious troops. The inhabitants who had officers in their houses, for a little while flattered themselves that they should escape the general calamity. Vain illusion! the fire, progressively increasing, soon destroyed all their hopes.

Towards evening, when Napoleon no longer thought himself safe in a city, the ruin of which seemed inevitable, he left the Kremlin, and established himself, with his suite, in the castle of Peterskoe. When I saw him pass by, I could not, without abhorrence, behold the chief of a barbarous expedition, who evidently endeavored to escape the decided testimony of public indignation by seeking the darkest road. He sought it, however, in vain. On every side the flames seemed to pursue him, and their horrible and mournful glare, flashing on his guilty head, reminded me of the torches of the Eumenides pursuing the destined victims of the furies! The generals likewise received orders to quit Moscow. Licentiousness then became unbounded. The soldiers, no longer restrained by the presence of their chiefs, committed every kind of excess. No retreat was now safe, no place sufficiently sacred to afford any protection against their rapacity. Nothing more forcibly excited their avarice than the church of St. Michael, the sepulcher of the Russian emperors. An erroneous tradition had propagated the belief that it contained immense riches. Some grenadiers presently entered it, and descended with torches into the vast subterranean vaults, to disturb the peace and silence of the tomb. But, instead of treasures, they found only stone coffins, covered with pink velvet, with thin silver plates, on which was engraved the names of the czars, and the date of their birth and decease.

Penetrated by so many calamities, I hoped that the shades of

night would cast a veil over the dreadful scene ; but they contributed, on the contrary, to render the conflagration more visible. The violence of the flames, which extended from north to south, and were strangely agitated by the wind, produced the most awful appearance on the sky, which was darkened by the thickest smoke. Nothing could equal the anguish which absorbed every feeling heart, and which was increased in the dead of the night, by the cries of the miserable victims who were savagely murdered, or by the screams of the young females who fled for protection to their weeping mothers, and whose ineffectual struggles tended only to inflame the passion of their violators. To the dreadful groans and heart-rending cries, which every moment broke upon the ear were added the howlings of the dogs, which, chained to the doors of the palaces, according to the custom of Moscow, could not escape from the fire which surrounded them.

I flattered myself that sleep would for a while release me from these revolting scenes ; but the most frightful recollections crowded upon me, and all the horrors of the evening again passed in review. My wearied senses seemed at last sinking into repose, when the light of a near and dreadful conflagration, piercing into my room, suddenly awoke me. I thought that my room was a prey to the flames. It was no idle dream, for when I approached the window, I saw that our quarters were on fire, and that the house in which I lodged, was in the utmost danger. Sparks were thickly falling in our yard, and on the wooden roof of our stables. I ran quickly to my landlord and his family. Perceiving their danger, they had already quitted their habitation, and had retired to a subterranean vault which afforded them more security. I found them with their servants all assembled there, nor could I prevail on them to leave it, for they dreaded our soldiers more than the fire. The father was sitting on the threshold of the door, and appeared desirous of appeasing, by the sacrifice of his own life, the ferocity of those barbarians, who advanced to insult the family. Two of his daughters, pale, with disheveled hair, and whose tears added to their beauty, disputed with him the honor of the martyrdom. I at length succeeded in snatching them by violence from the asylum, under which they would otherwise soon have been buried. These unhappy creatures, when they again saw the light, contemplated with indifference the loss of all their property, and were only astonished that they were still alive. Notwithstanding they were convinced that they would be protected from all personal injury, they did not exhibit any

tokens of gratitude; but, like those wretches, who, having been ordered to execution, are quite bewildered when a reprieve unexpectedly arrives, and the agonies of death render them insensible to the gift of life.

Desirous of terminating the recital of this horrible catastrophe, for which history wants expressions, and poetry has no colors, I shall pass over, in silence, many circumstances revolting to humanity, and merely describe the dreadful confusion which arose in our army, when the fire had reached every part of Moscow, and the whole city was become one immense flame.

A long row of carriages were perceived through the thick smoke, loaded with booty. Being too heavily laden for the exhausted cattle to draw them along, they were obliged to halt at every step, when we heard the execration of their drivers, who, terrified at the surrounding flames, endeavored to push forward with dreadful outcries. The soldiers, still armed, were diligently employed in forcing open every door. They seemed to fear lest they should leave one house untouched. Some, when their carriages were laden almost to breaking down, bore the rest of their booty on their backs. The fire, however, obstructing the passage of the principal streets often obliged them to retrace their steps. Thus wandering from place to place, through an immense town, the avenues of which they did not know, they sought in vain to extricate themselves from this labyrinth of fire. Many wandered further from the gates by which they might have escaped, instead of approaching them, and thus became the victims of their own rapacity. In spite, however, of the extreme peril which threatened them, the love of plunder induced our soldiers to brave every danger. Stimulated by an irresistible desire of pillage, they precipitated themselves into the flames. They waded in blood, treading upon the dead bodies without remorse, while the ruins of the houses, mixed with burning coals, fell thick on their murderous hands. They would probably all have perished, if the insupportable heat had not forced them at length to withdraw into the camp.

The fourth corps having received orders to leave Moscow, we proceeded, (September 17th,) towards Peterskoe, where our divisions were encamped. At that moment, about the dawn of day, I witnessed the most dreadful and the most affecting scenes which it is possible to conceive; namely, the unhappy inhabitants drawing upon some mean vehicles, all that they had been able to save from the conflagration. The soldiers, having robbed them of their horses, the men and women were slowly

and painfully dragging along their little carts, some of which contained an infirm mother, others a paralytic old man, and others the miserable wrecks of half-consumed furniture; children, half-naked, followed these interesting groups. Affliction, to which their age is commonly a stranger, was impressed even on their features, and, when the soldiers approached them, they ran crying into the arms of their mothers. Alas! what habitation could we have offered them, which would not constantly recall the object of their terror? Without a shelter, and without food, these unfortunate beings wandered in the fields, and fled into the woods; but, wherever they bent their steps, they met the conquerors of Moscow, who frequently ill-treated them, and sold before their eyes the goods which had been stolen from their own deserted habitations.

DEATH OF MURAT.

THE little fleet which bore King Joachim and his fortunes, sailed at midnight. A letter was left, to be given to Macirone next morning. This was a general exposé of the motives for the expedition; and the nature of this part of the transaction is among the stains on the unfortunate king's memory.

“M. MACIRONE, *Envoy of the Allied Powers, to the King Joachim:*

“My former letter, written a few hours since, had been dictated by the circumstances of the case. But I owe it to myself, to truth, and to your honorable loyalty and good faith, to express my real intentions. Such is the motive of this second letter.

“I look upon freedom as beyond all other things. Captivity is to me but another thing for death. What treatment can I expect from those powers, who had left me for two months exposed to the daggers of the assassins of the south of France? I had once saved the Marquis de Riviere's life. When he was condemned to die on the scaffold, I obtained a pardon for him. The return for this was, to rouse the Marseillois against me, and set a price on my head.

“I was forced to wander, and hide among the woods and mountains. I owe my life to nothing but the generous feeling of three French officers, who brought me to Corsica at the imminent hazard of their own lives. Some contemptible indivi-

quals have reported that I had carried away large sums from Naples. These persons do not know, that when I gave up the Grand Duchy of Berg, which was mine by solemn treaty, I took with me immense wealth, which I expended upon my kingdom of Naples. Could the king who has succeeded me recognize the country? And yet, at this hour, I have not common subsistence for myself or my household! M. Macirone, I will not accept the terms which you have been empowered to offer. I see nothing but direct and total abdication, in terms which only permit me to live in an eternal bondage, and under the arbitrary will of a despotic government. Where is the moderation, or the justice of this? Where is the consideration due to an unfortunate monarch, formerly recognized by all Europe; and who, in a critical moment, decided the campaign of 1814, in favor of those Allied Powers, who now would bear him down with the intolerable burden of their persecutions!

"It is a fact known to all Europe, that my determination to drive back the Austrians to the Po, was adopted solely in consequence of my having been deceived into the belief that they were about to attack me under cover of England. I felt it necessary to advance my line of defense, and raise the people of Italy in my cause. No one knows better than yourself and Lord Bentinck, that the fatal order of retreat from the Po, was given merely in consequence of that general's declaration, that he should be under the necessity of supporting the Austrians if they applied to him.

"You know the causes which broke up my fine army. The reports of my death carefully spread; those of the landing of the English at Naples; the conduct of General Pignatelli, and the treachery of certain officers, who increased and fomented the disorder and discouragement of which they set the ruinous example.

"Of all that army, there does not live the man at this hour who does not feel his error. I go to join them, for they burn to see me at their head. They and all my beloved subjects have retained their affection for me. I have never abdicated; I retain the right to re-conquer my crown, if Heaven gives me the force and means. My existence on the throne of Naples cannot be a source of fear to the allies. I cannot be suspected of corresponding with Napoleon, who is now at St. Helena. On the contrary, England and Austria may draw some advantages from my possession, which they might expect in vain from the monarch whom they have placed on the Neapolitan throne.

"I go into these details, M. Macirone, because it is to you

that I write. Your conduct with respect to me, your reputation and your name, have given you claims on my confidence and my esteem.

"When this letter shall be delivered to you, I shall be far on my way. I shall either succeed, or finish my misfortunes and my life together. I have faced death a thousand and a thousand times, fighting for my country. Shall I not be allowed to face it once for myself? I tremble only for the fate of my family."

"JOACHIM NAPOLEON."

This was a dishonorable business. That Murat should have accepted the passports at the moment when he was determined to violate their conditions, is beyond excuse. The idea of keeping them as a reserve, in case of failure, shows weakness of understanding conjoined to weakness of principle. No rational man could have supposed that the passports would have been allowed to save the invader after his defeat. Whether the dishonor extends beyond him, is scarcely more a question. It was certainly a singular oversight of cabinet wisdom, to have committed a negotiation with this headlong and turbulent chieftain to an officer of his own staff. But how M. Macirone, having his eyes open, seeing an expedition preparing to sail with troops on board, and finding the offer of a passage to Trieste refused, could have given up the passports, is altogether inconceivable. It is curious that the whole matter has since become a subject in our Courts of Law, where Macirone brought an action against the Quarterly Review for defamation on this ground. The action was thrown out by a jury; and the plaintiff has still to clear himself of his share in the extraordinary management of his negotiation.

The voyage was from the beginning ill-omened. One of those sudden and tremendous bursts of tempest, that from time to time turn up the "blue Mediterranean," from the bottom, smote the little fleet on the second night. It was entirely dispersed, and Murat's vessel was driven on the iron-bound coast of Sardinia, where it was near being lost. The vessels, however, subsequently re-assembled off the desert island of Tavolara. On the 6th of October, they made the coast of Calabria, three leagues off Paola. Here they lay to, putting out all their fires to avoid the notice of the government *chasse mares*, and making themselves as like the coral-fishing vessels as possible. A new storm dispersed them. Daybreak showed but one vessel in company, and they anchored in the bay of St. Lucido, to wait for the rest.

Misfortunes now came rapidly. Murat had ordered one of his colonels to go on shore, to ascertain the state of Neapolitan feeling. It was quickly ascertained. The colonel and his companions were arrested. Another colonel of the Neapolitan guard, in command of a vessel with fifty veterans on board, attempted to carry it off; but on being taken in tow to prevent this maneuver, cut the rope, and slipped away during the night for Corsica. Murat was now seriously alarmed, and his officers made a last attempt to reason with him. The unfortunate man might still have been saved. He admitted that the expedition could not now succeed, saying, "that his purpose in returning to Naples had been to save his subjects, and those attached to his government, from the injuries and severities to which they must be liable under the new government; but that the idea must now be given up. He had but a handful of men, and his only course must now be for Trieste, where he would put himself under the protection of Austria."

We may have no right to load the names of men with treachery at this distance, but it is scarcely possible to conceive how the catastrophe could have resulted from chance. On Murat's ordering the captain of his vessel to steer for Trieste, he was astonished by being told that it was impossible; that the vessel could not keep the Adriatic in this season; that there would be a want of water and stores; and, finally, that they must put on shore to procure both. This captain had obtained a considerable character as a sailor, and one peculiarly acquainted with the coast of Calabria. He offered to take the only remaining transport into Pizzo, where "his credit would be enough to procure provisions, and to engage a vessel fit for the voyage." This was acceded to. A list of the necessary matters was sent from Murat, and, at the same time, orders were given to throw into the sea a bag containing five hundred copies of a proclamation to the Neapolitans. The expedition was thus completely at an end.

That Murat was duped into his ruin is clear. But nothing is more remarkable in this whole strange transaction than his willful blindness to the deception. What was the first act of the captain as he was preparing for his landing? To demand the Austrian passports! under the pretense that he might find them useful, in case of disturbance from the authorities of the place!

Murat, surprised at this singular request, refused. The captain instantly declared that without them he would not go on shore. The refusal irritated the unfortunate king to frenzy;

but the captain was too humble a victim for his indignation: and he turned, exclaiming to his officers, "I am refused to be obeyed; then, since necessity forces me to land, I will go on shore myself, with you at my side. I cannot have been forgotten in the kingdom of Naples. I have done good to its people. They will not refuse to assist me."

His tone and gesture silenced the officers. He ordered them all to put on their full uniform. To one of his brigadiers, who excused his appearing in plain clothes, on the fair ground that he had no other, he said sternly, "It is not to follow me into danger that people embark in plain clothes."

The vessel had by this time come up to Pizzo. As she touched the bank, the officers were about to land, when the king gallantly stopped them, with "I must be the first on shore!" and he sprang from the side, followed by twenty-eight so diers and three attendants. This was at noon of the 8th of October.

A crowd had gathered to see the landing. Some sailors recognizing Murat, huzzaed, "Long live King Joachim!" The peasantry soon joined the towns-people; and Murat, anxious to make an impression, marched rapidly at the head of his little band to the principal square. The populace were still increasing. Some artillery-men of the coast, to the number of fifteen, now sallied from their guard-house, with their arms, and in the king's uniform. Murat cried out, "Here are my soldiers;" and followed by his troop, he addressed them, "Do you not recollect your king?" Five of them answered that they did, and that they and their comrades would stand by him.

It would seem that Murat, excited by the glory of being at the head of twenty-eight men in uniform, was infatuated enough to have abandoned his plan of obtaining provisions in favor of that of the conquest of Naples. The revolt of fifteen artillery-men fixed his resolution. But this was but a brief vision. He had fallen into the very place of ruin. While he was standing in the square, the peasantry, who had listened to the harangue in complete silence, yet with countenances in all the wild agitation of Italian passion, had disappeared. The towns-people whom he next addressed, looked on him with ominous confusion. At this period, two young men came up and said, in great haste, "Sire, quit Pizzo this moment; you are in the midst of enemies. Lose no more time—there is the road to Monteleone—we will show you the way. You are safe, if you have but the good luck to get out of this place."

Murat now ordered the artillery-men to follow him. The road

to Monteleone is up the side of a mountain; exhausted by his twelve days' voyage, and unable to walk fast enough, he stopped on the ascent to take breath. Two of the artillery-men now overtook him. They said that the rest were on their way. To ascertain this, he turned into an olive-plantation off the road, from which the whole way down to Pizzo was visible. The men were certainly seen coming up the mountain, though very slowly. Murat said, "that he would wait for them where he was." It was observed to him, "that there were armed peasants along with them, some of whom were pressing on before the soldiers, and that a party were in the rear." The guides now became vehement in their entreaties that he should hasten on, telling him that "if he delayed any longer, the peasants would have time to overtake him; while, if he went forward at once, they might be able to reach Monteleone, where he would find faithful subjects." To all this he readily replied, that "he would wait for the soldiers." To any further remonstrance, his only answer was, "He would be obeyed." At this moment a party of the peasants were seen rapidly coming up through the fields on the opposite side of the road, and the artillery-men going over and falling into their rear. The guides again besought the infatuated king to make a last attempt at escape, and threatened that they must leave him. But Murat was naturally brave, and flight before a rabble was probably felt ignominious by a man who had led the brilliant cavalry of the most brilliant army of the earth so often to triumph. He advanced alone, and addressed them. "My children! do not arm against your king. I have not landed in the Calabrias to do you any harm. I wish only to ask assistance of the authorities at Monteleone, to continue my voyage to Trieste, where I am to join my family. If you had given me time to explain myself at Pizzo, you would have known that I have passports which King Ferdinand himself must respect."

An officer who came down with the peasants, now requested Murat to come down upon the road, and offered to conduct him to Monteleone. From this person's wearing the uniform of a colonel of *gens-d'armes*, the king took him for one of his former colonels; his officers were alarmed for his immediate safety, but he turned to them, saying, that "a colonel of his army was incapable of dishonor;" and then hurrying down, threw themselves into the midst of the crowd. Two of his staff and his valet followed him. The others remained on the brow of the hill, to keep off the peasantry, who seemed ready to fire upon them. One of the staff advanced to their leader, and de-

manded his name. His answer was brief and fatal. "I am Trenta Capilli, captain of gens-d'armerie, and the king and you must follow me to Pizzo."

There were recollections about this man, which might well have made his name a sound of terror. He had been the chieftain of the insurrection raised against Murat in the Calabrias by the friends of the old government, and, in general, by the haters of the French tyranny. This Italian Vendee had been put down in the remorseless manner of the French military. General Manes had been sent against it by Murat, and, among other murders, he had hung no fewer than three brothers of this individual Trenta Capilli! If it had been the direct purpose of the Neapolitan court to bring its invader to a death sudden, ignominious, and imbittered by reflection, this was the spot for its severest vengeance, in the midst of a peasantry furious at the slaughter and desolation of the past, and by the hands of their chief, who had his brothers' blood to atone. The declaration, that who sheds man's blood shall make retribution in his own, could not have been more signally fulfilled!

Murat now saw at once that he was undone. One of his staff, springing before him with a cocked pistol in his hand, presented it at Trenta Capilli's head, and threatened to fire if the king was not instantly set at liberty. The Calabrian drew back; the crowd who had seized the king, seeing the danger of their chief, let him go, and he escaped to the party on the hill. The staff-officer, whose name was Franceschetti, and who obviously behaved with great bravery and fidelity, was overwhelmed by the peasants; but, by a furious effort, he too made his way good to the hill. Then his advice was instantly to rush on the crowd, and gain the mountain, or die sword in hand.

But there Murat ruined every thing. Often having successfully played the invader, and the idiot, he must play the king; and this mocker of royalty, magnanimously ordered that not a musket should be fired, exclaiming, "I would not have my landing cost the blood of one of my people." The unfortunate Louis XVI. made nearly the same speech at Varennes, and it was his death-warrant! But the peasantry did not understand this theatric magnanimity. They were determined to have their royal ravager, dead or alive; and they began to fire from all sides. Murat's officers did their desperate duty to the last. Anxious to save him, they forced him out of the very hands of the people, and carried him down to the shore, still under a heavy fire. There a new instance of misfortune awaited them.

The vessel from which they had landed was gone! The captain had been ordered to remain for an hour within two musket-shots of the shore. This man, who had absolutely forced them to land, had now abandoned them. In their infinite distress they seized upon a small vessel which was accidentally at the bank; and putting Murat on board, they attempted to push it off. But it was fast; and the peasantry were again round them, pouring in their fire. Every musket was leveled at the king, who strangely escaped them all, till, seeing that the struggle was altogether hopeless, he cried out to the officers, "My children, give up these ineffectual efforts to defend me." Then holding out his sword to the crowd, he said, "People of Pizzo, take this sword, which has been often drawn with glory at the head of armies, and which has fought for your country. I surrender it to you; but spare the lives of the brave men round me." But the peasantry did not understand the formalities of war. The sight of their enemy beaten, only increased their determination to destroy him. Their fire became thicker and thicker. In a few moments, almost every one near him was killed or wounded. The party who had remained on the mountain had been already destroyed or taken. The crowd at length rushed on Murat, and he and the wounded were dragged to the town, and flung into the common prison. The scene of ruined ambition there might have formed a picture of powerful and melancholy reflection. The king sat; his officers, exhausted and bleeding, stood round him. The soldiery, less able to conceal their feelings, had thrown themselves on the ground, in agony with their wounds, and loudly raging against the misfortune which had wasted their bravery and blood. The pencil of Salvator or Spagnoletti never imagined so tragic and desolated a history-piece of torture of mind and body, furious suffering, and regal despair.

The darkness of the prison-room in which so many were confined together—the blood still flowing—the groans which escaped the firmest in their turn—and, above all, the hideous outcries of the multitude without, calling through the bars for the lives of the prisoners, and peculiarly of the king, as sacrifices to the memory of their brothers and friends, made a combination of horrors, that one of the narrators tells us, he can never think of "without feeling the hair rise upon his head."

Trenta Capilli had his full revenge, if it was to be found in the complete degradation of the unfortunate Murat. He stripped him of his purse, his diamonds, the passports, and, more disastrous than all, a single copy of his proclamation, which

had by some oversight been left among his papers. This proclamation was of great length, and enumerated, in the usual inflated style of the French, his rights, injuries, and intentions of doing good to the Neapolitans, and of restoring them to their primitive glory. This was harmless declamation. But an annexed decree of twenty articles, contained some of those statutes of blood which always accompanied Jacobin benevolence. By the third article, "Every individual in office under Ferdinand who should not act in pursuance of it, from and after the intelligence of King Joachim's landing, was to be declared a *rebel and traitor*, and punished with the rigor of the laws!"

By the fourth, "Every minister or public servant of the present government who should offer any opposition, or otherwise act against King Joachim, was to be declared a rebel, a provoker of civil war, a traitor to his country and king, was to be put out of the law, and judged as such; every good Neapolitan being called upon to seize his person, and to give him up to the public force."

It is inconceivable how a monarch, who, like Murat, had deserted his throne, could have leveled those sanguinary laws against the people who had never abandoned him till he abandoned himself. No popular insurrection had expelled him. He had fled before an army of foreigners; and he had deserted his city, merely as he had deserted his camp. He had nothing to punish but the Austrian bayonets, which had driven him through Italy, till they drove him into the sea. We may regret his fate; but if sanguinary acts, and sanguinary intentions, could justify public vengeance, no man's death could find a stronger justification than that of Murat; and no place could be fitter for the dreadful lesson of retribution than the spot on which he died.

It was a singular circumstance, that, in this misery, the individual who showed the deepest compassion for him, and rendered him the most useful services, should have been a Spaniard—Alcalas, the steward of the Duke del Infantados' Calabrian estate. Murat had made himself fearfully memorable in Spain. The massacre of Madrid was his; and it had no rival among all the slaughters of a war of perpetual havoc. To return some part of the evil of that day on the head of its author was so natural, that it was for a long time said that Murat's seizure was owing to this Spaniard. But the truth has transpired at last, much more to the honor of the individual and his country. The revenge of the Spaniard was shown in the generous attentions of supplying the king and his fellow pri-

soners with provisions and clothing, and whatever else they might require.

In the evening of this melancholy day, an officer of the line arrived with his company, and mounted guard over the prisoners. The mob were now repelled, and something like quiet was obtained; and the prisoners were relieved from their momentary expectation of being put to death by the peasantry. At night, General Murziante, in the service of Ferdinand, arrived, and announced himself as commandant of the Calabrias. He treated the prisoners with respect, regretted the violence of the mob, and promised to procure such comforts as were in his power.

The fury of the peasantry was still so excessive, that, under some idea that Murat was to be saved, they next day came rushing into the town to carry him off. Murziante was even compelled to put his cannon in battery, and draw out the troops. But the peasantry, seeing that he was prepared for them, and probably receiving some assurances that their object was to be accomplished, retired at length. In the course of a few days, the first inconveniences of imprisonment were amended. The soldiers were removed into another prison; some of the wounded were sent into the town; the officers were separated; and Murat was left, with two of his staff, disembarrassed of the crowd. An apartment of a better kind was provided for him, and a table kept by the general. His first occupation was writing to his wife, to the commander of the Austrians at Naples, and the English ambassador, stating his landing, and the events that followed. These letters, it appears, were forwarded to the Neapolitan government, which detained them until after his death. There might have been some idea on the part of Ferdinand, that his purposes would be interfered with by the ambassador.

Murziante behaved with humanity, but his duty was now about to become more painful. On the 11th, at dinner, he seemed embarrassed, and, after some passing conversation, suddenly said, "There has been a telegraphic dispatch. The words were '*You will consign to*'—then it broke off." He probably meant to prepare his prisoner. Murat appeared to feel no apprehension, and, among other things, said, "that he hoped that Ferdinand, finding himself fortunate enough to be on the throne of Naples, would not abuse his victory." On the 12th, the general introduced a British officer, commanding an English and Sicilian flotilla under the British flag. Murat desired to be conveyed to Tropea, a little town five or six leagues off, to

wait the commands of Ferdinand. Murziantè consented to this, but the unhappy king's hopes were soon dashed; for the consent was withdrawn, on the ground that the officer declared that, once under the British flag, Murat must be at the disposal of the British government. This was probably true. But it is to be lamented that the king was, notwithstanding, not taken on board. It might have interposed some time between the vengeance and the victim; and allowed of the existence of a brave man, whose life could now do no injury to the throne.

That day at dinner, Murziantè exhibited more embarrassment than before, saying that he was unable to understand why the telegraph had gone no further than the words, "*You will consign to—*," that he hoped it would complete the dispatch, by consigning his Majesty to the British vessel, to be landed at Messina. "But, general," observed the king, "if they ordered you by telegraph, to send me before a Military Commission, would you do it?" "Certainly not," was the reply. "I should await the express orders of King Ferdinand, forwarded by a government messenger. But your Majesty needs have no such apprehensions." Murat finished his dinner, without any emotion, and afterwards threw himself on his bed, and desiring one of his officers to read some passages of Metastasio, slept quietly. At midnight the fatal order came. A government messenger arrived, with a dispatch to Murziantè, directing him to appoint a Military Commission, to condemn the king to death, and to have him shot in half an hour after.

It appears that Murziantè had already received the complete order by the telegraph, but had generously delayed its execution, in the hope that some remission might take place before the three days in which a messenger could reach him. The order was brief and expressive:

"Naples, 9th of October, 1815.

"Ferdinand, by the grace of God, &c., &c.—We have decreed, and do decree, the following:

"Art. I. The General Murat shall be delivered to a Military Commission, of which the members shall be appointed by our Minister of War.

"Art. II. There shall not be granted to the condemned more than half an hour, to receive the succors of religion."

In the morning, Murziantè waited until the king had risen. As soon as he was dressed, the captain of the guard, entering his apartments, directed the two officers to follow him. On their

inquiring the reason, the answer was, that there was some movement at hand. The officers were then escorted to a dungeon, where they found their comrades, who, soldiers and officers, had been shut up there since two in the morning.

Murat, on leaving his bed-room, asked what had become of his officers. He received no reply, but, shortly after, five Sicilian officers entered with the captain of the guard, who announced to him that he was to be brought before a Military Commission, already convened in an adjoining apartment, to answer for the motives of his descent on the Calabrias.

Murat addressed him firmly, "Captain, tell your president, that I refuse to appear before his tribunal. Men of my rank are accountable for their conduct to no one but God. Let them pass sentence. I shall make no other answer." One of the officers, Starage, a Sicilian, who had been named his advocate for the trial, then came forward, and said, with tears in his eyes, "I am appointed to defend your majesty; and before what judges—" "They are no judges of mine," replied the king, "They are my subjects. They cannot sit in judgment on their sovereign: just as a king cannot sit in judgment on another king, because no man can have such a right over his equal. Monarchs have no judges but God and nations."

The officers still tried to induce him to write even a few lines in his defense. He steadily refused, repeating, "You cannot save my life. This is a business, not of trial, but of condemnation. Your Commission are not my judges, but my executioners. M. Starage, you must not say a syllable in my defense; this I command you." A few moments after, the secretary of the Commission entered, to inquire the name, the age, and family of the deceased. He was going on, when Murat sternly interrupted him with "I am Joachim Napoleon, King of the two Sicilies—Begone."

He now remained with the officers; and calmly entered into a statement of his conduct. "I own," said he, "that I should have thought Ferdinand more humane and high-minded. I should have acted more generously to him, had he landed in my states, and fallen into my hands by the chance of war.

"I quitted my capital only by force of arms. I had never renounced any of my rights or titles to the kingdom. I entered Naples the possessor of twelve millions of francs, and after ten years of a government, which I did every thing in my power to make that of a father, I came out of it worth only two hundred and fifty thousand francs in the world. My calamities have given King Ferdinand a country governed by a

system very different from that which he left in 1806, when he took refuge in Palermo. I left him a capital filled with noble buildings, and all that he could desire for the splendor of his court. In my present situation, he can have nothing to fear from me. My death is not necessary to his reigning. Instead of these cruel orders, he might have followed the example of the Allied Powers, who, in sending me passports to join my family, marked out the path that he ought to tread. This would have been an act more worthy of a king, than an act which shows nothing but groundless fears; and which may one day yet be a source of severe retribution. His generosity to a defenceless enemy would have done him honor with the age and with posterity."

He afterwards spoke of his long military life, in the various French campaigns; of his services to Naples; to her army of 80,000 men which he had created; and to her navy and trade. "I have made," said he, in a passionate voice, "all sacrifices conceivable for the country. I forgot my own interest for those of the Neapolitans." He was then silent for a while, and after a deep sigh, he said calmly, "Both in court and army, my only object was the national good. I employed the public revenues only for public purposes. I did nothing for myself. At this hour of my death I have no other wealth than that of my actions. They are all my glory and my consolation." In this way he talked for some time, with natural eloquence and loftiness. The officers were silent and deeply affected. At length the door opened, and the secretary of the Commission brought in the report, sentencing him "to death within the next half hour." He was listened to with haughty coolness. A confessor was mentioned, and the king accepted of him in these words, in writing:—"I declare that I have done good, as far as it lay in my power. I have done evil only to the criminal. I desire to die in the arms of the Catholic religion." He then put the paper into the hands of the confessor of Pizzo, who was in attendance, and said to him, "This, my friend, is a perfectly sincere confession; and now, I beg of you to be seated." He then wrote to his wife this letter:

"My dear Caroline,

"My last hour is come. In a few moments more I shall have ceased to live. In a few moments more you will no longer have a husband. Never forget me; my life has never been stained by an act of injustice. Farewell, my Achille, farewell, my Letitia, farewell, my Lucien, farewell, my Louise. Show your-

selves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of my multitude of enemies. Be steadily united. Show yourselves superior to misfortune; think of what you are, and of what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not curse my memory. Be convinced that my greatest pain, in these last moments of my life, is that of dying far from my children.

"Receive your father's benediction, receive my embraces and my tears. Keep always before you memory your unfortunate father.

"Pizzo, 13th of October, 1815."

He then cut off some locks of his hair, and inclosing them in the letter, gave it open to Captain Starage, begging of him to have it sent safe to his family, along with the seal of his watch, a cornelian head of his queen; which was found grasped in his right hand after his death.

He requested the captain to take charge also of his watch, for his valet. He then desired to see his two staff-officers; but on being told this would not be permitted, said to the secretary, "Let us delay no longer, I am ready to die." He was led out of the room, and had but to pass the door, when he saw a platoon of twelve soldiers drawn up before him. He made a firm step forward, and said with a smile. "Soldiers, do not put me in pain. The place, indeed, will make you put the muzzles of your muskets to my breast." He turned his heart to them, and stood with his eyes fixed on the seal which he held in his hand. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. The platoon fired!

Murziente, whose conduct during the whole transaction appears to have been highly honorable and feeling, could not bear this spectacle. From the time of the messenger's arrival with the fatal order, he had absented himself from the king, and had even left the fort, and lived in the town. But at the period of the execution, when it was probably necessary for him to be a witness, he was observed in full uniform, leaning against the wall of a house adjoining the fort, and covering his face with a handkerchief in his hand.

The body, which had suffered much from the short distance at which the narrowness of the place forced the platoon to fire, was put into a coffin, and laid in the burial-ground of the cathedral of Pizzo

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

ABOUT the 25th of September, 1818, Napoleon's health seems to have been seriously affected. He complained much of nausea, his legs swelled, and there were other unfavorable symptoms, which induced his physician to tell him that he was of a temperament which required much activity; that constant exertion of mind and body was indispensable; and that without exercise he must soon lose his health. He immediately declared, that while exposed to the challenge of sentinels, he never would take exercise, however necessary. Dr. O'Meara proposed calling in the assistance of Dr. Baxter, a medical gentleman of eminence on Sir Hudson Lowe's staff. "He could but say the same as you do," said Napoleon, "and recommend my riding abroad; nevertheless, as long as the present system continues, I will never stir out." At another time he expressed the same resolution, and his determination to take no medicines. Dr. O'Meara replied that, if the disease could not be encountered by remedies in due time, it would terminate fatally. His reply was remarkable: "I will have at least the consolation that my death will be an eternal dishonor to the English nation, who sent me to this climate to die under the hands of * * * *." The physician again represented, that by neglecting to take medicine, he would accelerate his own death. "That which is written is written," said Napoleon, looking up. "Our days are reckoned."

This deplorable and desperate course seems to have been adopted partly to spite Sir Hudson Lowe, partly in the reckless feelings of despondency inspired by his situation, and in some degree, perhaps, was the effect of the disease itself, which must necessarily have disinclined him to motion. Napoleon might also hope, that, by thus threatening to injure his health by forbearing exercise, he might extort the governor's acquiescence in some points which were disputed betwixt them. When the governor sent to offer him some extension of his riding ground, and Dr. O'Meara wished him to profit by the permission, he replied, that he should be insulted by the challenge of the sentinels, and that he did not choose to submit to the caprice of the governor, who, granting an indulgence one day, might recall it the next. On such grounds as these,—which, after all, amounted just to this, that being a prisoner, and one of great importance, he was placed under a system of vigilance, rendered more necessary by the constant intrigues carried on for his escape,—did he feel himself at liberty to neglect those precautions of exercise

and medicine, which were necessary for the preservation of his health. His conduct on such occasions can scarce be termed worthy of his powerful mind; it resembled too much that of the froward child, who refuses its food, or its physic, because it is contradicted. The removal of Dr. O'Meara from Napoleon's person, which was considered by him as a great injury, was the next important incident in the monotony of his life.

Sir Hudson Lowe again offered the assistance of Dr. Baxter, but this was construed at Longwood into an additional offense. It was even treated as an offer big with suspicion. The governor tried, it was said, to palm his own private physician upon the emperor, doubtless that he might hold his life more effectually in his power. On the other hand, the British ministers were anxious that every thing should be done which could prevent complaints on this head. "You cannot better fulfill the wishes of his majesty's government, (says one of Lord Bathurst's dispatches to the governor,) than by giving effect to any measure which you may consider calculated to prevent any just ground of dissatisfaction on the part of General Bonaparte, on account of any real or supposed inadequacy of medical attendance."

Dr. Stokoe, surgeon on board the Conqueror, was next called in to visit at Longwood. But differences arose betwixt him and the governor, and after a few visits, his attendance on Napoleon was discharged.

After this period, the prisoner expressed his determination, whatever might be the extremity of his case, not to permit the visits of an English physician; and a commission was sent to Italy to obtain a medical man of reputation from some of the seminaries in that country. At the same time, Napoleon signified a desire to have the company of a Catholic priest. The proposition for this purpose came through his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, to the Papal government, and readily received the assent of the British ministry.

It would appear that this mission had been thought by his holiness to resemble, in some degree, those sent into foreign and misbelieving countries, for two churchmen were dispatched to St. Helena instead of one.

The senior priest, Father Bonavita, was an elderly man, subject to the infirmities belonging to his period of life, and broken by a residence of twenty-six years in Mexico. His speech had been affected by a paralytic stroke. His recommendation to the office which he now undertook, was his having been father confessor to Napoleon's mother. His companion was a young Abbé called Vignali. Both were pious, good men, well qualified,

doubtless, to give Napoleon the comfort which their church holds out to those who receive its tenets, but not so much so to reclaim wanderers, or confirm those who might doubt the doctrines of the church.

Argument or controversy, however, were not necessary. Napoleon had declared his resolution to die in the faith of his fathers. He was neither an infidel, he said, nor a philosopher. If we doubt whether a person, who had conducted himself towards the pope in the way which history records of Napoleon, who had at one time been excommunicated, (if, indeed, the ban was yet removed,) could have been sincere in his general professions of Catholicism, we must at least acquit the exile of the charge of deliberate atheism. On various occasions, he expressed, with deep feelings of devotion, his conviction of the existence of the Deity, the great truth upon which the whole system of religion rests: and this at a time when the detestable doctrines of atheism and materialism were generally current in France. Immediately after his elevation to the dignity of first consul, he meditated the restoration of religion; and thus, in a mixture of feeling and of policy, expressed himself upon the subject to Thibaudeau, then a counsellor of state. Having combated for a long time the systems of modern philosophers upon different kinds of worship, upon deism, natural religion, and so forth, he proceeded. "Last Sunday evening, in the general silence of nature, I was walking in these grounds, (of Malmaison.) The sound of the church-bell of Ruel fell upon my ear, and renewed all the impressions of my youth. I was profoundly affected, such is the power of early habit and associations; and I considered, if such was the case with me, what must not be the effect of such recollections upon the more simple and credulous vulgar? Let your philosophers answer that. The people must have a religion." He went on to state the terms on which he would negotiate with the pope, and added, "They will say I am a papist—I am no such thing. I was a Mahomedan in Egypt—I will be a Catholic here, for the good of the people. I do not believe in forms of religion, but in the existence of a God!" He extended his hands towards heaven—"Who is it that has created all above and around us?"* This sublime passage proves that Napoleon (unfortunate in having proceeded no farther towards the Christian shrine) had at least crossed the threshold of the temple, and believed in and worshiped the Great Father of the Universe.

The missionaries were received at St. Helena with civility and the rites of mass were occasionally performed at Longwood. Both the clergymen were quiet, unobtrusive characters, confining themselves to their religious duties, and showing neither the abilities nor the active and intriguing spirit which Protestants are apt to impute to the Catholic priesthood.

The same vessel which arrived at St. Helena on the 18th September, in 1819, with these physicians for the mind, brought with them Dr. F. Antommarchi, anatomic pro-sector, (that is, assistant to a professor of anatomy,) to the Hospital of St. Marie Neuve at Florence, attached to the University of Pisa, who was designed to supply the place, about the prisoner's person, occupied by Dr. O'Meara, and after him provisionally by Dr. Stokoe. He continued to hold the office till Napoleon's death.

The symptoms of disorganization in the digestive powers became more and more apparent, and his reluctance to take any medicine, as if from an instinctive persuasion that the power of physic was in vain, continued as obstinate as ever. On one of the many disputes which he maintained on this subject, he answered Antommarchi's reasoning thus: "Doctor, no physic-ing. We are, as I already told you, a machine made to live. We are organized for that purpose, and such is our nature. Do not counteract the living principle. Let it alone—leave it the liberty of defending itself—it will do better than your drugs. Our body is a watch, that is intended to go for a given time. The watch-maker cannot open it; and must, on handling it, grope his way blindfolded and at random. For once that he assists and relieves it by dint of tormenting it with his crooked instruments, he injures it ten times, and at last destroys it." This was on the 14th of October, 1820.

As the ex-emperor's health grew weaker, it cannot be thought extraordinary that his mind became more and more depressed. In lack of other means of amusing himself, he had been somewhat interested in the construction of a pond and fountain in the garden of Longwood, which was stocked with small fishes. A mixture of copperas in the mastick employed in cementing the basin, had affected the water. The creatures, which had been in a good measure the object of Napoleon's attention, began to sicken and to die. He was deeply affected by the circumstance, and, in language strongly resembling the beautiful verses of Moore, expressed his sense of the fatality which seemed to attach itself to him. "Every thing I love—every thing that belongs to me," he exclaimed, "is immediately struck. Heaven and mankind unite to afflict me." At other times he lamented

his decay of energy. The bed, he said, was now a place of luxury, which he would not exchange for all the thrones in the universe. The eyes, which formerly were so vigilant, could now scarcely be opened. He recollected that he used to dictate to four or five secretaries at once. "But then," he said, "I was Napoleon—now I am no longer any thing—my strength, my faculties, forsake me—I no longer live, I only exist." Often he remained silent for many hours, suffering, as may be supposed, much pain, and immersed in profound melancholy.

About the 22d January, 1821, Napoleon appeared to resume some energy, and to make some attempt to conquer his disease by exercise. He mounted his horse, and galloped, for the last time, five or six miles around the limits of Longwood, but nature was overcome by the effort. He complained that his strength was sinking under him rapidly.

Towards the end of February the disease assumed a character still more formidable, and Dr. Antommarchi became desirous of obtaining a consultation with some of the English medical men. The emperor's aversion to their assistance had been increased by a well-meant offer of the governor, announcing that a physician of eminence had arrived at the island, whom he therefore placed at General Bonaparte's devotion.* This proposal, like every other advanced on the part of Sir Hudson Lowe, had been received as a meditated injury; "He wants to deceive Europe by false bulletins," said Napoleon; "I will not see any one who is in communication with him." To refuse seeing every physician but his own, was certainly an option which ought to have been left in Napoleon's choice, and it was so left accordingly. But in thus obstinately declining to see an impartial medical man, whose report must have been conclusive respecting his state of health, Napoleon certainly strengthened the belief that his case was not so desperate as it proved to be.

At length the ex-emperor consented that Dr. Antommarchi should consult with Dr. Arnott, surgeon of the 20th regiment. But the united opinion of the medical gentlemen could not overcome the aversion of Napoleon to medicine, or shake the belief which he reposed in the gloomy doctrines of fatalism. "Quod scriptum scriptum," he replied in the language of a Moslem, "All that is to happen is written down. Our hour is marked, and it is not in our power to claim a moment longer of life than Fate has predestined for us."

* Dr. Shortt, physician to the forces; who, at this time, replaced Dr. Baxter as principal medical officer at St. Helena, and to whom we have been obliged for much valuable information.

Dr. Antommarchi finally prevailed in obtaining admittance for Dr. Arnott into the apartment and presence of the patient, who complained chiefly of his stomach, of the disposition to vomit, and deficiency of the digestive powers. He saw him, for the first time on 1st April, 1821, and continued his visits regularly. Napoleon expressed his opinion that his liver was affected. Dr. Arnott's observations led him to think, that though the action of the liver might be imperfect, the seat of the disease was to be looked for elsewhere. And here it is to be remarked, that Napoleon, when Dr. Antommarchi expressed doubts on the state of his stomach, had repelled them with sharpness, though his own private belief was, that he was afflicted with the disease of his father. Thus, with a capricious inconsistency, natural enough to a sick-bed, he communicated to some of his retinue his sense of what disease afflicted him, though, afraid perhaps of some course of medicine being proposed, he did not desire that his surgeon should know his suspicions.* From the 15th to the 25th of April, Napoleon was engaged from time to time in making his testamentary bequests. On the day last mentioned, he was greatly exhausted by the fatigue of writing, and showed symptoms of over-excitation. Among these may be safely included, a plan which he spoke of for reconciling all religious dissensions in France, which he said he had designed to carry into effect.

As the strength of the patient gradually sunk, the symptoms of his disease became less equivocal, until, on the 27th April, the ejection of a dark-colored fluid gave farther insight into the nature of the malady. Dr. Antommarchi persevered in attributing it to climate, which was flattering the wish of the patient, who desired to lay his death upon his confinement at St. Helena; while Dr. Arnott expressed his belief that the disease was the same which cut off his father in the pure air of Montpellier. Dr. Antommarchi, as usually happens to the reporter of a debate, silenced his antagonist in the argument, although Dr. Arnott had by this time obtained the patient's own authority for the assertion. Upon the 28th of April, Napoleon gave instructions to Antommarchi, that after his death his body should be opened, but that no English medical man should touch him, unless in the case of assistance being absolutely necessary, in which case he gave Antommarchi leave to call in that of Dr. Arnott. He directed that his heart should be conveyed to Parma, to Maria

* Madame Bertrand mentioned to Dr. Shortt, that Napoleon conceived himself dying of cancer in the stomach, which she considered as a mere whim.

Louisa; and requested anxiously that his stomach should be particularly examined, and the report transmitted to his son. "The vomitings," he said, "which succeeded one another without interruption, led me to suppose that the stomach is, of all my organs, the most diseased; and I am inclined to believe that it is attacked with the same disorder which killed my father,—I mean a scirrus in the pylorus." On the 2d May, the patient returned to the same interesting subject, reminding Antommarchi of his anxiety that the stomach should be carefully examined. "The physicians of Montpellier had announced that the scirrus in the pylorus would be hereditary in my family. Their report is, I believe, in the hands of Louis. Ask for it, and compare it with your own observations, that I may save my son from the sufferings I now experience."

During the 3d May, it was seen that the life of Napoleon was drawing evidently to a close; and his followers, and particularly his physician, became desirous to call in more medical assistance;—that of Dr. Shortt, physician to the forces, and of Dr. Mitchell, surgeon of the flag-ship, was referred to. Dr. Shortt, however, thought it proper to assert the dignity belonging to his profession, and refused to give an opinion on a case of so much importance in itself, and attended with so much obscurity, unless he were permitted to see and examine the patient. The officers of Napoleon's household excused themselves, by professing that the emperor's strict commands had been laid on them, that no English physician, Dr. Arnott excepted, should approach his dying bed. They said, that even when he was speechless, they would be unable to brook his eye, should he turn it upon them in reproof for their disobedience.

About two o'clock of the same day, the priest Vignali administered the sacrament of extreme unction. Some days before, Napoleon had explained to him the manner in which he desired his body should be laid out in state, in an apartment lighted by torches, or what Catholics call *un chambre ardente*. "I am neither," he said, in the same phrase which we have formerly quoted, "a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not every body who can be an atheist. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of the Catholic Church, and receive the assistance which it administers." He then turned to Dr. Antommarchi, whom he seems to have suspected of heterodoxy, which the doctor, however, disowned. "How can you carry it so far?" he said. "Can you not believe in God, whose existence every thing proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed?"

As if to mark a closing point of resemblance betwixt Cromwell and Napoleon, a dreadful tempest arose on the 4th May, which preceded the day that was to close the mortal existence of this extraordinary man. A willow, which had been the exile's favorite, and under which he had often enjoyed the fresh breeze, was torn up by the hurricane; and almost all the trees about Longwood shared the same fate.

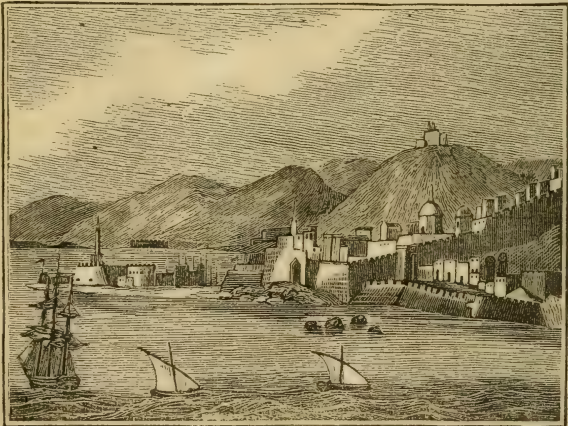
The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around. The words "*tête d'armée*," the last which escaped his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon, after a struggle which indicated the original strength of his constitution, breathed his last.

The officers of Napoleon's household were disposed to have the body anatomized in secret. But Sir Hudson Lowe had too deep a sense of the responsibility under which he and his country stood, to permit this to take place. He declared, that even if he were reduced to make use of force, he would insure the presence of English physicians at the dissection.

Generals Bertrand and Montholon, with Marchand, the valet-de-chambre of the deceased, were present at the operation, which was also witnessed by Sir Thomas Reade, and some British staff-officers. Drs. Thomas Shortt, Archibald Arnott, Charles Mitchell, Matthew Livingstone, and Francis Burton, all of them medical men, were also present. The cause of death was sufficiently evident. A large ulcer occupied almost the whole of the stomach. It was only the strong adhesion of the diseased parts of that organ to the concave surface of the lobe of the liver, which, being over the ulcer, had prolonged the patient's life by preventing the escape of the contents of the stomach into the cavity of the abdomen. All the other parts of the viscera were found in a tolerably healthy state. The report was signed by the British medical gentlemen present. Dr. Antommarchi was about to add his attestation, when, according to information which we consider as correct, General Bertrand interdicted his doing so, because the report was drawn up as relating to the body of *General Bonaparte*. Dr. Antommarchi's own account does not, we believe, greatly differ from that of the British professional persons, though he has drawn conclusions from it which are apparently inconsistent with the patient's own conviction, and the ghastly evidence of the anatomical operation. He continued to insist that his late patron had not died of the cancer which we



Tomb of Napoleon.—Page 311.



View of Algiers.—Page 312.

have described, or, in medical language, of scirrhus of the pylorus, but of a *chronic-gastro-hepatitis*, a disease he stated to be endemic in the island of St. Helena; although we do not observe it asserted or proved that the hospital of the island, at any time, produced a single case like that of the deceased captive.

The gentlemen of Napoleon's suit were desirous that his heart should be preserved and given to their custody. But Sir Hudson Lowe did not feel himself at liberty to permit this upon his own authority. He agreed, however, that the heart should be placed in a silver vase, filled with spirits, and interred along with the body; so that, in case his instructions from home should so permit, it might be afterwards disinterred and sent to Europe.

The place of interment became the next subject of discussion. On this subject Napoleon had been inconsistent. His testamentary disposition expressed a wish that his remains should be deposited on the banks of the Seine; a request which he could not for an instant suppose would be complied with, and which appears to have been made solely for the sake of producing effect. The reflection of an instant would have been sufficient to call to recollection, that he would not, while in power, have allowed Louis XVIII. a grave in the land of his fathers; nor *did* he permit the remains of the Duke D'Enghien any other interment than that assigned to the poorest outcast, who is huddled to earth on the spot on which he dies. But neither did the agitated state of the public mind, now general through Italy, recommend the measure.

A grave for the Emperor of France, within the limits of the rocky island to which his last years were limited, was the alternative that remained; and sensible that this was likely to be the case, he had himself indicated the spot where he wished to lie. It was a small secluded recess, called Slane's, or Hanes' Valley, where a fountain arose, at which his Chinese domestics used to fill the silver pitchers which they carried to Longwood for Napoleon's use. The spot had more of verdure and shade than any in the neighborhood; and the illustrious exile was often accustomed to repose under the beautiful weeping willows which overhung the spring. The body, after lying in state in his small bed-room, during which time it was visited by every person of condition in the island, was on the 8th May carried to the place of interment. The pall which covered the coffin was the military cloak which Napoleon had worn at the battle of Marengo. The members of his late household attended as mourners, and were followed by the governor, the admiral, and all the civil and

military authorities of the island. All the troops were under arms upon the solemn occasion. As the road did not permit a near approach of the hearse to the place of sepulture, a party of British grenadiers had the honor to bear the coffin to the grave. The prayers were recited by the priest Abbé Vignali. Minute guns were fired from the admiral's ship. The coffin was then let down into the grave, under a discharge of three successive volleys of artillery, fifteen pieces of cannon firing fifteen guns each. A large stone was then lowered down on the grave, and covered the moderate space now sufficient for the man for whom Europe was once too little.

BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

By an Officer engaged.

THE *Leander*, fitted for the flag of Rear-Admiral Milne, was at Spithead, in June, 1816, when Lord Exmouth arrived with a squadron from the Mediterranean, where a dispute had arisen between the Dey of Algiers and his lordship, in consequence of a massacre that took place at Bona, on the persons of foreigners, then under the protection of the British flag.

When the particulars were made known to government, Lord Exmouth was ordered to return to Algiers, and to demand, in the name of the Prince Regent, instant reparation for the insult offered to England. The squadron being still on the war establishment, the crews were discharged, and another expedition was ordered to be equipped with all possible dispatch. The *Leander* instantly offered her services, and she soon had the satisfaction to hear, that they were graciously accepted, and never was greater joy expressed throughout her crew, than when her captain (Chatham) announced the determination of the Admiralty, that she was to complete the war complement; an extra lieutenant (Monk) was appointed, a rendezvous for volunteers opened on the point at Portsmouth, and in ten days she was ready for sea, with 480 men on board.

Portsmouth, during this time, looked like itself in war. All sorts of persons came forward to enter; plowmen, watermen, and a whole band of itinerant musicians; some were taken, raw as they seemed to be, and others were rejected; certain it is, however, that two or three of our volunteers never had been a sea before. A zeal now showed itself from the captain to the boy seldom witnessed; duty, however incredible it may appear

actually became a pleasure, such was the excitement produced by the prospect of active service.

The flag of Rear-Admiral Milne was at length hoisted, and the *Leander* sailed for Plymouth, where she anchored in two days, and joined part of the squadron intended for the same service: the *Queen Charlotte*, bearing the flag of Lord Exmouth, soon appeared, and on the 29th of July, the expedition sailed from England with a fine easterly breeze. Now began the preparations for action; the people were exercised at the guns twice a day (Sunday excepted,) blank cartridges were occasionally fired, and the marines practiced with ball at a mark. Tubs were placed in different parts of the decks to hold an additional quantity of shot, double breechings fitted to the carronades, and spare breechings hung up over each long gun; midshipmen were stationed at the hatchways to preserve regularity in the supply of powder; preventer braces and toggles fitted to the lower yards, which were slung in chains; tuck-lines were fitted to the topsails to haul them snugly up, and casks were lashed along the decks with water to refresh the men.

The expedition arrived in Gibraltar in eleven days, when it was joined by a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a corvette, under the command of Vice-Admiral Von Capellan; five gun-boats were fitted out and manned by the ships of the line, and two transports were hired to attend with ammunition, &c. All lumber and bulkheads, were landed at the dock-yard; the ships were completed with water, and in all points ready for sea by the 13th of August. The Rear-Admiral shifted his flag into the *Impregnable*, and on the 14th the combined expedition sailed for Algiers. The *Leander* was ordered to take a transport in tow, and kept on the Admiral's weather-beam, and the Dutchmen kept to windward of all. We were met by an easterly wind two days after leaving Gibraltar, and on the third day we were joined by the *Prometheus*, from Algiers, whither she had been dispatched to bring away the British Consul; the Dey, however, was apprised of the expedition and detained him, as well as two boats' crews of the *Prometheus*, but the consul's wife and daughter escaped, and got safely on board.

The foul wind prevented the squadron making much way, but the time was employed to advantage, in constant exercise at the guns, and the men were brought as near to perfection as they could be; in handling them each man knew his own duty, as well as that of the captain of the gun, fireman, boarder, powder-man, rammer, &c. Each took his turn to the several

duties, and continued changing up to the 27th. A chain-cable was brought through the starboard-cabin-window, on the main deck, and bent to the bower-anchor forward, ready to bring the ship up by the stern, and a hempen-cable in the same way on the other side; the flying jib-booms were rigged in, to allow the ships to anchor near each other round the mole; in short, every precaution which the most seaman-like views could think of were taken to insure success: lastly, were the preparations of the surgeon, who had been long employed making conveniences for those who were doomed to require his assistance. Fearful as it was to see the lengths of bandages which he and his assistants were getting ready for wounded limbs, we could not but feel a satisfaction in the confidence which all justly placed in his skill and attention; for no man could, nor did with more success, exert himself, when the day of need arrived.

On Sunday, the 25th of August, the expedition had a fine breeze, and made great progress with a flowing sheet; divine service was performed, and on that occasion, when offering up prayers to the Almighty, by many for the last time, at public worship, feelings of the most satisfactory nature originated, which can never be forgotten by those who felt them; they gave a cool confidence when going into action, which the stranger to religious sentiments can never possess.

The coast of Africa was seen on Monday, and as the day dawned on Tuesday, the 27th, Algiers appeared about ten miles off. The morning was beautifully fine, with a haze which foretold the coming heat: as the morning advanced, the breeze failed us, but at nine o'clock we had neared the town to within about five miles; the long line of batteries were distinctly seen, with the red flag flying in all directions, and the masts of the shipping showed above the walls of the mole. The Severn, with a flag of truce flying, was detached with the terms of the Prince Regent, and this was a most anxious period, for we were in the dark as to the feelings of the Dey, whether the offered terms were such as he could consistently accept, or that left him no alternative but resistance. During this state of suspense, our people were as usual exercised at the guns, the boats hoisted out, and prepared for service by signal, and at noon we were ready for action.

The ship's company were piped to dinner, and at one o'clock the captain and officers sat down to theirs in the gun-room, the principal dish of which was a substantial sea pie; wine was pledged in a bumper to a successful attack, and a general expression of hope for an unsuccessful negotiation. At this time,

the officer of the watch reported to the captain, that the admiral had made the general telegraph "Are you ready?" Cheatham immediately directed that our answer "ready" should be shown, and at the same moment the like signal was flying at the mast-heads of the entire squadron. The mess now broke up, each individual of it quietly making arrangements with the other in the event of accident, and we had scarcely reached the deck, when the signal to "bear up" was out, the commander-in-chief leading the way, with a fine steady breeze blowing on the land. We ran in on the admiral's larboard-beam, keeping within two cables' length of him; the long guns were loaded with round and grape, the carronades with grape only; our sail was reduced to the topsails and top-gallant sails, the main-sail furled, and the boats dropped astern in tow. The ships were now steering to their appointed stations, and the gun-boats showing their eagerness, by a crowd of sail, to get alongside the batteries. As we drew towards the shore, the Algerines were observed loading their guns, and a vast number of spectators were assembled on the beach, idly gazing at the approach of the squadron, seemingly quite unconscious of what was about to happen. Far different were appearances at the mouth of the mole as it opened; the row-boats, fully manned, were lying on their oars, quite prepared for the attack, and we fully expected they would attempt to board should an opportunity offer; each boat had a flag hanging over the stern. A frigate was moored across the mouth of the mole, and a small brig was at anchor outside of her.

At fifteen minutes before three P. M. the Queen Charlotte came to an anchor by the stern, at the distance of sixty yards from the beach, and, as was ascertained by measurement, ninety yards from the muzzles of the guns of the mole batteries, unmolested, and with all the quietude of a friendly harbor; her flag flew at the main, and the colors at the peak; her starboard broadside flanked the whole range of batteries from the mole head to the lighthouse, her topsail yards (as were those of the whole squadron,) remained aloft, to be more secure from fire, and the sails brought snugly to the yards by headlines previously fitted; the top-gallant sails and small sails only were furled, so that we had no man unnecessarily exposed aloft.

The Leander, following the motions of the Admiral, was brought up with two anchors by the stern, let go on his larboard beam, veered away, until she obtained a position nearly a-head of him, then let go an anchor under foot, open by this to a battery on the starboard side at the bottom of the mole, and

to the fish-market battery on the larboard side. At this moment Lord Exmouth was seen waving his hat on the poop to the idlers on the beach to get out of the way, then a loud cheer was heard, and the whole of the Queen Charlotte's tremendous broadside was thrown into the batteries abreast of her; this measure was promptly taken, as the smoke of a gun was observed to issue from some part of the enemy's work, so that the sound of the British guns was heard almost in the same instant with that to which the smoke belonged. The cheers of the Queen Charlotte were loudly echoed by those of the Leander, and the contents of her starboard broadside as quickly followed, carrying destruction into the groups of row-boats; as the smoke opened, the fragments of boats were seen floating, their crews swimming and scrambling, as many as escaped the shot, to the shore; another broadside annihilated them. The enemy was not slack in returning this warm salute, for almost before the shot escaped from our guns, a man standing on the fore-castle bits, hauling on the topsail buntlines, received a musket bullet in his left arm, which broke the bone, and commenced the labors in the cockpit. The action became general as soon as the ships had occupied their positions, and we were engaged with the batteries on either side; so close were we, that the enemy were distinctly seen loading their guns above us. After a few broadsides, we brought our starboard broadside to bear on the fish-market, and our larboard side then looked to seaward. The rocket-boats were now throwing rockets over our ships into the mole, the effects of which, were occasionally seen on the shipping on our larboard bow. The Dutch flag was to be seen flying at the fore of the Dutch admiral, who, with his squadron, were engaging the batteries to the eastward of the mole. The fresh breeze which brought us in was gradually driven away by the cannonade, and the smoke of our guns so hung about us, that we were obliged to wait until it cleared; for the men took deliberate and certain aims, training their guns until they were fully satisfied of their precision. But our enemies gave us no reason to suppose that they were idle; so great was the havoc which they made amongst us, that the surgeon in his report stated, that sixty-five men were brought to him wounded after the first and second broadsides. Poor Baxter, the subaltern of marines, who had been presiding at the mess-table just half an hour before in all the vigor of health, was shot through the head by a musket bullet, while he was leaning on the hammock-rails, looking towards the shore. The captain of marines, (Wilson,) in a later stage of the business

fell by a double-headed shot, which carried away both his legs; the marines were at the great guns, so that their officers had but little to do, and no doubt Baxter was picked off. A very fine boy, Sturt, a midshipman at the gangway quarters, came running past severely wounded by a musket bullet likewise, and another midshipman, Hanwell, at the same quarters, fell, shot in the spine, in the same way.

About four o'clock, a boat, with an officer, came with orders from the admiral to cease firing, as an attempt to destroy the Algerine frigates was about to be made. Accordingly, three boats pushed into the mole, running the gantlet in gallant style; they boarded the outermost frigate, which was found deserted by her crew, and in a few minutes she was in a blaze; in doing this the boats' crew suffered severely. The smoke of our last broadside had scarcely left us, when the Algerines renewed their fire of musketry upon our decks; fortunately the men were lying down by the guns, and the officers alone were marks for them, but one midshipman was their only victim at this time. The masts began to suffer in all parts, splinters were falling from them, and shreds of canvas from the sails came down upon us in great quantities; traces, bow-lines, and other running gear, suffered equally; the shrouds, fore and aft, got cut up so quickly, that the rigging men attempted in vain to knot them, and were at last forced to leave the rigging to its fate.

When the boats returned, we recommenced our fire with renewed vigor; occasionally a flag-staff was knocked down, a fact which was always announced with a cheer, each captain of a gun believing himself to be the faithful marksman. The Algerine squadron now began, as it were, to follow the motions of the outer frigate; the rockets had taken effect, and they all burned merrily together. A hot shot, about this time, struck a powder-box, on which was sitting a powder-boy; he, poor fellow, was blown up, and another near him was dreadfully scorched.

Through the intervals of smoke, the sad devastation in the enemy's works was made visible; the whole of the mole head, near the Queen Charlotte, was a ruin, and the guns were consequently silenced; but we were not so fortunate with the fish-market; the guns there still annoyed us, and ours seemed to make no impression. A battery in the upper angle of the town was also untouched, and we were so much under it, that the shot actually came through our decks, without touching the bulwarks, and we could not elevate our guns sufficiently to check them.

As the sun was setting behind the town, the whole of the shipping in the mole were in flames; their cables burned through, left them at the mercy of every breeze: the outermost frigate threatened the Queen Charlotte with a similar fate, but a breeze sent her clear on towards the Leander; a most intense heat came from her, and we expected every moment to be in contact; the flames were burning with great power at the mast heads, and the loose fire was flying about in such a way that there seemed little chance of our escaping, but we checked her progress towards us, by firing into her, and in the act of hauling out, we were rejoiced to see a welcome sea-breeze alter the direction of the flames aloft, the same sea-breeze soon reached her hull, and we had the satisfaction in a few minutes to see her touch the shore to which she belonged.

The guns were now so much heated by the incessant fire kept up, that we were forced to reduce the cartridges nearly one-half, as well as to wait their cooling before reloading; the men, too, were so reduced at some guns, that they required the assistance of the others to work them; the aftermost gun on the gangway had only two men left untouched. Between seven and eight o'clock, the fire of the enemy's guns had sensibly diminished, and their people were running in crowds from the demolished works to the great gate of the city; they were distinctly seen in all their movements by the light of their burning navy and arsenal. The battery in the upper angle of the town, which was too high to fire upon, kept up a galling fire, and another farther to the eastward was still at work. To bring our broadside to bear on it, a hawser was run out to the Severn, on our larboard bow, the ship was swung to the proper bearing, and we soon checked them. At 45 minutes past nine, the squadron began to haul out, some making sail, and taking advantage of a light air off the land, while others were towing and warping; the only sail which we had fit to set, was the main-topmast stay-sail, and this was of too stout canvas to feel the breeze; the boats of our own ship were unable to move her, after a kedge-anchor, which was run out to the length of the stream-cable, had come home; thus we were left, dependant either on a breeze or the assistance of the squadron. An officer was sent to tell the admiral our situation, but the boat was sunk from under the crew, who were picked up by another; a second boat was more successful, and the admiral ordered all the boats he could collect to our assistance. At this time the Severn, near us, had caught the breeze, and was moving steadily out; a hawser was made fast to her mizen-chains, secured to its

care end, which had just sufficient length to reach the painter of the headmost boat, towing; by this means the *Leander's* head was checked round, and we had again the gratification to see her following the others of the squadron. The small portion of our sails were set to assist our progress, but without the help of the *Severn* there we should have remained; our mizen-topmast fell into the main-top, shot through. When the *Algerines* saw us retiring they returned to the guns which they had previously abandoned, and again commenced a fire on the boats, which made the water literally in a foam; this fire was returned by our quarter guns, but with very little effect. As we left the land, the breeze increased, the *Severn* cast off her tow, and our boats returned on board; at 25 minutes past eleven we fired our last gun, and the cannonade was succeeded by a storm of thunder and lightning.

At midnight we anchored within three miles of the scene of action; the report of a gun on shore was still heard at intervals, but all was soon quiet, except the shipping in the mole, which continued to burn, keeping all around brilliantly illuminated. We now attempted to furl sails, but the men were so thoroughly stiffened by the short period of inaction since the firing ceased, that they stuck almost powerless to the yards; after great exertion, the gaskets were somehow passed round the yards, and the labors of the day ended; grog was served out, and the hammocks piped down, but few had the inclination to hang them up.

Soon after daylight we mustered at quarters, and found that 16 officers and men were killed, and 120 wounded; the three lower masts badly wounded, every spar wounded, except the spanker-boom; the shrouds cut in all parts, leaving the masts unsupported, which would have fallen had there been the least motion; the running gear entirely cut to pieces; the boats all shot through; the bulwarks riddled with grape and musketry; 96 round-shot in the starboard side, some of them between wind and water; the guns were all uninjured to any extent, and remained, the only part of the *Leander*, efficient.

At nine o'clock, Capt. Mitchell came on board from Lord Exmouth, to thank Capt. Chetham for the position taken up by the *Leander*, and for the able support she had given him throughout the day.

The town had a very different appearance this morning to that which it presented the day before. Instead of clean white walls, decorated with flags, and a mole well filled with shipping, there was but the ruins of a town; a few houses in the

upper part remained untouched, but lower down it was one undistinguishable mass; smoke rising from the fragments of the ships destroyed was seen in many directions, and the wrecks of boats and larger vessels were drifting about unclaimed by either party.

The ship's company were again at work, clearing decks, unbending sails, and making every preparation to renew the action; but at noon we had the satisfaction to hear that the Dey had accepted the terms which were offered him the day before; at the same time that this information was conveyed to the squadron, a general order was issued to offer up "public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the signal victory obtained by the arms of England."

On this day the bodies of our departed shipmates were ranged on gratings along the upper-deck for interment; the captain read the funeral service in the presence of the whole crew assembled round, and when he came to the passage, "we commit their bodies to the deep," the remains of officers and men were launched into the ocean, within three miles of the spot where they met their fate. The wounded were made as comfortable as a ship could make them; they were placed in cots, hung up on the main-deck, occupying the whole space between the main-mast and cabin-windows, and they received from the officers all the fresh stock which they possessed.

On the 31st of August, Admiral Milne rehoisted his flag in the *Leander*, and sailed the following day for England with dispatches; but her passage to Gibraltar was so tedious, on account of her being under jury top-masts and yards, that he shifted his flag to the *Glasgow*, and proceeded in her, leaving us to make the best of our way. At the end of September we arrived at Spithead.

DESTRUCTION OF THE JANISSARIES.

THE account of the destruction of this formidable and turbulent body of Turkish soldiers, by Mahmood, the present Sultan, is from "Mac Farlane, Constantinople in 1828." The immediate cause of the revolt and destruction of the Janissaries, was their unwillingness to conform to the new discipline which the Sultan is endeavoring to introduce into his army.

"Although the Janissaries apparently submitted to a restraint so uncongenial to their habits of licentiousness, Mahmood

knew that they were only waiting for an opportunity to break out into violence and rebellion, and he therefore arranged things in such a manner that they should do so when it suited his own purpose. A blow struck by an Egyptian officer, was the immediate cause of the Janissaries' last rising.

"When the Janissaries declared, as usual, their revolt, by reversing their pilaff-kettles in the square of the Et-meidan, and invoking the name of the Hadji-Bektach, their sainted patron, the Sultan was coolly seated in a kiosk of Beshik-tash, on the Bosphorus, about a mile and a half from the city, with a council composed of all the principal Osmanlis within call; the Topji-Bashi was ready with his guns and grape-shot; the Agha-Pasha of Yenikeui had a formidable body, on whom he could rely, ready to move at a moment's notice; the Bostandjis were under arms within the walls of the seraglio, and the Galiondjis were masters of the port, and could interrupt any communications with the city by sea. The first fury of the insurgents was directed against the Janissary-Agha; but his person was secure in the council, and they found nothing in his palace but a number of old women, a portion of his harem which, from their low value, he had not cared to remove, and his kehaya, or lieutenant, who, it should appear, had not been admitted to all the secrets of the plot. The first of these inmates (according to precedent, in which age and ugliness were never a protection,) the Janissaries brutally abused; the last, they cut to pieces. They next proceeded, gathering on their way an increase of strength from the mob and their brethren of the new school, who tore off their tactico uniforms, to the palace of the Porte, which they battered to pieces, and pillaged or destroyed whatever was in it. As the papers might contain the abominable registers of their organization, and the history of their disgrace, they condemned all the archives to the flames—producing more light from Turkish records and diplomacy than had perhaps ever before been elicited from their palpable obscurity.

"This was the last of their exploits. The topjis landed well prepared, under the walls of the seraglio, from their barracks at Tophana, which are situated at the opposite entrance of the port, at not much more than half a mile's distance. The Agha-Pasha descended the Bosphorus, and poured his forces into the city—the Janissaries neglecting to oppose these landings. The Sultan and all his grandees, confident in the means of his protection, entered the seraglio, took down the sangiac-sheriff, or sacred standard of Mahomet, and, headed by a number of Oule-

mas reciting apposite passages from the Koran, proceeded forth with to the imperial mosque of Achmet, or the square of the Hippodrome, at a very few paces from the palace. Here the Janissaries lost their only remaining chance of success, which would have been to make one general and determined rush to seize the person of Mahmood; but they were deterred by the apprehensions of his being killed in the attack; his sons were children—infants; they could not succeed: the life of the Sultan and the existence of the Ottoman empire were identified and sacred; and having no imperial brother or cousin to rally round, they retired to shout Hadji-Bekdash, and spit upon the tactical uniforms, and beat their caldrons, in the ‘place of meat,’* where they were speedily to be made meat for dogs. The Sultan’s procession in the mean time gained the interior of the spacious mosque, and there removing the envelopes of green silk from the sacred relic, the sangiac-sheriff was displayed, and the Sultan, the mufti, and Oulemas in concert, pronounced a curse and a sentence of eternal dissolution on the Janissary body that had existed for four centuries and a half.

“To give a color to the extremities he was determined to resort to, the Sultan dispatched a promise of pardon to the insurgents, on conditions he well knew they would never accept. When their scornful reply, and their demand for the blood of their enemies and of ‘the subverters of the ancient usages of the empire’ were received, Mahmood ordered a general attack, having secured the mufti’s *fatwa*, which gave a spiritual sanction to the destruction of all that should resist the imperial arms. The topjis and their artillery, supported by the troops of the Agha-Pasha, hurried through the different narrow streets that open on the Et-meidan square. If the Janissaries had had a few intelligent officers to direct their movements, the final result might have been delayed, and their fate somewhat different; but all such officers had been gained by the Sultan, and they were abandoned to their own blindness and stupidity. Instead of keeping open their communications with the gates of the city on the land side, and the country beyond the walls, they suffered themselves to be surrounded in a crowded square. They saw the topjis *deboucher* on the front and the flanks of the square, and point their guns, but they did not move until the artillery was heard rattling over the paved streets in their rear, and when they did move, every avenue was occupied by the enemy. Their

* Et-meidan is the name of the great square where the Janissaries assembled. *Et* signifying meat, and *meidan* square or place.

tardy movement was however tremendous ; it was the rush of a compact mass of thousands ; grape-shot might rake that mass with tremendous effect, but the original impulse might carry the desperate survivors over the guns before they could be re-loaded, and there were but two pieces of artillery, insufficiently supported, in the avenue to which they were advancing. When the topjis saw the dreadful wave rolling towards them, and heard their brethren calling on their prophet, and on other objects of common adoration, they wavered—they turned from their guns. This was the awful crisis. A determined officer of the topjis, known by the significant name of Kara-djehennem (or Black Hell) rushed to one of the guns, and fired it, by discharging his pistol over the priming. The effect of grape-shot on the solid body cooped up in a narrow street, was horrible ; the impulse, even of despair, did not suffice to impel the Janissaries forward ; they were thrown back towards the square, and another flight of grape from the second gun completed their route and discomfiture. These two guns pealed the knell of the sons of Hadji-Bekdash, and Kara-djehennem was avowedly the hero of the day.

“ What remained was of easy execution ; the troops rushed from every avenue on the square. The public criers, and other agents of the government scattered through the city to give notice of the decisions of the Sultan and the mufti, and to awaken the reverential awe for the sangiac-sheriff, produced a decided turn in the popular feeling, and the peaceful denizens of Constantinople rushed to the scene of action, repeating the anathemas against the Janissaries. The vein of kindred blood once opened, it flowed like a torrent without exciting sympathy, and in a brief space the hearts of gathered thousands were animated with one unrelenting spirit—with one aim—the utter annihilation of the Janissaries. Even those who, in the natural state of their minds, would have retired, in their timidity and aversion to deeds of blood, were now carried on by the general stream ; and from the same feeling which throws a pack of whelps on the dog beaten by his antagonist, this mob mechanically added its weight to crush the falling Janissaries.”

But besides those who fell in this day of blood, Mahmood caused many thousands more to be strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus, while only a few hundreds were condemned to the milder punishment of imprisonment for life. The Asiatics, who had enrolled themselves among this once so formidable body, were sent away from the capital, without money or provisions, and many of them perished from want on the roads

to their distant homes. The government seized on the property of all those who had been killed or banished, which is variously estimated at from twelve to twenty thousand pounds

EXPLOITS OF KANARIS.

[From the United Service Journal.]

WHILE we entertain no very high opinion of the Greeks, as a nation, we are desirous of appreciating the high merit of some individuals. We have witnessed various instances of admirable devotion and patriotism; and while many were distinguished by sagacity and courage, others, possessing wealth and comfort, ruined themselves by generous contributions to the cause. It is the exploits of one of these heroes, Constantine Kanaris, that we are now about to relate, and the story will be told in very nearly his own words. We should observe, that, at the time of which we shall speak, the Greek fleet consisted of about 180 vessels, of various sizes, and was manned by from 15 to 20,000 seamen. These ships were chiefly fitted out by the spirited natives of Hydra, Spezzia, Psara, and Samos; but though the naval prowess of the insurgents was loudly bruited, it was but little superior to that of the Turks, who are, perhaps, the most contemptible maritime enemies that can possibly be found afloat. Instead of a decided plan of operations, the patriot-sailors took to piracy, and no other idea of conquering the naval force of the incautious Ottoman than by fire-ships, which, as an exclusive mode of warfare, must be condemned; while against the Turks, whom a strict fatalism renders singularly callous and careless of human life, it is inefficient.

The atrocious massacre at Scio, in the summer of 1822, had struck fury into the minds of the Greeks who were cruising in the vicinity; but their leaders did not seem to partake the feeling, if we may judge by their discreditable inactivity. But that horrid carnage had hardly ceased, when it was reserved for Kanaris to deal retribution upon some of the perpetrators.

Towards the close of the Ramadam, the Greek squadron returned to their respective ports, without having made any serious disposition to attack the Turkish fleet at Scio, although they had twice entered the strait which divides that island from Asia Minor, for the purpose. It was on the last of these occasions, while losing sight of the enemy in the distance, that the idea first struck Kanaris, that all had not been done which

ought to have been, and of the possibility of destroying some of the ships single-handed by surprise. While pacing his deck he matured a plan, and immediately on his arrival at Psara, made a proposal to his superiors, which was most readily acceded to.

Previous to this, Kanaris had commanded the Platoff fire-ship, with such credit as to have gained general notice; and in the retreat through the Spalmador passage, he dropped astern of his companions, backed his main top-sail, and was the last out of the straits, a station of his own choice, in order, he said, to protect the rear of the fleet. This afforded him an opportunity of observing the sluggishness of the larger ships of the enemy; and from that moment he felt so thoroughly persuaded of success, that he resolved to venture at all hazards, notwithstanding two other vessels, commanded by Nicolao Apostolo, the admiral's son, had failed but a very short time before, owing, it was thought, to their being fired too soon.

Hearing the intention of Kanaris, the captain of a Hydriot brig, Andrea Pepino, volunteered his services to accompany him, and was accepted. Their two vessels were carefully fitted for the deadly purpose, and manned with picked crews of twenty-three men each. The combustibles were of the most inflammable and inextinguishable description; and two large swift-rowing boats were given them to effect their escape in. Thus equipped, they sailed for the port of Kaloni, in Mytilene, in order, from its advantageous position to the northward of Scio, to await there the opportunity of the first northerly wind for carrying their project into execution, as well as to create less suspicion by coming from that quarter.

Owing to light, baffling winds, they were three days on their passage to Kaloni, and it was not till the third day after that they got a breeze suitable to their wishes. In the mean time they amused themselves, fishing and sporting in and about the harbor.

On Wednesday, the 19th of June, at noon, (the sixth day from Psara,) they sailed, with a steady breeze from the N. E., steering direct for Spalmador island, intending to get within the straits of Scio as soon after dusk as possible. On nearing Spalmador, they got sight of the look-out Turkish squadron of five sail, (three brigs and two schooners,) cruising to the northward of the island; on which they hauled up and shaped a course as if bound into Smyrna, but kept the yards fine, to check the vessel's way as much as possible. This deception answered, for so little did the Turks understand their

duty as cruisers, that they made no disposition to follow. Another difficulty arose; an English man-of-war hove in sight, bound into the gulf, and Kanaris was well aware of the vigilance which British sailors use; he was, therefore, however perilous, under the necessity of showing his colors to her, but he hauled them down again immediately after, to prevent their being made out by the Turks.

At sunset he had lost sight of the Turks behind Karabouna, on which he altered his course, and rounded the cape, keeping the main close on board. As he approached the entrance of the straits the wind gradually died away; and when abreast of Green Island, about 10 P. M. it fell nearly calm. Pepino, the Hydriot captain, hailed him at this time, and asked Kanaris, "What do you intend doing? do you think it safe to go on? the wind is very light; will it not be better to give it up for to-night, and take a more favorable opportunity? If we get becalmed inside the islands the chances will be against our getting out again." Kanaris boldly replied, "There is nothing to fear; we shall have a breeze presently, and we have some time yet till day-light." A short time after, the Hydriot hailed him again to the same effect, and he answered, with something of asperity in his tone, "It is my intention to proceed, come what may; I will either do the business at once, or not at all." Some of Kanaris' crew now began to feel dissatisfied; and, hearing them mutter about the chances of being taken, and that it would be better to make the attempt on some other night, he called them aft and upbraided them with their wavering: "Did I ask you to come with me?" demanded he; "was it not your own voluntary choice? Did not ye beg of me to take ye? If ye are tired of the thing already, and want to get home again, ye had better jump overboard and be off at once; and if that won't please ye, I must declare that ye are all under my command, and if one of you dare open your mouths again on the subject, I will cut his throat that instant." From that moment he had no further trouble with them, and they obeyed every order implicitly.

On nearing Hippo island, the five look-out cruisers were observed to leeward of Spalmador, standing across towards the main, on the larboard tack; and a large ship on the opposite tack, was seen in the middle of the channel. This ship showed a light, which was answered by the others, each of whom showed one. This was a ticklish moment; Kanaris braced his yards in, and kept them pointed as near as the wind would allow, and on towards the Turks, to prevent their seeing him

The land here being very high, by keeping close under it, he luckily passed unperceived, and the breeze freshening up again, soon carried him out of sight.

To leeward of Hippo island the land trends down to a low point, off which lies a shoal, which he bordered on as close as the lead would permit, till, having rounded it, he braced sharp up, and hauled directly across for the town of Scio. When about mid-channel over he saw the Turkish fleet with their lights up for the festival of the Bairam: "Look, my lads!" said he to his crew, "those fellows shall have better lights before their feasting is over." But the body of them were rather on his weather-bow, owing to the wind having drawn more to the N. W. off the hills of Scio. This was unfortunate, as Kanaris had allowed for hauling his wind from the shoal-point sufficient room for passing to windward of the whole, from whence he intended to bear up and choose his object. Two of the largest ships, however, being the leewardmost, still laid within his reach, and he stood towards them, while they, having no suspicion of an enemy eluding the vigilance of their look-out, supposed they were vessels belonging to their own fleet. It was about two in the morning, when the weathermost ship of the two, which proved to be the Capudan Pasha, hailed Kanaris as he approached, who, without making reply, steadily continued his course. Pepino, the Hydriot, now grappled this ship on the larboard side, and applying the fire there, spread consternation on board; but she was injudiciously placed, and unfortunately kindled too soon, so that the prodigious efforts of the Turkish crew at length succeeded in disengaging her, after which she was sunk. This was but a momentary respite for the Capudan Pasha, for in a few minutes Kanaris laid him aboard athwart his bowsprit, and in that position set fire to the fatal train. In the panic, no sort of opposition was made, nor were there many people apparently now upon her decks; but notwithstanding, Kanaris, feeling anxious to escape, hurried his men into the boat; one of them, however, a fellow full of humor, begged to stop a little, something having just occurred to him, which he said he wished to tell the Turks, and catching up the trumpet, he bawled out—"There is a fire for you—put it out if you can." This timely joke added considerably to the spirits and confidence of the Greeks; and they pulled away before the wind, to escape by the southern end of the straits, where, meeting no impediment, they arrived by daylight. At about 10 A. M. they got on board one of their cruisers off the

little isle of Venecchia, and at sunset anchored at Psara, amidst the loud acclamations of their compatriots.

In the mean time the flames spread over the ill-fated line-of-battle ship with such rapidity, that every effort to save her was utterly useless; and within three quarters of an hour she blew up with a deafening explosion. The Capudan Pasha, though severely wounded, was unwilling to quit his ship, but as the fire increased, his officers forced him into a boat along side; a mast, however, which immediately fell, wounded him mortally on the head, and sunk the boat. He was brought ashore on part of the wreck, and expired within an hour after; and at 10 o'clock the next morning, at the very moment that Kanaris had accomplished his escape, was buried in the castle of Scio. With the crew, and the prisoners on board, among whom were about 80 Greek women, there were upwards of 1200 people destroyed.

This success led to a second expedition. On the arrival of the Turkish fleet off Tenedos, the Greek cruisers having previously quitted the coasts and returned to their respective ports, Kanaris was appointed to disturb them. Having made all his arrangements, he sailed from Psara on Friday the 8th of November, 1822, at sunset, with two well-equipped fire-vessels, the one a brig called the Emperor Alexander, carrying 21 men, including himself, and the greater part of whom had served under him in the former expedition to Scio; the other, a small coasting *saccolava*, as a better deception than two square-rigged vessels, with the same number of hands, commanded by Giorgio Nicolas Brastanos. Two settees accompanied them as an escort, the largest having 34 men and 8 guns, the smallest 28 men and 3 guns, for the purpose of receiving them on board on the completion of their enterprise. Accordingly, on the noon of Saturday, the 9th, they were off Cape Sigri, in Mytilene, with light airs from the southward, having run about forty-five miles since the preceding evening at sunset.

At the close of day they were about half-way between Sigri and Cape Baba, steering for the latter, when the wind freshening gradually, the *saccolava* was taken in tow. Having arrived off Cape Baba, the two settees were sent away to rendezvous to the S. W. of Tenedos, within sight of the anchorage; there to wait, and, in the event of success, to make the best of their way, immediately that they observed the fire break out, to the edge of the great shoal on the east side of Lemnos, where Kanaris intended to pull, under the idea of escaping pursuit, if chased by Turkish frigates, by getting into shallow water. If

no fire was perceived, then they were to take it for granted the fleet was not at Tenedos, in which case Kanaris was to run on through the roadstead to Imbro, where the settees were to rejoin him, and from thence concert further measures against the fleet in the Dardanelles.

Having parted company with the settees, Kanaris hauled in close under the land, keeping it as close aboard as possible, to prevent being seen by the Turkish look-out ships. They passed a corvette standing off on the larboard tack; but as she paid no attention to him, they supposed her to be French. At eleven he was obliged to cast off the tow, the breeze having freshened considerably; and to enable the *saccolava* to keep up, he took in his top-gallant-sails, going between six and seven knots.

About midnight they saw Tenedos; and a few minutes afterwards observed three Turkish frigates under easy sail standing off on the larboard tack. These our hero passed astern of unperceived, by hugging the shore close on board. To the northward of Scorpiata a long shoal runs off, which obliged him to keep a greater offing; and as he drew out from under the land, the frigates tacked, and one of them set her foresail as if to chase him. But this was only an inference; for the Turks, ignorant of what was being wafted against them in the darkness, took no other notice of them. In a few minutes more, Kanaris discovered the lights of the flag ship; and in about a quarter of an hour plainly distinguished three huge line-of-battle ships riding towards the main land, with their heads to the westward, and the wind on the larboard beam, owing to a strong current setting to windward through the roadstead out of the Dardanelles. The frigates and small craft were lying more in shore, near the Troad, relying on the look-out squadron for protection.

The *saccolava* being still astern, and Kanaris perceiving that the ships with the lights aboard (which he therefore took to be the flag) lay to leeward of the nearest line-of-battle ship, and that to get at her he must pass within hail of the latter, he decided on assigning the nearest ship, as the least difficult, to the *saccolava*, in order that he might not be accused of acting unfairly, and that, by not lighting his own vessel first, his companion might have a better chance of succeeding. Besides which, he dryly observed, the first in command was always his quarry.

Having thus decided, he stood direct for his unsuspecting prey. Fortunately the first ship paid no attention to him, though he passed so near as to hear the voices of her crew; but instant-

ly afterwards he was hailed by the second, who, on receiving no answer, fired two shot at him, one of which went through the head of his mainsail, and a third shot was fired from the other ship at the saccoleva. To prevent the chance of cutting away his running gear, Kanaris racked the halliards and ties aloft, and in this manner, with full way on him, and a fresh breeze, going six or seven knots, he ran his vessel on board, stem on to the larboard bow of his antagonist, under the fore-chains, his bowsprit luckily going into one of the ports. It was his original intention to have steered for her spritsail-yard, but observing her lying broadside on, he was afraid the fire would be too much ahead, and therefore steered a course for her foremast. As he drew near her, he perceived a multitude of people on her poop, all in fright and confusion, calling aloud to their prophet, and exclaiming, "She is a fire-ship! a pirate! an infidel! Fire away! sink her!" with other cries of terror. A great many of them, at the same time, leaped into a boat astern; but when once Kanaris was alongside, no effort was made, nor even a musket fired at him.

Just as he was approaching his object, Kanaris sent his men into the boat on the larboard side of the brig, sitting himself on the larboard gunwale, from whence he conned, as she was steered to her destined position; and when thoroughly grappled fast, lighted the train from the boat, and hailed the Turk—"We are no Austrians—(a report having reached him that he wore Austrian colors at Scio)—nor pirates, but true Psaraotes and the same that burnt your Capudan Pasha at Scio!" The flames flew fore and aft in an instant, and the breeze being very fresh, they communicated almost as rapidly with the Turk, whence the most dreadful shrieks and yells were now proceeding from people who were shortly silent for ever.

The same instant that his own vessel was kindled, Kanaris had the mortification of perceiving that the saccoleva was very improperly fired. Being lighted too soon, as at Scio in the instance of the Hydriot, the vessel did not get a thorough hold, and broke adrift without accomplishing her object. This was just what he anticipated, and to prevent the probability of which, he had so nobly resigned his own claim to Captain Brastanos. No sooner had he shoved off in his boat, than he observed a Turkish frigate steering directly towards him, and to avoid her he stood close in to the town of Tenedos, where she lost sight of him under the land, which he kept close on board, pulling head to wind, and when clear of the south point of the island, tossed up his mast and made sail for Lemnos, where with the



Greek Fire Ships.—Page 330.



Attempt to assassinate Stanislaus.—Page 367.

assistance of their oars and a good breeze, they arrived by eight o'clock. When abreast of the eastern point, about half an hour after he had quitted the fire-ship, he observed the line-of-battle ship entirely in flames; her three masts, as he said, burning "like three candles." The other ships of the fleet were firing guns, and, in the greatest confusion, falling on board of each other, some with their cables cut, others with their sails loose, and some apparently on the shoal. There being a swell on, and a fresh breeze, much distress and mischief must have ensued. The light of the brilliant flames enabled him clearly to distinguish the different objects. It was about three o'clock on Sunday morning of the 10th when he laid his desolating brig along side.

Finding the two settees punctual to their rendezvous off Lemnos, Kanaris immediately went on board, and there being no signs of the other boat with the crew of the *saccoliva*, he sent the settee appointed as her escort to look out to windward of Tenedos, while he bore up towards the N. E. end of the island, to be ready in case the boat should have rowed through the roadstead, and had come out at that end. In about an hour after the *saccoliva's* settee made signal of having picked up the boat, upon which they both made sail to the westward, undisturbed by any of the imbecile cruisers of their enemy, whose frigates, with common attention ought to have caught them. The whole of this enterprise was so ably and suddenly executed, that not the most trifling casualty occurred to the Greeks, and every man returned to Psara without a hair of his head singed. Contrary winds detained the settees at S. Giorgio di Skyros three days, where they were received with the greatest joy and hospitality by their countrymen. The next evening Brastanos reached Psara, and the following morning Kanaris returned into port, under a salute from every gun in the island. On landing, he was met by a procession, which conducted him to the church, where a public and solemn thanksgiving was offered up to the Most High, for the success which had attended their hero's undertaking.

Kanaris afterwards attempted to set a Turkish ship on fire in the day-time, and while under sail; but his vessel falling astern, he missed his aim, and was obliged to retreat with the utmost precipitation to effect his escape, two of his men being killed, and himself wounded in the hand.

In 1824, the capture of Psara by the Turkish admiral, and its re-capture by the Psaraote sailors, gave ample employment to the energies of Kanaris, who was at every post where he

could be serviceable. In August of the same year, the Ottoman forces having made a descent on Samos, a Greek squadron, under the command of Giorgius Taktouri, advanced to relieve that important island, when several skirmishes took place. On the morning of the 16th, the Pasha stood out with twenty-two ships and vessels, and Taktouri met him with sixteen under his own flag, and some vessels commanded by Kanaris, who had a sort of roving commission. An obstinate combat ensued, in which our hero tried all his art to *hook* an enemy, without being able to close. The Turks were, however, thrown into disorder and retreated. But on the following morning they again approached under a leading breeze, on which the Greek admiral ordered all his fire-ships to make sail, under the escort of the different ships of war, and there was every appearance of both sides fighting to extremity.

At 10 A. M., the brulot of Captain Demetrius Zapli approached a heavy frigate and grappled with her, but by the freshness of the breeze and the assistance of some galleys, she escaped the impending danger. Though this attempt was unsuccessful, it afforded the daring Kanaris an opportunity of coming up with the same frigate, and he succeeded by 11 o'clock in grappling her whilst under full sail. In an awfully short space of time she was all in flames; and the devouring element penetrating quickly to the magazine, she blew up with a horrid crash, not only launching her own 600 men into eternity, but proving fatal to several vessels inshore of her. On this brilliant occasion, Kanaris lost only two of his crew.

Kanaris is a modest man, of plain manners, and great apparent sincerity, requiring to be *drawn out* before the foregoing particulars could be elicited from him. He is the master of a merchant vessel, and occasionally acts as pilot to foreign vessels, a duty for which he is admirably calculated, from his perfect knowledge of the Archipelago. He is poor, but contented, being happy that he lives as respectably as any of his relations, and that he has not lost ground since he began the world. He has a wife and two children; the former takes a pride in her husband's career, and in the young Constantine they fondly predict an ornament to the islands. When requested to sit for his portrait, (now in our possession,) he smiled, saying, they must make the picture very ugly to be like him, "unless the artist could catch him setting fire to the train of a brulot."

THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

[By an officer engaged.]

THE details of naval actions have seldom been presented to the public eye with the same minute and striking descriptions which have of late years characterized the glowing narratives of military warfare. The battle-field, with all its imposing array and glorious incident; its hopes, and fears, and doubts; the attack and repulse; the reeking bayonet, and the flashing blade, and deafening huzzas of victory;—all these and more have become familiar household tales; while fireside readers ponder over them with wonder, admiration, and even envy of their fellow-countrymen, who have rubbed shoulders with Death in his most dreadful shapes, and have passed through the most fiery ordeal which the spirit of man can brave.

He who writes these pages has remarked the advantages which the narrative of the camp possesses over that of the quarter-deck; there is a gap in naval recital which yet remains to be filled with description and anecdote of "the little warlike world," corresponding to those of the land service. The latter is as extensive, abounding equally in promise; and yet it has been comparatively but little examined. The navy possesses numbers well qualified for the undertaking, who, by means of simple relations, and the accompaniment of circumstantial detail, might do ample justice to their subjects.

In endeavoring to present an accurate picture of the latest naval engagement in which Britain has been engaged, the narrator has been urged to portray the scene in such colors as may serve to convey to unprofessional readers, with the fidelity of a mere reporter, a vivid impression of the battle, and to beguile them into a belief that they actually behold it in all its realities. He has undertaken this task with diffidence and fear, conscious that his rather unpracticed pen is inadequate to the exertion; but peace, half-pay, and inactivity, allow him plenty of leisure to prosecute the attempt. He will drop as much as possible the use of nautical terms, as his simple narrative may meet other eyes than those of his messmates.

Whatever may be said of the political expediency of the battle of Navarino, it cannot be disputed that it proved the British navy still to contain within itself the same undiminished zeal and sea manlike habits, the same skill and ardor and true-blue hearts that it boasted in more perilous and stirring times, and proclaims to the surrounding nations the unimpaired resources and

power of England, and her well asserted pre-eminence on the ocean.

We had been cruising off the coast of the Morea, for the protection of trading vessels, and to watch the motions of the numerous Greek pirates infesting the narrow seas and adjacent islands. For fourteen months we had been thus actively employed, when the arrival of the *Albion* and *Genoa*, from Lisbon, hinted to us, that some coercive measures were about to be used against the Turks, to cause them to discontinue the exterminating war they carried on against the Greeks, and to evacuate the country pursuant to the terms of the treaty of July, 1827. The prospect of a collision with the Turkish fleet appeared to be very agreeable to the ship's crew, as they had got a little tired of their long confinement on board, and anxiously looked for a speedy return to Malta to get ashore, which they had not been able to do for upwards of a year. We again proceeded on our protecting duty, and parted company with the admiral in the *Asia*. In about six weeks we returned, and found that many other British vessels had joined the *Asia*, while the squadrons of France and Russia added to the number of the fleet, which altogether presented an imposing attitude.

The Turkish and Egyptian fleets had arrived from the unsuccessful attempt in the Gulf of Patras some time before, and lay off the bay of Navarino, before they finally entered and took up a position within the harbor. While the Ottoman fleet lay off the bay, the Turkish troops were said to have committed many unjustifiable outrages on the defenseless inhabitants of the country adjacent to Navarino; information of these oppressive acts was conveyed to the British admiral, and, it is believed, formed the grounds of a strong remonstrance on his part, addressed to the Turkish commanders, which hastened the collision between the two armaments. These facts were generally known throughout the fleet, and a "row" was eagerly expected.

About the beginning of October we had returned from our cruise; the men, ever since we had been in commission, had been daily exercised at the guns, and, by firing at marks, they had much improved in their practice. They were frequently overheard expressing their anxious wish for the settlement of the question with the Turks in one shape or other, that they might have some leave on shore. Many shrewd and pithy remarks were made on the Greek question. Some talkative tar would go on expounding his ideas to a listening group on the main-deck. Our sailors certainly thought lightly of the seamanship of the Turks and Egyptians. It seems also, that a secret spirit of emulation

animated the whole of them in the event of a contest: they were anxious the French and Russians should bear testimony to what Old England was able to accomplish in her usual style; and they had another anxiety, lest their allies should outstrip them in energy or seamanship, or even approach an equality with them. In fact, they seemed determined not even to be rivaled, and the pre-eminence of the British flag was never more zealously sought to be maintained by every individual in the fleet.

Before entering the bay, the Ottoman fleet lay at a distance of ten or twelve miles from the allies. They appeared numerous, with many small craft. Most of them bore the crimson flag flying at their peak, and on coming closer, a crescent and sword were visible on the flags. Their ships looked well, and in tolerable order; the Egyptians were evidently superior to the Turks.

Little communication took place between the allied and Turkish fleets. The Dartmouth had gone into the bay twice, bearing the terms proposed by the allied commanders to Ibrahim Pacha. No satisfactory answer had been returned by the Ottoman admiral, whose conduct appeared evasive and trifling, implying a contempt for our prowess, and daring us to do our worst.

The Dartmouth having proceeded for the last time into the bay, with the final requisitions, and having brought back no satisfactory reply, on Saturday, the 20th of October, 1827, about noon, Admiral Codrington, favored by a gentle sea breeze, bore up under all sail for the mouth of the bay of Navarino. A buzz ran instantly through the ship at the welcome intelligence of the admiral's bearing up; and I could easily perceive the hilarity and exultation of the seamen, and their impatience for the contest. There was a look of grave determination on most of their countenances; and I could overhear their phrases of encouragement to each other. Orders were given that dinner should be got ready earlier than usual that day; and all set to heartily at their prog, as if nothing particular were going to happen. Our ship's crew was chiefly composed of young men, who had never seen a shot fired; yet, to judge from their manner, one would have thought them familiar with the business of fighting. The decks were then cleared for action, and the ship was quite ready, as we neared the mouth of the bay.

The Asia led the fleet, and was the first to enter the bay, followed by the ships in two columns. This was about one o'clock, or rather later. Abreast of Sir Edward Codrington was the French admiral, distinguished by the large white flag at the mizen. Then came the Genoa and Albion, followed by the Dartmouth, Talbot, and brigs, along with the French and Rus-

sian squadrons, in more distant succession. Every sail was set, so that the vast crowd of canvas that looked more bleached and glittering in the rays of the sun, and contrasted with the deep blue unclouded sky, presented a magnificent and spirit-stirring spectacle. The breeze was just powerful enough to carry the allied fleet forward at a gentle rate, and as the wind freshened a little at times, it had the effect of causing the ships to heel to one side in a graceful undulating manner,—the various flags and pendants of the united nations puffing out occasionally from the mast-heads. The sea was smooth, the weather rather warm, and the air quite clear. As we neared the entrance of the bay, the land presented all around a rugged steep appearance towards the sea. In the distance, the mountains were visible, of a light blue, with whitish clouds, apparently resting on their summits. The town and castle of Navarino presented a bright picturesque look, and some spots of cultivation were to be seen. In the interior there rose in the air what looked like the smoke of some conflagration, and such we all believed was the case, as the Turkish soldiery had been employed in ravaging the country, and carrying away the inhabitants. An encampment of tents lay near, close to the castle, and large bodies of soldiers were easily discernible crowding on the batteries as we approached. We were about five hundred yards distant from the castle. The breadth of the entrance was about a mile.

When the Asia had arrived abreast of this castle, a boat rowed from the shore, and came along side of her with a request from Ibrahim Pacha, that the allied fleets would not enter the bay; and just about that time, an unshotted gun was fired from the castle, which we interpreted as a signal for the Ottoman fleet to prepare for action. Close to the mouth of the bay, the cluster of vessels was considerable, all bearing up under a press of sail, and in perfect order. Our ship was close on the Asia's quarter. No opposition was made to our progress by the batteries of Navarino, which was a matter of surprise to all, as the men were ready at their quarters in momentary expectation of being attacked. To the spectators on the battlements our fleet must have presented a beautiful, though a formidable, appearance.

As soon as we had cleared the mouth of the bay, the Turko-Egyptian fleet was seen ranged round from right to left, in the form of an extensive crescent, in two lines, each ship with springs on her cables. The large vessels formed the first, or inner line of the crescent, with their broadsides presented; whilst the smaller craft filled up the intervals in the second line, at the distance of

one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. Evident signs of hurry and bustle of preparation were exhibited on board their ships, and it was clear that our coming had been unexpected, or that they did not anticipate a fight so soon. Indeed, it was afterwards ascertained from the Turkish vice-admiral, that their intention was to treat us with courtesy, until a favorable opportunity occurred of a strong breeze and darkness, of sending their fireships amongst us, which were stationed near the mouth of the bay, and then attacking and destroying us in the midst of our confusion. But the firing of the blank gun had ensued unintentionally, and it was impossible to remedy their blunder. They had, therefore, only to make the best of it.

Thus the combined fleets were in the center of the lion's den, and the lists might be said to have been closed. The Asia, on passing the mouth of Navarino, sailed onwards to where the Turkish and Egyptian line-of-battle ships lay at anchor about three-quarters of a mile farther up the bay, and anchored close abreast one of their largest ships, bearing the flag of the Capitan Bey. The Genoa took her station near the Asia, whilst the Albion followed; but the Turks being so closely wedged together, she could not find space to pass between them to her appointed berth. The ship of the Egyptian admiral lay as close to the Asia as that of the Capitan Bey: a large double-banked frigate was also near; all these three ships being moored in front of the crescent, close upon the Asia and Genoa. The wind by this time had almost died away, consequently the Albion had to anchor close along side the double-banked frigate. This failing of the wind retarded considerably the progress of the ships, which had not yet entered the bay, particularly the Russian ships, and several of ours, which came later into action, and had to encounter the firing of the artillery of the castle.

The Egyptian fleet lay to the south-east; and, as it was well known that several French officers were serving on board, the French Admiral was appointed to place his squadron abreast of them. It appears, however, that, with one exception, all these Frenchmen quitted the Egyptian fleet, and went on board an Austrian transport which lay off the coast.

The post assigned to the Cambrian, Talbot, and Glasgow, along with the French frigate Armide, was along side of the Turkish frigates at the left of the crescent on entering into the bay; whilst the Dartmouth, Mosquito, the Rose, and Philomel, were ordered to keep a sharp look-out on the several fireships lurking suspiciously at the extremities of the crescent, and apparently ripe for mischief.

It was strictly enjoined in the orders, that no gun was to be fired, without a signal to that effect made by the admiral, unless it should be in return for the shots fired at us by the Turkish fleet. Each ship was to anchor with springs on her cables, if time allowed; and the orders concluded with the memorable words of Nelson, "No captain can do very wrong who places his ship along side of an enemy."

It was about two o'clock when we arrived at our station on the left of the bay, and anchored. The men were immediately sent aloft to furl the sails, which operation lasted a few minutes. Whilst so employed, the Dartmouth, distant about half a mile from our ship, had sent a boat, commanded by Lieutenant Fitzroy, to request the fireship to remove from her station; a fire of musketry ensued from the fireship into the boat, killing the officer and several men. This brought on a return of small arms from the Dartmouth and Syrene. Captain Davis, of the Rose, having witnessed the firing of the Turkish vessel, went in one of his boats to assist that of the Dartmouth; and the crew of these two boats were in the act of climbing up the sides of the fireship, when she instantly exploded with a tremendous concussion, blowing the men into the water, and killing and disabling several in the boats along side. Just about this time, and before the men had descended from the yards, an Egyptian double-banked frigate poured a broadside into our ship. The captain gave instant orders to fire away; and the broadside was returned with terrible effect, every shot striking the hull of the Egyptian frigate. The men were now hastily descending the shrouds, while the captain sung out, "Now, my lads! down to the main-deck, and fire away as fast as you can." The seamen cheered loudly as they fired the first broadside, and continued to do so at intervals during the action. The battle had actually commenced to windward before the Asia and the Ottoman Admiral had exchanged a single shot; and the action in that part of the bay was brought on in nearly a similar manner as in ours, by the Turks firing into the boat dispatched by Sir E. Codrington to explain the mediatorial views of the allies. The Greek pilot had been killed; and ere the Asia's boat had reached the ship, the firing was unremitting between the Asia, Genoa, and Albion, and the Turkish ships. About half-past two o'clock the battle had become general throughout the whole lines, and the cannonade was one uninterrupted crash, louder than any thunder. Previous to the Egyptian frigate firing into us, the men, not engaged in furling the sails, had stripped themselves to their duck-frocks, and were

binding their black silk neck-cloths round their heads and waists, and some upon their left knees. A slight frown and pressing together of the lips, were discernible in many. Several of them, who were boarders, wore their cutlases at their sides. All appeared greatly excited and resolute.

The Egyptian frigate which had fired into our ship, was distant about half a cable's length. Near her was another of the same large class, together with a Turkish frigate and a corvette. These four ships poured their broadsides into us without intermission, for nearly a quarter of an hour; but after a few rounds, their firing became irregular and hasty, and many of their shot injured our rigging. At the first broadside we received, two men near me were instantly struck dead on the deck. There was no appearance of any wounds upon them, but they never stirred a limb; and their bodies, after lying a little beside the gun at which they had been working, were dragged amid-ships. Several of the men were now severely wounded. The main-deck, by this time, was filled with a dense smoke, through which the powder-boys were flitting about like imps, to supply the guns. One of them was struck by a round shot on the head, and his brains were scattered about the deck. Many shots passed through both sides of our ship, while we fired away as hard as we could. The water bubbled and foamed about us, in consequence of the showers of grape which slashed it.

The odds against us were fearful; and I can safely say, that I, and every man on board had made his mind up for the worst; yet all were cool and active. They would frequently wait until the thick smoke had cleared away between the ships, before they fired, being reluctant to waste a single shot, each of which took effect in the hulls of our opponents, and did terrible execution, amid the hearty cheers of the men, who exulted at the effect of their superior fire. They frequently drank water during the action, and the constant cry of the wounded was, "Water, water."

As to my own sensations, I felt actuated by a species of blood-thirsty enthusiasm, stimulated, I suppose, by the tremendous odds against us. The loading of the guns; the rapid firing, and loud cheering; the thumping recoil of the guns; the whizzing of the shot; the crash as it strikes the ship, with a sound similar to the smashing a door with a crow-bar; the flying splinters; the men struck down and rolling on the deck, either killed, maimed, or upset by the wind of a shot; and the captain, from the quarter-deck, shouting down the waist, "Go on!"

my lads! for the honor of Old England!" may serve to convey a rough idea of the scene on board our ship on the main-deck. The effect of the captain's voice on the men was to produce a momentary quicker fire, and several loud cheers from the whole crew.

We were near enough to distinguish the Turkish and Egyptian sailors in the enemy's ships. They seemed to be a motley group. Most of them wore turbans of white, with a red cap below, small brown jackets, and very wide trowsers; their legs were bare. They were active, brawny fellows, of a dark brown complexion, and they crowded the Turkish ships, which accounts for the very great slaughter we occasioned among them. Many dead bodies were tumbled through their port-holes into the sea.

Captain Hugon, commanding the French frigate *L'Armide*, about three o'clock, seeing the unequal, but unflinching combat we were maintaining, wormed his ship coolly and deliberately through the Turkish inner line, in such a gallant masterly style, as never for one moment to obstruct the fire of our ship upon our opponents. He then anchored on our starboard quarter, and fired a broadside into one of the Turkish frigates, thus relieving us of one of our foes, which, in about ten minutes, struck to the gallant Frenchman; who, on taking possession, in the most handsome manner, hoisted our flag along with his own, to show that he had but completed the work we had begun. The skill, gallantry, and courtesy of the French captain, were the subject of much talk amongst us, and we were loud in his praise. We had still two of the frigates and the corvette to contend with, whilst the *Armide* was engaged, when a Russian line-of-battle ship came up, and attracted the attention of another Egyptian frigate, and thus drew off her fire from us. Our men had now a breathing time, and they poured in broadside upon broadside into the Egyptian frigate, which had been our first assailant. The rapidity and intensity of our concentrated fire soon told upon the vessel. Her guns were irregularly served, and many shots struck our rigging. Our round-shot, which were pointed to sink her, passed through her sides, and frequently tore up her decks in rebounding. In a short time she was compelled to haul down her colors, and ceased firing. We learned afterwards, that her decks were covered with nearly one hundred and fifty dead and wounded men, and the deck itself ripped up from the effects of our balls. In the interim, the corvette, which had annoyed us exceedingly during the action, came in for her share of our notice, and we man-

aged to repay her in some style for the favors she had bestowed on us in the heat of the business. Orders were then issued for the men to cease firing for a few minutes, until the *Rose* had passed between our ship and the corvette, and had stationed herself in such a position as to annoy the latter in conjunction with us. Our firing was then renewed with redoubled fury. The men, during the pause, had leisure to quench their thirst from the tank which stood on the deck, and they appeared greatly refreshed—I may say, almost exhilarated, and to their work they merrily went again.

The double-banked Egyptian frigate, which had struck her colors to us, to our astonishment began, after having been silenced for some time, to open a smart fire on our ships, though she had no colors flying. The men were exceedingly exasperated at such treacherous conduct, and they poured into her two severe broadsides, which effectually silenced her, and at the moment we saw that a blue ensign was run up her mast, on which we ceased cannonading her, and she never fired another gun during the remainder of the action. It was a Greek pilot, pressed on board the Egyptian, who ran up the English ensign, to prevent our ship from firing again. He declared that our shot came into the frigate as thick and rapidly as a hail-storm, and so terrified the crew, that they all ran below. From the combined effects of our firing, and that of the Russian ship, the other Egyptian frigate hauled down her colors. The corvette, which was roughly handled by the *Rose*, was driven on shore, and there destroyed.

Before this, however, a Turkish fireship approached us, having seemingly no one on board. We fired into her, and in a few minutes she loudly exploded astern, without doing us any damage. The concussion was tremendous, shaking the ship through every beam. Another fireship came close to the *Philomel* which soon sunk her, and in the very act of going down she exploded.

A large ship near the *Asia* was now seen to be on fire; the blaze flamed up as high as the topmast, and soon became one vast sheet of fire; in that state she continued for a short time. The crew could be easily discerned gliding about across the light; and, after a horrible suspense, she blew up, with an explosion far louder and more stunning than the ships which had done so in our vicinity. The smoke and lurid flame ascended to a vast height in the air; beams, masts, and pieces of the hull, along with human figures in various distorted postures, were clearly distinguishable in the air. A pause ensued as the burn-

ing mass soared to its utmost height, ere the whole fell down again into the sea. The shell of a large turtle quite hot lighted on our deck from the exploded ship.

It was now almost dark, and the action had ceased to be general throughout the lines; but blaze rose upon blaze, and explosion thundered upon explosion, in various parts of the bay. A pretty sharp cannonading had been kept up between the guns of the castle and the ships entering the bay, and that firing still continued. The smaller Turkish vessels, forming the second line, were now nearly silenced, and several exhibited signs of being on fire, from the thick light-colored smoke that rose from their decks.

The action had nearly terminated by six o'clock, after a duration of four hours. Daylight had disappeared unperceived, owing to the dense smoke of the cannonading, which, from the cessation of the firing, now began to clear away, and showed us a clouded sky. The bay was illuminated in various quarters by the numerous burning ships, which rendered the sight one of the most sublime and magnificent that could be imagined.

Previous to the termination of the action, one of our midshipmen, a promising youth of about fourteen, was struck by a cannon-shot, which carried off both his legs, and his right-hand, with which the poor fellow had been grasping his cutlas at that moment. He lay in the gun-room, as nothing could be done for him; and I was informed by one of the men, that he repeatedly named his mother in a piteous tone, but soon after rallied a little, and began to inquire eagerly how the action was going on, and if any more Turkish ships had struck. He lingered in great agony for about twenty minutes.

During the latter part of the engagement the men seemed as fresh and active as at its commencement. It was not till its close that several discovered that they had been wounded, but had not felt the smart until the excitement had ceased. One seaman near me evinced considerable surprise at finding the skin of his shoulder entirely taken off, and the red flesh all exposed, and his shirt covered with blood. They all began congratulating each other on the successful termination of the affair, and then sat down, wiping their brows with their neck-cloths. They seemed now to entertain a much higher opinion of the Turkish sailors than they *had done*; frankly acknowledging that they fought gallantly, and had given them plenty of work ere they got the better of them. As they exhibited signs of great exhaustion and fatigue, a pint of grog was then

handed to each man at the guns, together with some biscuits and other provisions, which the poor fellows devoured with great relish and appetite.

Midships lay five or six dead bodies, some greatly mangled; the decks were much covered with blood—the faces and hands and arms of the sailors were black with powder. The heat of the main-deck had been so intense, that, at the conclusion of the action, I found myself without my jacket and neckcloth, which I never recollected to have taken off; my face was quite disfigured with spots of blood and gunpowder; my hands black and raw, and becoming stiff from assisting at various matters during the action.

As soon as the men had been a little refreshed, they were ordered to make wads for the guns, in case of any renewed attack being made upon us, and no one was allowed to stir from his quarters at the guns during the whole of the night. They might be seen seated in groups preparing the wads, or employed in refitting the rigging, which was greatly injured. The carpenter went about making such repairs as were needed, and nailing sheets of lead over the shot-holes in the ship's hull, some of which were betwixt wind and water.

Later in the evening, the bodies of the killed were sewed up in their hammocks and committed to the deep. Several of our best hands had been killed and wounded. Brief remarks on the qualities of the slain were made by the survivors, especially if the fallen had been popular characters, and favorite messmates. Sentinels were stationed round the ship's deck, with strict orders to keep a sharp look out, as we had reason to apprehend a midnight attack from the Arabs.

The night passed heavily away after the previous excitement, checkered by the continual blazing of the Turkish vessels, which had drifted close to the shore, at the head of the bay, and their loud explodings, which ceased to attract our attention by their frequency.

In the morning, the bay presented a dismal sight for the Turks, their proud flotilla had been scattered like chaff. Many ships had scarcely a mast standing, and their rigging was hanging about in terrible disorder. Large pieces of wreck were floating in the distance, and the boats of the fleet were passing to and fro, picking up the Turks, who were clinging to the masts and spars, and then landing them, as no prisoners were made.

The decks of our ship, which had been permitted to remain all night in the same bloody state, now underwent a thorough

swabbing, and began to assume their former clean appearance. It was a luxury now to have an opportunity of scrubbing one's self from the marks of the powder, and to change one's dress.

As soon as the ship had been put in order, we weighed anchor, and made for the admiral's station. The *Asia* exhibited numerous marks of the severity of the contest she had been engaged in; her mizen mast was gone; the other ships had suffered in proportion.

Towards one o'clock a large ship inshore exploded with considerable noise. In the afternoon, the large Egyptian frigate, which had struck to us, was seen to go down. We were actively employed in putting our vessel to rights; and, upon the Tuesday following, we passed the batteries of the castle, the men standing ready at their guns, in case of an attack. We sailed through the mouth unmolested by the numerous groups gazing at us from the castle walls. In eight days we arrived at Malta, where we landed our wounded, and the men obtained leave to go ashore. The inhabitants received us with great joy, balls and other festivities followed in constant succession, while the greatest harmony and unanimity existed between us and our allies, who seemed to vie with one another in politeness.

This long log has at last come to a conclusion; it has grown unexpectedly large in the narrator's hands, and contains many details, which, though novel to the landsman, may elicit a smile from naval men. But his instructions have been obeyed as far as possible, and he now drops his anchor.

THE CAVE OF HAR HASSAN.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

ON the south-eastern coast of the island of Malta, there is a remarkable cave, rendered illustrious by the many traditions respecting its ancient inhabitant. It has always gone by the name of Hassan's Cave, from the person with whom it has generally been associated in local story. But the ingenuity and credulity of the people have assigned to him a greater share of renown than falls to the lot of ordinary heroes, and he has adorned the tale of bel-dame mothers with a fertility of interest which would incline one almost to doubt his identity. He is represented as a hermit, a pirate, a petty king, a chivalrous knight, a gigantic goblin. He seems to have been mighty on land and water, over air and fire. But these accomplishments are not to be understood as

being attributed to him *en masse* by any one of his glorifiers; they are so collected only upon comparison of the different versions; and if, when set together, they appear not overabundant for one man's share, why let us not smile at the feats of King Arthur or Jack the Giant Killer.

One of the most favorite records is that which enumerates his worthy deeds during a siege of the island by the Moslemites. He was himself a native of Barbary, and a votary of the creed professed by the besiegers. But for half a century he had found a sanctuary in the hollow rock, and he would not desert the kind mother who had fostered him. Accordingly, he garrisoned his cavern; and, from his commanding post, sorely distressed the enemy's fleet, which was necessarily exposed to his battery. The water nymphs alone can say in what numbers the turbaned sinners fell into their embraces, by the stratagems and daring of their great man.

But a more credible, because a more modest story, simply describes him as a recluse, who, disappointed in his own country, fled with an only daughter to this island. There he resided in honor amongst men, and devoted to the nurture of his beloved child, the sole prop of his infirm spirit. She was wooed by a prince of the country, and the smiles of the fair girl, and the ready sanction of her father, promised a happy consummation. But whilst affianced, she was seized with illness of a deadly character; her short race was run before men had time to take note of it, and the heart-broken Hassan fled from the haunts of men to this solitary place, where he lingered for some years in the loneliness of a grave.

These and other less probable traditions excited my curiosity to visit the habitation of so memorable a man. We left Valetta on donkeys, and sallied forth in the direction of the particular point of coast. We had an arduous expedition; for the natives, if aware of the existence, knew nothing as to the locality of the cave. Some volunteered to conduct us without error; but, after knocking down a dozen stone walls to facilitate our progress, and much scampering to and fro on the verge of a high precipitous rock, based by the sea, we found that in truth the place was unknown, save by conjecture. The *casals*, or villages, that lie within this district of the island, are not very many, contiguous, or thickly inhabited; the roads of communication, themselves unfrequented, reach within no practicable distance of the shore, and the incurious character of the peasants, beyond all other obstacles, concealed even from the neighborhood that knowledge of which we then stood in need. We gazed down the rough

side of the rocky eminence in every direction, vainly seeking the aperture, which, as we were told, at a middle height between our own level and that of the sea, led to the hermitage of Hassan. The sea was far below us, and stretching our view to the verge of its distant horizon, we sighed as though we could evoke the spirit of the recluse from the land of his forefathers. But the sun was fast sinking to his bed, and the shadows from the insulated rock of Filfla already extended to the distant point of shore, above which we were standing. In despair, the donkeys' heads were turned homeward; the vexation of our party broke out in low English curses, which our Maltese *conducteur* vainly endeavored to interpret; and, retracing our steps, we clambered diligently over the whole series of broken walls, which were no longer a "neighbor's land-mark."

"You might have gone by a nearer route, without doing all this mischief," cried some one close to us; and looking on the other side of a clump of stones that stood in the angle of the field, we saw a stout old man, leaning on a spade, and brushing away the heavy moisture which his then interrupted labor had collected on his brow. He had a benign expression of face, and in the tone of his reproof there was nothing of that moroseness which might have been expected from an owner of the demolished fences. Satisfied with this mild correction, he was resuming his work, when one of us ventured to ask, whether he had guessed our purpose in crossing his fields, that he could thus convict us of having taken a circuitous rout? "I conceive you were looking for the cave of Har Hassan?"

"Yes, we went in search of it, but,"—

"You failed?—Of course you did; what do these simple fellows know of its situation?—and if they did, would they venture to be your pilot, think you, when not one of them would trust himself there for his life?—Do you still wish to see it?"

To this we replied, that we had hunted for it in every direction, and despaired of finding it; that it must be at some distance, and it was now too late to linger so far from the city, &c. He answered us with an assurance, that we were then not a hundred yards from the entrance, and that he had observed us, shortly before, standing directly over its mouth. If we had any wish, he would be happy to conduct us thither. This proposal was cheerfully assented to; and the courteous old man, laying aside his spade, and resuming an ancient coat, whose color and shape indicated that it belonged to one of the clerical order, instantly set forward, and in a few minutes had advanced to the brink of the eminence, where we ourselves had been so recently

Here he raised a thin slab of stone, about two feet square, and discovered the commencement of a rude stair-case, cut in the side of the rock, so narrow as scarcely to suffice for safe footing, and almost inclosed from above by the projection of rude masses of stone. This descent was almost indistinguishable from any point on the terra-firma where we had been standing, and fatally hazardous to any whose foot or hand could be shaken by the difficulties of its passage. The rocks below us, sometimes fell in a scarped, direct line to the surface of the water, sometimes jutted out in fantastic forms, but never swelling so gradually and obliquely as to allow any deviation from the path prescribed by the limits of the rude stair-case. Occasionally the old priest gave his hand, for better security, to his immediate follower, when the projecting rocks above and around us were not sufficiently ragged to be clasped as we advanced. And many were the distrustful doubts, as the ground became slippery from dew or sea spray, and the slight step wound about a turn in the rock, where a single unsteady look or movement might have been attended by fatal consequences. At last we were at the mouth of the cave. Its position had been well described, as being mid-way between the base and the summit of the rock. The sea roared beneath us, perhaps imprisoned in some natural excavations like this one, whose floor might be the sealing of another, still more awful and inaccessible. From the entrance, a vast number of galleries, stretched away by different ramifications into the bosom of the earth. These were soon without a ray of light; and, for this reason, the central and principal one, which we attempted to penetrate, became almost instantly impervious. Our guide took us along a side corridor, through which we groped our way in damp and darkness, till at a distance a fresh gleam of light assisted our progress to its further end. There we found a smaller mouth, fronting the sea on one side, and terminating on the other in a low arch, where are still to be seen the indications of a door with its hinges and fastenings. And this was the sanctuary of the recluse. Within were discernible the rude couch of stone, the lamp and its receptacle, with many other of those devices, which, though multiplied by wonder-workers till they are worthily deemed fabulous, existed certainly before us, as the ancient substitutes for more costly comforts, accommodated to the wants of the hermit. From the opening of the archway, a vast and glorious view of the Mediterranean presents itself, and no port could have been better chosen as the scene of romantic and superhuman adventures. As we loitered on this interesting ground, a thousand visions naturally occurred to us, as the probable inci

dents in the life of one who could so utterly cast off the world, and betake himself to a nook in the desolate rock, companioned only by the sea-gull. The very access to his abode was likely to have remained for ever unknown. The old priest himself had resided in the neighborhood from the time of his childhood, and the secret which he had from his father, was now shared by few, if any. But the marvelous tales which threw a luster on the fabulous character of him whose heroism and monument were now before us, seem to have no historical foundation. The true account is probably that which I have already quoted. Har Hassan is recorded as being the tenant of this cave, by the laborious historian Abela;* and it is justly inferred, that he was rather a man of sorrow than of blood, from a very singular tablet that was discovered not many years ago, and translated from the Coptic by a Frenchman, at the command of Bonaparte. I should not have deemed this little history of our pilgrimage worth relating, had it not appeared a proper preface to this remarkable document. For its authenticity I have other warrant than that of the priest who first indulged me with an inspection of it. For, upon comparison with a different version, done in English by an officer of rank on the island, I find as near a concordance as the two languages will admit. Having thus vouched for its genuineness, I cannot think any comment necessary to advance its character for singularity and beauty. It ran as follows:—

“In the name of the compassionate and merciful God!—May God be propitious to the prophet Mahomet!

“Peace and blessing attend his family!

“God is supreme and eternal.

“All created beings pass away, and disappear, but you have the consolation of the prophet of God.

“Maimonna, daughter of Hassan, son of Ali El Hod, the son of Moaiz of Susa, whom God enlighten and bless, lies in this sepulcher, the prey of death. She ceased to live on Thursday, the 16th of the great month Sehaban, in the year of the Hegira 569. She professed that there was no God, but God alone, without equal!”

“Oh! thou, who regardest this tomb! behold, I am betrothed to it as a bride! My eyelids are sealed with ashes! my attractions have passed away!

“Nevertheless, my mournful state of probation is transitory. In the hour of resurrection, when the Creator shall restore me

* Vide his learned work, “Malta Illustrata.”

to life, I shall once more joyfully behold my relatives, and exultingly reap the reward of my sorrows.

“The beautiful nature of your docile and uniformly serene mind, my Maimonna, shone in conflicting efforts—now in skillfully striving to repel death, and now in seeking to draw advantage from it.

“It is death itself that offers a transit to the state of celestial reward, where the abodes of the blessed are enjoyed in serenity amongst the shades of most delightful gardens, and the murmurs of the softest rivulets. For this reason we venerate the creed of our fathers. But the faithless offenders, sprinkled with the waters of oblivion—they who have left no good works behind them—shall rise in condemnation, to suffer the most agonizing torments and everlasting punishments.”

OVAH.

CASPAR HAUSER, THE NUREMBERG BOY.

[From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.]

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, public curiosity and the solicitude of the scientific world, were powerfully excited by the discovery of the wild man of Aveyron, who was surprised in the woods, leaping from tree to tree, living, in a naked state, the life of a baboon rather than that of a man, emitting no other sounds than imitations of the cries of animals which he had heard, or those which had made their escape from his breast without the emotions of pleasure or suffering. A phenomenon of nearly a similar nature has for the last fifteen months engaged the attention of the learned in Germany. But in this case there do not exist the entire liberty, and the wild and erratic life, which degraded the intellect of the unfortunate being just mentioned. There has on the contrary, been a state of absolute constraint and captivity. Hitherto nothing had transpired in France respecting this singular phenomenon, and we should probably have still remained ignorant of it, had it not been for the attempt at assassination made a month ago upon this unfortunate creature, now restored to social life; and, as would appear, pursued by the same villain who, for twelve years, had kept him buried in a dungeon. A person of high rank, and distinguished by the superiority of his mind, has addressed to us the following letter, which reveals, in some measure, the entire history of this unfortunate being. Our correspondent has seen and conversed with this mysterious young man. We have thought it right to publish his letter in the same

spirit which dictated it, that is to say, less as the recital of an extraordinary and touching adventure, than as a subject of moral and psychological study. At the moment when we were sending this letter to press, we received the *Nouvelle Revue Germanique*, which is printed in Strasburg, and in which the same facts are translated, from the *Hesperus*, one of the best of the German journals. But we have in addition, the assurance of authenticity and the observations made on the same subject, by a person who, by profound study, has been familiarized with all the great questions of philosophy.*

“ *To the Editor of Le Globe.*

“ *Paris, November 15, 1829.*

“ Sir—Within a few days the French journals speak, for the first time, of the history of a young man found at Nuremberg, whose name is Caspar Hauser. They speak of him in consequence of the assassination attempted upon his person in the course of last month, quoting the *Austrian Observer*, which has itself derived its information from German journals printed in countries nearer the place of the atrocity than Vienna. The story appears to them incredible, and with good reason, for what is true is not always probable. I have seen the young man in question, and am able to furnish authentic information respecting him. I am convinced you will judge it worthy of being made public.

“ In the month of May, 1828, there was observed at the entrance of one of the gates of the city of Nuremberg, a young man who kept himself in a motionless attitude. He spoke not, but wept, and held in his hand a letter addressed to an officer of the regiment of light horse, in garrison in the town. The letter announced that from the age of four to that of sixteen years, the bearer had remained shut up in a dungeon, that he had been baptized, that his name was Caspar Hauser, that he was destined to enter the regiment of light horse, and that it was for this reason that the officer was addressed.

“ On being questioned he remained silent, and when further interrogated he wept. The word which he most frequently pronounced was *haam*, (the provincial pronunciation of *heim*, home,) to express the desire of returning to his dungeon.

“ When it appeared evident from the state in which the young man was, that the statement contained in the letter was true, he was confided to the charge of an enlightened professor of the

* This letter is probably the production of the celebrated Cousin.

most respectable character, and, by a decree of the magistrates, was declared an adopted child of the city of Nuremberg.

“Previous to my return to France, I had determined to visit that city, the only large town in Germany which I had not seen. This was about the end of last September. I was furnished with a letter to one of the magistrates, who, from the nature of his functions, had the charge of superintending the education of Caspar Hauser. It was this person who brought him to me; and by a privilege which I should not have ventured to claim, the last moments of a residence devoted to the examination of the curiosities of this great monument of the middle age, afforded me an opportunity of seeing a very rare, if not unique, subject for the study of human nature. We beheld a young man, below the middle stature, thick, and with broad shoulders. His physiognomy was mild and frank. Without being disagreeable, it was no way remarkable. His eyes announced weakness of sight, but his look, especially when a feeling of internal satisfaction or gratitude made him raise it towards the skies, had a heavenly expression. He came up to us without embarrassment, and even with the confidence of candor. His carriage was modest. He was urged to speak, to give us an account of his emotions, of his observations upon himself, and of the happiness of his condition.

“We had no time to lose, for our horses were already harnessed. While I was reading an account composed by himself, in which he had begun to retrace his recollection, he related to my traveling companion whatever had not yet been recorded in it, or replied to his questions. I shall, therefore, first present the details of the narrative, and then mention what was repeated to me of a conversation of which I heard only a part.

“His manner of speaking and of pronouncing German was that of a foreigner, who has exercised himself for some years in it. The motion of the muscles of the face indicated an effort, and was nearly such as is observed in deaf and dumb persons who have learned to speak. The style of the written narrative resembled that of a scholar of ten or eleven years, and consisted of short and simple phrases, without errors in orthography or grammar. The following is a brief account of it:—

“His recollections disclose to him a dark dungeon, about five feet long, four broad, and very low; a loaf of bread, a pitcher of water, a *hole* for his wants, straw for a bed, a covering, two wooden horses, a dog of the same material, and some ribins, with which he amused himself in decorating them. He had no recollection of hunger, but he well remembered being thirsty.

When he was thirsty he slept, and on awakening, the pitcher was found full. When he was awake he dressed his horses with the ribins, and when his thirst returned he slept. The man who took care of him always approached him from behind, so that he never saw his figure. He remained almost constantly seated. He recollects no feeling of uneasiness. He is ignorant how long this kind of life lasted; and when the man began to reveal himself and to speak to him, the sound of his voice became impressed upon his ear. His words are indelibly engraved upon his memory, and he has even retained his dialect. These words ran exclusively on fine horses, and latterly on his father, who had some, and would give them to him. One day, (I make use of this word although it is improper, for to him there were neither day, nor time, nor space,) the man placed upon his legs a stool, with paper, and led his hand, in order to make him trace some characters upon it. When the impulse given by the man's hand ceased, his also stopped. The man endeavored to make him understand that he was to go on. The motion being without doubt inopportune, the man gave him a blow on the arm. This is the only feeling of pain which he remembers. But the stool greatly embarrassed him, for he had no idea of how he should put it aside, and was utterly unable to extricate himself from this prison within a prison. One day at length the man clothed him, (it would appear that he wore only a shirt, his feet being bare,) and taking him out of the dungeon, put shoes upon him. He carried him at first, and then tried to make him learn to walk, directing the young man's feet with his own. Sometimes carried and sometimes pushed forwards, he at length made a few steps. But, after accomplishing ten or twelve, he suffered horribly, and fell a crying. The man then laid him on his face on the ground, and he slept. He is ignorant how long these alternations were renewed; but the ideas which he has since acquired have enabled him to discover, in the sound of his conductor's voice, an expression of trouble and anguish. The light of the day caused him still greater sufferings. He retains no idea of his conductor's physiognomy, nor does he even know if he observed it; but the sound of his voice, he tells us, he could distinguish among a thousand.

"Here ends the narrative, and we now come to the conversation. During the first days which he passed among men, he was in a state of continual suffering. He could bear no other food than bread. He was made to take chocolate: he felt it, he told us, to his fingers' ends. The light, the motion, the noise around him, (and curious persons were not wanting to produce the latter,)

and the variety of objects which forced themselves upon his observation, caused an indescribable pain, a physical distemper; but this distemper must have existed in the chaos of his ideas. It was music that afforded him the first agreeable sensation: it was through its influence that he experienced a dispersion of this chaos. From this period he was enabled to perceive a commencement of order in the impressions by which he was assailed. His memory became prodigious: he quickly learned to name and classify objects, to distinguish faces, and to attach to each the proper name which he heard pronounced. He has an ear for music, and an aptitude for drawing. At first he was fond of amusing himself with wooden horses, of which a present had been made to him, when he was heard continually to repeat the word horses, beautiful horses, (*ress, schone ress.*) He instantly gave up, when his master made him understand that this was not proper, and that it was not *beautiful*. His taste for horses has since been replaced by a taste for study. He has begun the study of the Latin language, and by a natural spirit of imitation, his master being a literary man, he is desirous of following the same career.

“So extraordinary a phenomenon could not fail to inspire, independently of general curiosity, an interest of a higher order, whether in observing minds or in feeling hearts, and the women especially have expressed their feelings towards him in little presents, and letters of the most tender kind. But the multitude of idle visits they made to him, and especially their expressions of tender feeling, were productive of danger to him, and it became necessary to withdraw him from so many causes of distraction, and to lead him into retirement. Accordingly, he now lives retired, in the bosom of a respectable family. Pure morals, an observing mind, and a psychological order, preside over his education and instruction, in proof of which, he has made immense progress in the space of the last sixteen months.

“Here, then, by the inexplicable eccentricity of a destiny without example, we have presented, and perhaps solved a problem, which, from the Egyptian king mentioned by Herodotus, down to the writers of novels, to the Emilius of Rousseau, and the statue of Condillac, has exercised the imaginations of men, and the meditations of philosophers. It is evident that in the profound darkness, the absolute vacuity in which Caspar Hauser was for twelve years immersed, all the impressions of the first four years of his life were effaced. Never was there a *tabula rasa* like that which his mind presented at the age of sixteen. You see what it has been capable of re-

ceiving. But the metaphor is false, for you see how it has reacted.

"In proportion as the sphere of his ideas enlarged, he has made continual efforts to pierce the shades of his previous existence. They have been useless, at least as yet. 'I incessantly try,' said he to us, 'to seize the image of the *man*; but I am then affected with dreadful headaches, and feel motions in my brain which frighten me.' I have told you that his figure, his look, and his port, bore the expression of candor, carelessness and contentment. I asked him if he had, either in his dungeon, or after coming out of it, experienced feelings of anger. 'How could I,' said he, 'when there has never been in me, (and he pointed to his heart,) what men call anger.' And this being, from whom, since the commencement of his moral existence, had emanated all the gentle and benevolent affections, has all these illusions dissipated by the violence of an assassin. Happy, perhaps, had it been for him had he fallen under it, or should he yet fall!

"This assassin, I only know, as yourself and as the public know, through the medium of the newspapers. The young man, they say, thought he recognized in him the voice of his conductor. It is probable that the conductor is the assassin; but it is also possible that the young man may be deceived; for in that so well remembered voice, were concentrated all his ideas of evil. Be this as it may, it is as a psychological phenomenon that I have presented his history, and not as an adventure, respecting which every one may form his own conjectures. All that I can say is, that the functionary who presented him to us, and who, by the duties of his office, was charged with directing the inquiries, has informed me that for a moment they imagined they had found traces of a discovery; but these traces had ended in nothing else than the rendering it probable that the place of his imprisonment is to be found in a district at the distance of about ten leagues from the city of Nuremberg."

Le Globe, Nov. 21st, 1829.

HISTORY OF POLAND.

THE first mention of the Poles in modern history is in the year 550, when they formed a government, under Leck, brother of Cracus, or Creck, first duke of Bohemia, who collected the tribes, and founded a castle, or center of a city. In this

operation one of those omens occurred which paganism always looked on as the voice of fate; the workmen found an eagle's nest in the wood which they were clearing away for the site of the fortress. The nest was called in Slavonic, *gniazdo*; from this the new city was called Gnesna; and the eagle was transferred to the banner of Poland.

The history of all the Gothic tribes is the same. Their first state is that of scattered families; their second, that of a tribe under a military chieftain, elected by the suffrages of the people. The chieftain becomes a tyrant, or transmits his power to a feeble successor. The people then dethrone the race, break up the tyranny, and come back to the old system of free election.

The descendants of Leck reigned a hundred years; but the dynasty was then subverted, and provincial military chieftains were substituted for it. Twelve governors, entitled Palatines, or Waiwodes (generals, from *Woina* war, *Wodz* a chief,) were created. But their violences disgusted the people; and one of them, Cracus, whose conduct was an exception, was raised to the throne by the elective voice of the nation. In some years after his death his family were displaced by the Palatines, and a civil war followed. The Hungarians took this opportunity to ravage Poland, in A. D. 751; but a peasant, Przemyslas, saved his country. Collecting together the broken forces of Poland, he approached the Hungarian camp as if with the intention of offering battle. With his barbarian courage, he mingled civilized ingenuity; he fixed branches of trees on a conspicuous point of ground, which he intermixed with armed men, so ranged as to give the appearance of a large force, in order of battle. As soon as day broke, and the Hungarians perceived, as they thought, their enemy defying them to the encounter, they rushed on them with contemptuous rashness. But the Polish post retired, exhibiting what, to the astonished Hungarians, seemed a forest suddenly plucked up and moving away. Yet the view of Polish flight overcame the terror at the spectacle. The Hungarians rushed on, until they found themselves inevitably entangled in a real forest. The Polish leader now charged, totally routed the enemy, and left not a man to tell the tale. But their camp still stood. Here too his ingenuity was exerted. He dexterously clothed his men in the dresses of the dead; divided his troops into small bodies, and sent them towards various avenues of the camp, as if they were Hungarians returned from the battle. The stratagem succeeded, the Poles were suffered freely to enter the Hungarian camp; once within the rampart they drew their sabres—fell on their

unprepared enemy, and slaughtered the whole remaining multitude, with the exception of a few fugitives, who escaped on the first onset, and who served the Polish cause most effectually by spreading the fame and terror of the national arms through all the countries on the Baltic. The conqueror could now have no competitor at home, and he was soon after chosen Duke of Poland.

On his death the Palatines, those ceaseless disturbers, were again in arms, each struggling for the crown. To prevent the usual effusion of blood, an expedient was adopted which displays the Tartar origin of the people. The crown was to be the prize of a trial of speed on horseback. The trial was open to the whole body of the youth. On the day appointed, a multitude of gallant horsemen appeared; but soon after starting, many of their horses fell lame; to the astonishment of the spectators, more were lamed every moment. Two alone at length contended for the prize; the whole multitude of riders had fallen behind, with their chargers broken down; "Witchcraft," and "the wrath of the gods," were exclaimed in a thousand furious or terrified voices. But the two candidates still held on fiercely, and it was not till after a long display of the most desperate horsemanship that the conqueror, Lefzek, reached the goal.

When he galloped back to lay his claim before the chieftains, and was on the point of being chosen, he was startled by a voice proclaiming that he had won the prize by treachery. Lefzek turned pale, but haughtily denying the charge, demanded to be confronted with the accuser. The accuser was his rival in the race, who demanded that the horses of both should be brought into the circle. Lifting up the hoof of Lefzek's horse, he showed that it was completely covered with iron. "Thus," said he, "did the traitor's horse escape the treachery." Then lifting up the hoof of his own horse, and showing it also covered with iron, "Thus," said he, "was I enabled to follow him." While the assembled warriors were gazing on the discovery, the Pole grasped a handful of the sand, and showing that it was full of nails, exclaimed, "Thus were your horses lamed. The traitor had sowed the sand with iron spikes, and covered his horse's hoofs that he alone might escape them. I saw the artifice, and shod mine that I might detect him. Now, choose the traitor for your king."

Lefzek vainly attempted to defend himself. His crowd of rivals, doubly indignant at their defeat and the injury to their horses, rushed on him with drawn sabers, and he was cut to

pieces on the spot. Wild admiration succeeded wild justice; they raised his detector on their shoulders, and instantly proclaimed him king by the title of Lefzko the Second.

In the reign of his successor, Lefzko the Third, the casual evils of an unsettled government were made perpetual by the most fatal of all institutions. The king had a number of illegitimate sons, for whom he provided by giving them Fiefs, held of Popiel, his heir. Those Fiefs were originally but manor-rights; the people had freeholds in their lands, and voices in the election to the throne; but debt, usurpation, and fraud, rapidly converted them into tyrannies, and the people into slaves. The institution of Fiefs, thus commencing in royal vice, ended in national ruin.

A new revolution now raised the most celebrated dynasty of Poland to the throne. The son of Popiel had died, execrated by the nation for hereditary crimes. Poland was once more the prey of the Palatines. The great holders of the Fiefs crushed the people. All was misery, until all became indignation. The people at length remembered the freedom of their birthright, and, inspired with the warlike spirit of their Slavonic fathers, rose in arms, disavowed the dictation of the feudal lords, and demanded the right of free election to the throne. The great nobles were awed, and the electors assembled at the city of Kruswic. But in their triumph they had been improvident enough to meet, without considering how they were to provide for the subsistence of so vast a multitude. They must now have dispersed, or fought for their food, but for the wisdom of one man, Piast, an opulent inhabitant of the city. Knowing the rashness of popular haste, and the evils which it might produce, he had, with fortunate sagacity, collected large magazines of provisions beforehand. On the first cry of famine, he threw them open to his countrymen. In their gratitude for a relief so unexpected, and their admiration of his foresight, the multitude shouted out that "they had found the only king worthy of Poland." The other candidates were forced to yield. The great feudatories, more willing to see an inferior placed above them than to see a rival made their sovereign, joined in the popular acclamation. The citizen Piast was proclaimed king. He justified the choice by singular intelligence, virtue, and humanity; and when, in 861, he died, left his memory adored by the people, and his throne to his son and to a dynasty which was not extinguished for five hundred years.

In the reign of his descendant, Miecislav, Poland was converted to Christianity. The king had married a Christian

princess, Dambrowcka, the daughter of Boleslas, Duke of Bohemia; the condition demanded by his queen was, that he should renounce paganism. The condition may have been an easy one to the monarch, whose sense and manliness, if they knew but little of Christianity, must have long scorned the gross vices and flagrant absurdities of the national superstition. He submitted to all the restrictions of the new faith with the zeal of a determined convert; dismissed the seven partners which pagan license had given to the royal couch, sent an order through his realm for the demolition of all the idols, and, to the wonder of his people, submitting the royal person into the hands of a Roman monk, was baptized.

The former religion of Poland was a modification of the same worship of the elements, or the powers presumed to command the fates of man, which was to be found in every region of the north; and which, with additional and poetic elegance, was the adopted religion of Greece and Rome. They had their sovereign of the skies, the lord of the thunder, by the name of Jassem. Liada was their ruler of war. To this Jupiter and Mars, they added a Venus, named, less harmoniously, Dzidzielia. Two inseparable brothers, their Lel and Pollel, had the history and attributes of the Greek Castor and Pollux. Driewanna was scarcely more different from the Greek Diana in attributes than in name. They had a goddess of the earth and its produce, Marzanna, their Ceres; and their deity of terrors, Niam, the Pluto, whose oracle at Gnesna was the awe and inspiration of the north. They had one deity more which escaped Greek invention, unless it were represented by the "fatal sisters three," Ziwic, the "mighty and venerable," the "disposer of the lives of men."

In 1370, by the death of Casimir, the crown of Poland finally passed away from the Piast dynasty. They had already worn it for a longer period than any dynasty of Europe, 500 years. Casimir was one of those singular mixtures of truth and error, strong passions, and great uncultured powers, which are found among the heroes of semi-barbarian life. The chief part of his reign was passed in war, in which he was generally successful, defeating the Teutonic knights, who invaded him from Prussia, the Russians, and the wild tribes who were perpetually making irruptions into the states of their more civilized neighbors. Casimir was memorable for having been the first to give the Jews those privileges which make Poland their chief refuge to this day. After the loss of his first wife, Ann of Lithuania, he had married the daughter of the Landgrave

of Hesse. But like humbler men, he had found the yoke matrimonial too heavy for his philosophy. His queen was a shrew, and in the license of the age he took the beautiful Esther, a Jewess, to supply her place. The Jewess, who was a woman of striking attainments as well as of distinguished personal attractions, obtained an unequalled ascendancy over the king; he suffered her to educate his two daughters, by her, as Jewesses, and gradually gave way to all her demands for protection and privilege to her unfortunate people.

But he had the higher merit of being the legislator of Poland, or rather the protector of those feelings by which nature tells every human being that he is entitled to freedom. The abuse and the reform are less a part of the history of Poland than of human wrong and its obvious remedy.

For a long course of years the lords of the Fiefs had pronounced the people born on their estates to be slaves, incapable of following their own will, or removing from the fief without the permission of their masters. Casimir, roused by the complaints of his subjects, and justly indignant at the usurpation, abolished those claims, and declared every farmer at liberty, if injured by the proprietor of the soil, to sell his property and go where he pleased. A formidable part of the abuse was the right claimed by the proprietors of giving their tenants as *pledges* to each other for their debts; which had produced the most cruel sufferings, for the pledge was a prisoner and an exile, perhaps for life. Casimir indignantly broke up this tissue of crime; framed a code giving the people equality of right with their lords, and while he made the oppressive nobles his enemies, gained from the nation the patriotic and immortal title of "King of the Farmers."

It had been the custom of the lords to seize the property of a tenant who died without children. The king declared this to be an abuse, and enacted that the property should go to the nearest relative. A deputation from the peasantry, who had come to lay their grievances before him, were asked—"Who have assailed you? were they men?" "They were our landlords," was the answer. "Then," said Casimir, "if you were men too, had you no sticks nor stones?"

As he was without sons, he appointed his nephew Lewis, King of Hungary, his successor. The deputation of the nobles sent to convey this intelligence, exhibited that free spirit of the north, which about a century before, on a day never to be forgotten by Englishmen, the famous 19th of June, 1215, had boldly extorted the great Charter from the fears of the bigot

and tyrant John. Lewis was compelled, as the price of his crown, to sign an instrument, exempting the Polish nation from all additional taxes, and all pretenses for royal subsidies; abolishing the old and ruinous custom of living at free cost on the people in his journeys; and as an effectual barrier against kingly ambition, the vice of those days of ferocity and folly, pledging the king to reimburse out of his personal means all the public losses produced by hostilities with his neighbors. The Act was signed by Lewis for himself and his successors, and was solemnly declared to be a fundamental law of the realm. No Act had ever made nearer approaches to laying the foundations of a rational liberty; yet none was ever more calamitous. It wanted but a degree of property and civilization in the lower orders capable of applying and preserving it. But the nobility were still the only NATION. They seized all the benefits of the law, established an oligarchy, made the king a puppet, the people doubly slaves, the crown totally elective, and the nation poor and barbarous, without the virtues of poverty, or the redeeming boldness of barbarism.

Lewis ascended the throne; broke his promises; was forced to fly from the kingdom; entered into a new conciliation, for which he paid by new concessions, confirming the power of the noble oligarchy; was again driven to Hungary, where he attempted to take his revenge, by dismembering the kingdom; and after giving Silesia to the Marquis of Brandenburg, the fatal foundation of the subsequent claim of Prussia, gave some of the Polish frontier provinces bordering on Hungary, to the Empress Queen, the foundation of another subsequent claim. This guilty transaction was the ground of one of those acts of wild justice which are so conspicuous in the Polish history.

At the diet held in Buda, where the grant to the empress was made, only fourteen Polish senators could be found to attend; and of those but one, the bishop of Wadislaw, had the manliness to protest against the treason. He communicated the act to Granowski, the Great General of the kingdom, who convoked an assembly of the states, to which the monarch was invited. The thirteen senators had been seized in the mean time, were instantly beheaded, and their bodies placed round the throne, covered with the tapestry.

The monarch, unacquainted with their seizure, was led to his seat in full solemnity. The Great General advanced, and in the name of the states of Poland sternly charged him with the whole catalogue of his offenses against the constitution; declared the compact of the diet of Buda null and void, and then,

flinging off the tapestry, pointed to the ghastly circle of monitors there. "Behold," exclaimed he to the startled king, "the fate of all who shall prefer slavery to freedom! There lie the traitors who gave up their country to serve the caprices of their king!"

The lesson was impressive. Lewis resolved to abandon a country in which right was so loud-tongued, and justice so rapid. Naming his son-in-law Sigismond, of Brandenburg, governor in his absence, as heir, he set out for Hungary once more. But, dying on his way, the nobles annulled the choice, and gave the throne to the Princess Hedwige, a daughter of the late king, on condition of her marrying according to the national will.

Her marriage commenced the second famous dynasty of Poland, the Jagellons. Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, was still unconverted to Christianity, but he had been distinguished for the intrepidity and justice which form the grand virtues in the eyes of early nations. The princess selected him, and he soon distinguished himself among the princes of the north. With a magnanimity which seems almost incredible in his age, he refused the sovereignty of Bohemia, from which the people had deposed their profligate king, Wenceslas, and as the unparalleled achievement of northern war, broke the power of the Teutonic knights upon the field; of their immense host of one hundred and fifty thousand men, slaying fifty thousand, taking eleven thousand, and leaving among the dead the grand master and three hundred knights.

A striking and characteristic scene, worthy of the finest efforts of the pencil, preluded the battle. Jagellon, to draw the enemy off some strong ground, had feigned a retreat. The knights looked on him as already defeated, and the grand master, in the spirit of his Scythian ancestors, sent him as an emblem of his fate, two bloody swords with a message. "Our master," said the deputies, "is not afraid to furnish you with arms to give you courage, for we are on the point of giving battle. If the ground on which you are encamped is too narrow for you to fight upon, we shall retire and give you room. The taunt only inflamed the indignation of the Polish nobles, but Jagellon calmly took the swords, and with a smile thanked the grand master for so early giving up his arms. "I receive them," said the bold northern, "with rejoicing; they are an irresistible omen. This day we shall be conquerors; our enemies already surrender their sabers." Instantly rising, he ordered the signal to be made for a general advance; the army

rushed on with sudden enthusiasm; the boasted discipline of the knights was useless before this tide of fiery valor; their ranks were helplessly trampled down; and their whole chivalry destroyed upon the ground. The taunt had been proudly answered.

The affairs of Poland now became mingled, for the first time, with the politics of western Europe. In 1571 Sigismund Augustus died, the last of the race of Jagellon, an honored name, which had screened the follies of his successors during the long course of two hundred years. The vacancy of the throne was contested by a crowd of princes. But the dexterity and munificence of the celebrated Catharine de Medicis carried the election in favor of her second son, Henry Duke of Anjou, brother of Charles the Ninth. The diet which established this prince's claim, was still more memorable for the formation of the "Pacta Conventa," or great written convention of the kings of Poland, by which they bound themselves to the commonwealth. The previous bond had been a tacit, or verbal, agreement, to observe the laws and customs. But experience had produced public caution; and by the final clause of the "Pacta Conventa," the king elect now declared, that "if he should violate any of his engagements to the nation, the oath of allegiance was thenceforth to be void." The crown had, until this period, been hereditary, liable, however, to the national rejection. From the era of the Pacta Conventa it became wholly elective; an example single among European governments, and giving warning of its error by the most unbroken succession of calamities in the history of modern nations.

Poland was still to have a slight respite. On the vacancy after the death of Wadislav in 1648, Casimir, the last descendant of the Jagellon blood, was found in a cloister; where he had entered the order of Jesuits. Popular affection placed him on the throne. He governed wisely a state now distracted with civil faction and religious dispute. At length grown weary of the scepter, he resigned it for the crosier of the Abbot of St. Germain de Pres, in France; and enjoyed in this opulent and calm retreat a quiet for which he had been fitted by nature, and which he must have sought in vain among the furious spirits and clashing sabers that constantly surrounded and disturbed the throne of his ancestors.

The hero of Poland, John Sobieski, the next king, fought his way to the crown by a long series of exploits of the most consummate intrepidity and skill. His defeat of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha, in Podolia, finally extinguished all

rivalry, and he was placed on the throne by acclamation. All his conceptions were magnificent; on the peace with the Porte he sent his ambassador with a train of seven hundred; a number which offended the pride of the Turk, and gave rise to one of those pithy sarcasms, which enliven diplomacy. The Polish ambassador, who had been detained for some days outside the walls of Constantinople, by his own haughty demand, that the vizier should come to meet him at the gates, required a supply of provisions for his attendants. "Tell the ambassador," answered the vizier, "that if he is come to take Constantinople, he has not men enough; but if it is only to represent his master, he has too many. But if he wants food tell him that it is as easy for my master the Sultan, to feed seven hundred Poles at the gates of the city, as it is to feed the seven thousand Poles who are now chained in his galleys."

The ambassador was at length admitted; and resolving to dazzle the Turks by a magnificence, unseen before, he ordered some of his horses to be shod with silver, so loosely fastened on, that the shoes were scattered through the streets. Some of them were immediately brought to the vizier; who, smiling at the contrivance, observed, "The infidel has shoes of silver for his horses, but a head of lead for himself. His republic is too poor for this waste. He might make a better use of his silver at home."

But Sobieski's great triumph was to come. The Turkish army, strongly reinforced, made a sudden irruption into the Austrian territories; swept all resistance before them, and commenced the siege of Vienna. The year 1683 is still recorded among the most trying times of Europe. The Austrian empire seemed to be on the verge of dissolution. But the fall of Vienna would have been more than the expulsion of the Austrian family from its states; it would have been the overthrow of the barriers of western Europe. All crowns were already darkened by the sullen and terrible superiority of Mahometanism. The possession of the Austrian capital would have fixed the Turk in the most commanding position of Germany. Vienna would have been a second Constantinople.

The siege was pressed with the savage fury of the Turk. The emperor and his household had fled. The citizens, assailed by famine, disease, and the sword, were in despair. Sobieski was now summoned, less by the entreaties of Austria than by the voice of the Christian world. At the head of the Polish cavalry, which he had made the finest force of the north, he galloped to the assistance of the beleagured city, attacked the

grand vizier in his intrenchments, totally defeated him, and drove the remnants of the Turkish host, which had proclaimed itself invincible, out of the Austrian dominions. No service of such an extent had been wrought by soldiership within memory. Vienna was one voice of wonder and gratitude, and when the archbishop, on the day of the *Te Deum*, ascended to preach the thanksgiving sermon, he, with an allusion almost justifiable, at such a moment, took for his text—

“There was sent a man from God, whose name was John.”

The death of this celebrated man in his seventy-sixth year, and after a prosperous reign of twenty-three years, left Poland once more to the perils of a contested throne. Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony, at last was chosen. No choice could have been more disastrous. Augustus had promised to restore Livonia to Poland; but it was in the possession of the Swedes, who were now rapidly rising to the highest distinction as a military power. Charles XII., the lion of the north, had filled his countrymen with his own spirit; and the attempt to wrest Livonia from the first warrior of the age was visited with deadly retribution. Augustus had formed a league with the King of Denmark, and the Czar, Peter the Great, a man, whose rude virtues were made to redeem the indolent and sullen character of his barbarian country. The Swedish king rushed upon the Saxon and Polish forces like a whirlwind; they were totally defeated. In the next campaign, a still larger army was defeated at Clissow with still more dreadful slaughter. An assembly held at Warsaw, under Charles, now declared Augustus incapable of the crown. Charles proposed to give the sovereignty to the third son of Sobieski; but the prince magnanimously refused a throne which he considered the right of his elder brothers, both of whom were in a Saxon fortress. Stanislaus Leizinski was at this period accidentally deputed to Charles on some business of the senate. The king was struck with his manly appearance. “How can we proceed to an election,” said the deputy, “whilst James and Constantine Sobieski are in a dungeon?” “How can we deliver your republic,” exclaimed Charles, abruptly, “if we do not elect a new king?” The suggestion was followed by offering the scepter to Stanislaus, who was soon after, in 1705, proclaimed monarch of Poland. Charles now plunged furiously into Saxony, and broke the power of the Elector. But the caprice of war is proverbial. The Russians had been at last taught to fight even by their defeats. The ruinous battle of Pultowa drove Charles from the field and the throne. Stanislaus fled.

Augustus was restored in 1710, and Poland was left to acquire strength, by a temporary rest, for new calamities. In the winter of 1735, Russia was delivered from the only enemy that had threatened her ruin—Charles was killed at the siege of Fredericshall.

The reign of Peter raised Russia into a European power. Strength produced ambition, and the successors of Peter began to interfere closely with the policy of Poland. The death of Frederick III., in 1764, gave the first direct opportunity of influencing the election, and Count Stanislaus Poniatowski, whose personal graces had recommended him to the empress, and whose subserviency made him a fit instrument for the Russian objects, was chosen king in 1764. Bribes and the bayonet were his claims, yet there were times when he exhibited neither the dependence of a courtier nor the weakness of a slave.

A new era was now to begin in the history of Poland. Religious persecution was her ruin. The reformation had been extensively spread in the provinces. From an early period the Polish hierarchy, devoted to Rome, had always exerted the most rancorous spirit against the Protestants. A succession of persecuting decrees had been made, chiefly from the beginning of the 10th century. But by the general disturbances of the government, or the wisdom of the monarchs, they had nearly fallen into oblivion. But in the interregnum between the death of Frederick, and the election of Stanislaus, the popish party carried in the convocation-diet a series of tyrannical measures, prohibiting the Protestants, or dissidents, as they were called, from the exercise of their religion, and from all situations and offices under government. The dissidents, fearful of still more violent measures, appealed to foreign governments. Russia, eager to interfere, immediately marched in a body of troops to support their claims. A popish confederacy, long celebrated afterwards in the unhappy history of the kingdom, was formed in 1767, and from that hour Poland had scarcely an hour's respite from civil war.

Poland was now ripe for ruin. In 1769, on pretense of a plague, the king of Prussia advanced a body of troops into Polish Prussia. The possession of this province had long been coveted by the wily monarch. Its position between his German dominions and Eastern Prussia, rendered it important. He now found the kingdom in confusion, and he determined to seize his prize. To make it secure, he proposed a partition to Austria and Russia; to the Austrian emperor, at an interview at Niess, in Silesia, in 1769, or in the following year at New

stadt; to the empress of Russia, by an embassy of his brother Henry to St. Petersburg. This infamous treaty was signed at St. Petersburg in 1772. Stanislaus had no power to resist this tyranny, but he attempted to remove its chief evils by giving his people a free constitution in 1791. The neighborhood of freedom again brought down the wrath of Russia. A Russian army of 70,000 men was instantly under orders. The empress' brief commands were, "that the constitution should be abolished." The King of Prussia, Frederic William, *provisionally* seized Dantzic, Thorn, and a part of Great Poland. The Russian ambassador entered the diet with troops, and forced the assembly to comply with his requisitions. The nation was indignant. Kosciusko, who with the nobles had fled, now returned from Leipsic, put himself at the head of a multitude rather than an army, defeated several bodies of Russians, with great slaughter, reinstated the king, and was soon at the head of 70,000 men; with those he also repulsed the Prussian army. But he was suddenly attacked by Suwarrow, and after a long conflict was utterly defeated and taken prisoner. Suwarrow then marched against Warsaw, which he took by storm, murdering in the suburb of Praga upwards of thirty thousand human beings of all ages. In 1795 the third partition of Poland was effected. Stanislaus was sent to St. Petersburg, where in 1798 he died. The heroic Kosciusko was subsequently liberated by the Emperor Paul, and after residing in France up to the period of the allied invasion, died at Soleure, October 15, 1817, in his sixty-fifth year; a name consecrated to eternal memory.

For this hideous conspiracy of ambition and blood, Poland was sternly avenged by the French armies. Her oppressors were broken to the dust. From this period she began to recover. Napoleon raised her to a partial degree of independence. The congress of Vienna made her a kingdom once more, but still a Russian kingdom.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF STANISLAUS, KING OF POLAND.

THE following narrative is related by Constantine Count Sobieski, a descendant of John Sobieski, king of Poland, and who seemed to have inherited the spirit of that great monarch.

In the year 1771, instigated by the courts of Vienna and Constantinople, the confederate lords of Poland were laying

waste their country, from one end to the other, and perpetrating all kinds of outrage on the loyal inhabitants. A plan was laid for surprising and taking the king's person. Forty conspirators met at Czetschokow, and in presence of their commander, Pulaski, one of the most daring of these rebels, swore with the most horrid oaths to deliver Stanislaus, alive or dead, into his hands. About a month after this meeting, these noblemen, at the head of a band of assassins, disguised themselves as peasants, and concealing their arms in wagons of hay, which they drove before them, they entered Warsaw unsuspected.

It was ten o'clock, on the 3d of September, 1771, that they found an opportunity to execute their scheme. They placed themselves, under cover of the night, in those avenues of the city through which they knew his majesty must pass in his way from Villanow, where he had been dining with me. His carriage was escorted by four of his own attendants, myself, and twelve of my guards. We had scarcely lost sight of Villanow, when the conspirators rushed out and surrounded us, commanding the coachman to stop, and beating down the men with the butt-end of their muskets. Several shots were fired into the coach; one passed through my hat as I was getting out, sword in hand, the better to repel an attack, the motive of which I could not divine. A cut across my right leg, with a saber, soon laid me under the wheels; and, whilst I lay there, I heard the shot pouring into the coach like hail, and felt the villains stepping over my body to finish the murder of the king.

It was then that our friend Butzou, who was at that period a private in my service, stood between his sovereign and the rebels. In one instant he received several balls through his limbs, and a thrust from a bayonet in his breast, which cast him, weltering in his blood, upon me. By this time, all the persons who had formed the escort were either wounded or dispersed. Being now secure of their prey, one of the assassins opened the carriage door; and, with shocking imprecations, seizing the king by the hair, cried, "Tyrant, we have thee now; thy hour is come!" and discharged his pistol so near his majesty's face, that he felt the heat of the flash. A second villain cut him on the forehead with his sword; whilst a third, who was on horseback, laying hold of his collar, between himself and another, at full gallop, dragged him along the ground through the suburbs of the city.

During the latter part of this outrageous scene, some of our frightened people returned with a detachment, and seeing Butzou and me almost lifeless, carried us to the royal palace, where

all was commotion and alarm. The foot-guards immediately followed the tract that the conspirators had seemed to take. In one of the streets they found the king's hat dyed in blood, and his pelisse perfectly reticulated with bullet holes. This confirmed their apprehensions of his death; and they came back, filling all Warsaw with dismay.

The assassins, meanwhile, got clear of the town; finding, however, that the king, by loss of blood, weakness, and wounds in his feet, was not likely to exist much longer in their manner of dragging him towards their employer, they set him on a horse, and redoubled their speed. When they came to the moat which surrounds Warsaw, they compelled him to leap across it. In the attempt, his beast fell twice; and at the second fall, broke its leg. They then compelled him, fainting as he was with pain, to mount another, and spur it over. The conspirators had no sooner passed the ditch than they threw his majesty down, and held him there, till Lukawski tore from his neck the ribin of the black eagle, and its diamond cross. Lukawski was so foolishly sure of his prisoner, that he quitted his charge, and repaired with the spoils to Pulaski, meaning to show them as an incontestable proof of his success. Many of the other plunderers, following his example, fled also, and left only seven of the party, with Kosinski at their head, to remain over the unfortunate Stanislaus.

The night was grown so dark, that they could not be sure of their way, and their horses stumbling at every step, over stumps of trees and hollows in the earth, increased their fears to such a degree, that they obliged the king to keep up with them on foot; he literally marked his path with his blood, his shoes having been torn off in the struggle at the carriage. Thus they continued, wandering backwards and forwards, and round the skirts of Warsaw, without any exact knowledge of their situation. The men who guarded him at last became so much afraid of their prisoner taking advantage of these circumstances to escape, that they repeatedly called on Kosinski for orders to put him to death. Kosinski refused; but their demands growing more violent and imperious, the king expected every moment to receive the points of their bayonets in his breast.

When I recovered from my swoon, and my leg was bound up, I felt myself able to stir; and questioning the officers, who stood about my coach, I found that a general panic had seized them. They knew not how to proceed; they shuddered at leaving the king to the mercy of the confederates; and yet

were fearful, by pursuing them further, to increase them. I tried what I could do to dispel this last dread. Anxious at any rate, to make another attempt to preserve him, though I could not ride myself, I strenuously advised an immediate pursuit on horseback; and that neither darkness nor danger should be permitted to impede their course. A little spirit on the side of the nobles soon brought back hope and animation to the terrified soldiers, and my orders were instantly obeyed; but, I must add, almost as instantly disappointed; for, in less than half an hour, they returned in despair, showing me his majesty's coat, which they had found in the moat. I suppose the ruffians tore it off when they rifled him. It was rent in several places, and so wet with blood, that the officer who presented it to me, declared it as his opinion, that they had murdered the king there, and had drawn away the body; for, by the light of the torches, he could trace drops of blood to a considerable distance.

Meanwhile, the king was driven before the seven conspirators, so far into the wood of *Biclaney*, that, unknowing whither they went, they came up with one of the guard-houses, and, to their extreme terror, were accosted by a patrol. Four of the banditti immediately disappeared, leaving only two with Kosinski, who, much alarmed, forced his prisoner to walk faster, and keep a profound stillness. Notwithstanding all this precaution, scarce a quarter of an hour after, they were challenged by a second watch; and the other two men, now taking to flight, left Kosinski, full of dismay, alone with the king. His majesty, sinking with pain and fatigue, beseeched permission to rest for a moment. Kosinski refused, and pointing his sword towards his breast, compelled him to proceed. The king obeyed in silence.

As they walked on, the unfortunate Stanislaus, hardly able to drag one limb after the other, observed, that his conductor gradually seemed to forget his vigilance, till he appeared, at last, thoroughly given up to thought. He took courage at this; and conceiving some hope, from the manner in which he was agitated, he ventured to say—"I see that you know not how to proceed; you cannot but be aware, that the enterprise you are engaged in, end how it will, is full of peril to you. Successful conspirators are always jealous of each other; Pulaski will find it as easy to rid himself of your life, as to take mine. Avoid this danger; and I will promise you none on my account. Suffer me to enter the convent of *Biclaney*; we cannot be far from it; and then, do you provide for your safety." Kosinski, ren

dered desperate by the circumstances in which he was involved replied, "No, I have sworn; and I would rather sacrifice my life than my honor."

The king had neither strength nor spirits to make any answer. They continued to break their way through the under-wood, till they arrived close to *Mariemont*. Here Stanislaus, unable to stir another step, fell back against a tree, and again implored for one moment's rest, to recover some power to move. Kosinski now consented. This unexpected humanity gave his majesty courage to employ the minutes, during which they sat together, in another attempt to soften his heart, and to convince him, that the oath he had taken was atrocious, and by no means binding to a brave and virtuous man.

Kosinski heard him with attention, and exhibited strong symptoms of being affected. "But," said he, "if I should assent to what you propose, and reconduct you back to Warsaw, what will be the consequence to me? I shall be taken and executed." "I give you my word," answered the king, "that you shall not suffer any injury. But if you doubt my honor, escape while you can. I shall find my way to some place of shelter, and will direct your pursuers to take the opposite road to that which you may choose." Kosinski, entirely overcome, threw himself on his knees before his majesty; and, imploring pardon for what he done, swore, that, from that hour, he would defend his king against all the conspirators, and would trust, confidently, on his word, for future preservation. The king directed him to seek refuge for them both in the mill, near which they were discoursing. Kosinski obeyed, and knocked, but no one gave answer. He then broke a pane of glass in the window, and through it begged succor for a nobleman, who had been way-laid by robbers. The miller refused to come out, or to let them in, telling them it was his belief they were robbers themselves, and, if they did not go away, he would fire on them.

This dispute had not long continued, when the king contrived to crawl up close to the window, and said, "My good friend, if we were banditti, as you suppose, it would be as easy for us, without all this parley, to break into your house as to break this pane of glass; therefore, if you would not incur the shame of suffering a fellow-creature to perish for want of assistance, let us in." This argument had its weight with the man, and, opening the door, he admitted them. After some trouble, his majesty procured pen and ink, and immediately addressing a few lines to me, at the palace, he prevailed on one of the miller's sons to carry it.

The joy experienced at the sight of this note, I cannot describe. The words were literally these: "By the miraculous hand of Providence, I am escaped from the arms of assassins. I am now at the mill of *Mariemont*. Send as soon as possible, and take me away. I am wounded, but not dangerously."

Regardless of my condition, I instantly got into a carriage, and, followed by a detachment of horse, arrived at the mill. I met Kosinski at the door, keeping guard with his sword drawn. As he knew my person, he admitted me directly. The king had fallen into a sleep, and lay in one corner of the hovel, on the ground, covered with the miller's cloak. To see the most virtuous monarch in the world, thus abused by his ungrateful subjects, pierced me to the heart; and kneeling down by his side, I took hold of his hand, and, in a paroxysm of tears, which I am not ashamed to confess, I exclaimed, "I thank Almighty God, that I again see my sovereign alive!" These words struck the simple family with amazement. They instantly dropped on their knees before the king, whom my voice had awakened. The good Stanislaus, graciously thanking them for their kindness, told the miller to come to the palace the next day, when he would show him his gratitude. Soon after, the officers of the detachment assisted his majesty and myself into the carriage, and, accompanied by Kosinski, we reached Warsaw about six in the morning. His majesty alighted at the palace, in the midst of the joyous cries of the people shouting, "the king is alive." Never, whilst I live, shall I again behold such a scene. The great gate was ordered to be left open. Every soul in Warsaw, from the highest to the lowest, came running to catch a glimpse of their rescued sovereign.

NARRATIVE OF THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

THE following account, written by Peter Wysocki, will be read with interest, though it describes the dawning of a revolution that has been unsuccessful. Ordinary readers will derive from it that interest which attends the relation "of hair-breadth 'scapes" and "moving accidents;" but the lovers of liberty will do more—they will imbibe from it the spirit that inspires the honest heart, when it awakens and finds itself within the thrall of tyranny. It is not necessary here to detail who

Wysocki was, as his own narrative sufficiently points out the considerable part that he acted in directing the insurrection of the military academy of Warsaw, and in discovering those ardent spirits that lay concealed under the gloom that despotism imposed, but were still ready to start into action the instant that the whisper of freedom reached their ear.

The world already knows what was the fate of the unfortunate Poles who had presumed to plan the independence of their country in 1825. The imprisonment of Soltyk, Krzyzanowski, Albert Grzymala, A. Plichta, and others, the long persecution of Adolphus Cichowsky, and the remembrance of the services rendered by Niemojewski, had inspired the hearts of the young ensigns with feelings of the noblest patriotism; and the taunts of our enemies, who mocked the unhappy sufferers, first inspired our minds with the thought of avenging them. At this period, however, the general state of Europe, the character of the men who composed the French ministry, the misunderstandings that existed even among the most upright Poles, together with the mistrust occasioned by numerous instances of treachery, seemed to us invincible obstacles to our plan; yet we did not lose courage. At length Russia declared war on Turkey; this circumstance cast a consoling ray of hope on the Polish patriots.

Nothing decisive, however, had as yet been resolved in the military academy. It was not till the 15th of December, 1828, when several fellow-students were accidentally assembled at my lodgings, viz. C. Paszkiewicz, J. Dobrowski, Karl Karsnicki, Alex. Laski, and Josh. Gorowski, that we began to consult freely on the political state of Europe, on the necessity of liberating our countrymen from the yoke that oppressed them, and on the measures to be taken in order to restore the privileges of the constitutional chart, which the monarch and the nation had both sworn to maintain. The following day I communicated the conversation that had passed to several of the ensigns, whose way of thinking was perfectly known to me. My interview with these young men fully convinced me that their efforts would be such as at once to decide the fate of our country. We agreed upon a form of oath, which ran, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:

“We swear before God and our oppressed country, deprived of constitutional rights—1st. In case of incarceration, not to betray any member of the society, even though we should be subjected to the most cruel torture. 2dly. To unite all our endeavors towards one object, and even to sacrifice our lives, if

necessity require it, in defense of the constitutional chart, which is daily violated. 3dly. To use the utmost precaution in the admission of new members, and never to take this step without due notice to the society; and most especially to admit no drunkard, gamester, or other individual whose conduct is not wholly immaculate."

From this moment we promised to devote our whole and unceasing attention to effect our purpose.

It was difficult to introduce officers and others into a society consisting of so few members, because those lately introduced feared exposing themselves to danger; I was therefore alone authorized to accept new members, without informing my colleagues; I was also allowed to invite each member of the original society to receive such individuals as I should point out. In consequence of this authority I went to Paszkiewicz, captain of the grenadiers of the guards, and having represented to him the state of Europe, I declared to him that we had formed a secret association, the object of which was to change the government of Poland. This gallant officer listened to me with signs of the most lively satisfaction; he promised to support our views, as well as to assist their propagation among his friends, and the members of other societies. I name him without authority, persuaded that Polish history will one day be proud of his name.

Encouraged by the success of my first step to obtain adherents among the officers of the Polish army, I hastened to the battalion of miners; I calculated on the patriotism that had always distinguished them, and my expectations were not disappointed. Having received into our society Albert Przedpelski, second lieutenant of the battalion, I obtained an introduction to Felix Nowosielski, a man greatly beloved by his soldiery, and in high esteem among his fellow-officers. The result was, that Nowosielski answered on his honor for most of the officers in the battalion of miners.

By the assistance of Karsnicki, I made acquaintance with Koszicki, an officer of the select company of the first light regiment, who assured me that most of the officers of this corps were agreed as to the necessity of a change of government. In respect to the other regiments, all the officers, the moment they were let into our secret, promised their most zealous efforts in inducing the whole army to participate our views. The officers admitted into the secret society now required I should enter into negotiations with the inhabitants, in order to ascertain if they approved the inclination of the soldiery, and would

support their efforts when the decisive moment arrived. I therefore dispatched Ensign Paszkiewicz, to Mr. J. U. Niemcewicz, a man who had rendered the utmost service to his country, to request he would be pleased to assist us with the wisdom of his counsels. This noble and aged Pole fully approved our design; he praised our zealous ardor, but strongly recommended that the execution of the project should be postponed. "It is not yet time," said Niemcewicz, "but, depend upon it, the happy moment will yet arrive!"

The encouraging expressions of Niemcewicz filled us with activity and enthusiasm. We all saw in him the organ of the wishes and hopes of the nation. About this time, Ensign Gorowski made me acquainted with his brother Adam, who, in the name of his fellow citizens, on whom he bestowed unbounded praise, assured me of the success of the undertaking. Shortly after, I was introduced into the house of the deputy Zwierkowski where I had sufficient opportunity of convincing myself that the citizens were fully prepared to second the efforts of the troops.

A certain number of deputies, convened, at my suggestion, by Gustavus Malachowski, decided, after mature consideration, that the moment for a general revolt could not yet be fixed, but that, in expectation of a more favorable instant, every endeavor was to be made to animate the troops, and to disseminate a patriotic feeling among them.

Captain Paszkiewicz having expressed a desire to be introduced to some of these gentlemen, they were apprized of a meeting that was to take place at my apartment. At this consultation it was agreed, that, provided the war with Turkey was commenced immediately, it might prove extremely advantageous to our enterprise; it was nevertheless resolved to await the assembling of the diet, which, it was said, would take place by the end of April. I inquired of the gentlemen present what was to be done if the diet should not assemble at all, or in case the war should be favorable to the Russians; all, however, were of opinion that no decisive stroke could be struck before the meeting of the diet. From this moment all our operations, which had commenced on the 15th of December, 1828, and had continued till the beginning of April, were postponed.

During this interruption I had an understanding with Urbanski, a lieutenant of the grenadier guard, whom I informed of our secret association, and who promised, in case of need, to supply us with some thousand cartridges, which he faithfully performed. From that instant this officer, impressed with

the noblest feelings of patriotism, was incessant in his exertions for the national cause; he always acted with vigor and caution, and it is to him that we are perhaps most indebted for the success of our efforts.

A report was now spread of the expected coronation and the assembly of the diet, which enlivened our hearts with fresh hopes: towards the 10th of May, 1829, we accordingly recommenced operations with new ardor. Several landholders came to be present at the coronation. The deputies Przeinski and Zwierkowski soon after waited on me, and declared, that the longed-for hour of taking up arms for our independence, under the eyes of the representatives of the nation, was already at hand. "We will carry our petitions," said the deputies, "to the foot of the throne. We will require that the sittings of the diet shall be public, that the freedom of the press shall be guaranteed, that the committee of examination, &c. &c., shall be abolished; and if our requests are refused, especially if the deputies are imprisoned, then you must support our demands by force of arms."

I communicated this declaration, with all its particulars, to the society; it was heard with the warmest enthusiasm, and not a doubt was entertained that the nation would approve the justice of the plan now carrying on by the army. The above-mentioned petition was attended by no favorable result; yet the deputies in consideration of the state of political circumstances, did not yet authorize our having recourse to arms. Dissatisfied with the answer we received on the subject, we again applied to the deputies, to know whether we should not make use of the means at our disposal to accelerate the grand work, viz. the re-conquest of our constitutional independence? They replied, "it was not yet time, and so much the less, as the Russians had but shortly before obtained great advantages in the Turkish war."

All the persons I saw concurred in our opinions; there was no longer any hesitation except as to time; whatever delay ensued was only occasioned by the political state of the moment; the diet, which took place the same year, left us little hopes, and several of the deputies already began to regret not having seized the opportunity offered by the Turkish war. The dead stiliness of all Europe, and especially the French ministry, partly damped the warmth of our ardor.

At length the French revolution summoned every nation of Europe, with a voice of thunder, to throw off the yoke of power, wherever it had passed the bounds of legality, and assumed

a tyrannical shape. We now entertained the brightest hopes; and as at this time the same sanguine feeling had spread through the army encamped near Warsaw, I was convinced of the harmony that reigned amongst almost all the officers. Nothing was spoken of but the French revolution, the smallest details of which were over and over again discussed. As for ourselves, we now began to see our way more clearly, and even to act with less precaution, but yet with more zeal than ever, in daily expectation of the favorable moment for flying to arms, the instant we had a leader willing to accept the supreme command of the army. Though more than 200 officers were already initiated in the secret, yet the society, which was to begin and complete the work of the revolution on the plan previously concerted, could not immediately receive its fixed and ultimate organization; it was not till they had quitted the camp, and had returned to Warsaw, that we took the appropriate and direct measures to attain our end. We still doubted whether the undertaking of the army might not be disapproved by the nation; this doubt, however, was soon dispelled by my friend Boleslaus Ostrowski, who assured us that the army could not question the patriotism and devotion of the nation; that it was the highest injustice to suppose that the long state of servitude it had suffered, had either impaired its love of independence, or effaced the memory of its former fame and dignity.

To Urbanski, paymaster of the guard, I represented the necessity of speedily establishing societies similar to our own in every regiment, in order that on a fixed day, at a fixed hour, the officers might lead the soldiers to an appointed post. Zaliwski, who happened to be present, and whose ideas and talents were perfectly known to me, was also of this opinion. We accordingly distributed among us the different divisions of troops then lying as garrison in the capital. I promised to gain over the officers of the grenadier and sharp-shooter companies, while Urbanski did the same by those of the guard. Borkiewicz, second lieutenant of the 7th regiment, having assembled those officers who belonged to the society, we declared to them they must instantly bind themselves to lead on their soldiers, and to choose a representative to whom the direction of the corps was to be confided; Zaliwski was accordingly chosen, without hesitation; and he and Urbanski ever since continued their most strenuous support. On account of the absence of several officers, the organization of societies and the choice of a representative in the sharp-shooter companies could not be effected till somewhat later. A few days previously, a

Polish pamphlet had accidentally fallen into my hands, the title and first leaves of which had been torn away; it seemed to contain the means of rescuing Poland, at the time of its third dismemberment. This pamphlet had great influence on the members of our society, as well as the reflections of Kilinski, which we had already perused, and which had been sent to us out of Posen as a pledge of fraternal sympathy, and as a token of zeal in our mutual welfare, not inferior to our own.

Towards the end of September, and in the first days of October, bills were stuck up at the corners of many of the streets in Warsaw summoning the Poles to revolution, and containing menaces against the grand duke, with even a notice that, from the next new year, the Belvedere palace would be to let. We had no knowledge of all this. Reports were spread in every direction that a new revolution was about to break out; one even went so far as to fix the day—it was to be the 10th, 15th, and 20th of October. These rumors induced the old government to stand more on its guard.

As I had no opportunity of seeing J. B. Ostrowski, I begged Louis Nabelak to go to Lazienski,* and enjoined him to inform Ostrowski, that after the 18th of October we were daily prepared to take up arms. I recommended Ensign Fraszkowski to Nabelak, and begged he would concert with him the measures to be taken, in order, from the very beginning, to act in union with the inhabitants, either in the Saxon square or at the Belvedere; this plan, however, could not be executed, as the officers had not yet been able to come to an understanding on the point. At length Fraszkowski, seconded by Nabelak and other officers, made the request that I would fix the 18th of October for the commencement of our enterprise; yet on condition that I was still to hold a final consultation with Zaliwski and Urbanski. At this consultation it was, however, decided to delay the affair for some time longer, which occasioned considerable dissatisfaction and enmity towards me. The reproaches I had to undergo, and the calumnies with which I was loaded, did not in the least slacken my zeal. The society divided itself into parties; and J. B. Ostrowski, dreading the vigilance of spies, especially after the apprehension of several students of the university, discontinued his support. Misunderstandings likewise arose in the corps, which also withdrew their assistance. This wretched state of discord lasted till the next consultation with Xaverius Bronikowski. I redoubled my

* A small village near Warsaw.

efforts to assemble all the officers; having effected this, they required to be convinced in what light the chamber of deputies would consider our projects, in consequence of which, I and Zaliwski undertook to ascertain the genuine feeling of the inhabitants, and to fix the day when the struggle for the national cause was at last to begin. The execution of our design was, however, again postponed, by the imprisonment of several individuals, by order of the grand duke, as well as by the general apprehension evinced in the capital. Urbanski was seized; and I myself, by order of the duke, was examined by Olendzki. Precautionary measures were taken at the Belvedere, and all proceedings at the military academy were watched with tenfold suspicion. Geznez was also thrown into confinement, and underwent a rigorous examination; while all communication between us and the city was strictly forbidden by the duke. Makrott was instantly at the heels of every individual who absented himself from the barracks; and the direction of the academy was confided to General Trembicki.

During this interval of terror and disorder, Xaverius Bronikowski declared his irrevocable determination of withdrawing from the society, and of refusing all future assistance;* he accordingly abandoned his usual occupations, resigned the editorship of the Polish Courier to Mr. L. Zukowski, and changed his residence. On the 21st of November, Zaliwski, Bronikowski, and myself, repaired to the library of the "Learned Society," under the pretext of visiting its cabinet of curiosities, but in fact to meet Lelewel,† to whom Xaverius Bronikowski and Maurice Mochnacki had already communicated the existence of a secret military club. When Lelewel entered, I took the word, and spoke pretty nearly as follows:—

"A report has been circulated, that the Polish army openly approves the principles of the present government—that it is inseparably and unconditionally attached to the Grand Duke—that it boldly justifies the abuses daily committed by the miserable slaves and spies that surround it—and that living at enmity with the nation, it only serves to oppress and enchain her. In consequence of these rumors, I now declare to you, most res-

* We translate this passage exactly as it stands in Wysocki's deposition notwithstanding the obscurity to which it gives rise, as Bronikowski is found immediately afterwards in closest intimacy with the society. Perhaps his present declaration was made as a momentary blind to his enemies, in which case, some allusion might have been expected in order to clear up the incongruity.

† Lelewel is the name of the celebrated professor, so active in fanning the flame of revolt among the students of the university. He is a man of most distinguished talent, and has since been called to the cabinet.

pected citizen, in the name of this so hatefully accused and calumniated army, that we, indeed, have sworn fidelity to our king, but he has also sworn fidelity to the nation. As the king has violated his oath, he has absolved us from ours. We are now prepared to blend our exertions with those of the nation, and fly to arms in defense of those rights which were guaranteed us by the constitutional chart. You need but speak; your arguments and talents will serve as our guides. You see in us present the organs of a vast number of officers who share the same sentiments."

Lelewel answered, that nobody imagined the army favored an unjust government, that the nation participated the views of the army, and all good Poles thought as we did. "Though several military conspiracies," said he, "have had an unfortunate issue, still I doubt not your efforts will be crowned with a happy result. Forty thousand men under arms, who share the same opinions, and express the same wish, cannot fail of bearing the national feeling along with them." In compliance with the opinion of Lelewel, it was determined at this interview, that the Sunday evening following, viz. 28th of November, should be the day fixed for a general rising. After a subsequent interview with Lelewel, we declared the revolt irrevocably fixed, even though it should necessarily be delayed till Monday.

Thursday, 25th November.—After the departure of Lelewel, Urbanski, Zaliwski, and myself, held an important deliberation, in which we came to the following resolutions:

"1st. That the representatives of the society, viz. the officers of all the regiments lying in garrison at Warsaw, must be immediately assembled.—2dly. That it be clearly intimated to them, that they were understood to approve our undertaking, and would be expected effectually to second the enterprise.—3dly. That on Sunday, towards evening, the plan of military operations should be read to them."

On Sunday, the 28th November, about seven o'clock in the evening, the representatives accordingly repaired to the barracks of the guards, and assembled at the apartments of Borkiewicz. During the night from Sunday to Monday we fixed our plan of military operations. The following were the main articles:

"1st. To make sure of the person of the Grand Duke.—2dly. To force the Russian cavalry to lay down their arms.—3dly. To take possession of the arsenal, and distribute arms among the people.—4thly. To disarm the regiments of the Russian, Volhynian, and Lithuanian guard, under the command of Generals Essakow and Engelmann."

The result of this plan is now known to every one. Some of the most remarkable details may however still be interesting. At six o'clock in the evening, the signal of revolt was given by setting fire to the brewery on the Solec, close to the barracks of the Russian cavalry, but by some chance or other the fire was extinguished. The Polish troops left the barracks to repair to their appointed posts; at the same instant, a division, consisting of several students of the university, hastened, under command of two ensigns of the academy, to insure the person of the Grand Duke, who, amidst the confusion, might have run a risk of being sacrificed. This business was confided to the two ensigns Fraszkowski and Kobylanski; the names of the others were, Louis Nabelak, Sewerin Goszczynski, Karl Paszkiewicz, Stanislaus Poninski, Zenon Niemojewski, Louis Orpiszewski, Rochus, and Nicodemus Rupniewski, Valentine Nosiorowski, Louis Jankowski, Edward Trzcinski, Leonard Rettel, Antony Kosinski, Alexander Swientoslawski, Valentine Krosniewski, and Rottermund, all either teachers or pupils of the university, and men of upright character, wholly devoted to the cause.

Four light companies, and two of the sixth regiment of the line, who were dispatched to assist the ensigns, and to prevent the Russian cavalry from forcing their way into the city, were foiled in their mission by General Stanislaus Potocki, who met them on their way, and took them as prisoners of war to the Russians. The four cannons, which were to have taken possession of the post between the *rural coffee-house** and the Radziwil barracks, as well as of the passages leading to the Belvedere, and which were only intended to fire for the sake of the moral influence this would have on the troops, were seized by a Polish regiment, which I shall purposely avoid mentioning, lest its reputation should be for ever branded with infamy. At the moment the small detachment sent to the Belvedere disappeared from the little wood at Lazienki, I hurried away to the barracks of the ensigns' academy, accompanied by Lieutenant Schlegel, who brought us cartridges from the camp, and by Joseph Dobrowolski. We found the young men busily engaged at their theoretical studies; the two above-mentioned gallant officers instantly disarmed the Russian.

On entering the school, I exclaimed to these valiant youths, "Poles! the hour of vengeance has struck; this day we must

* The Polish expression is *wieyska kawa*, which means a rural, or country coffee-house. It is difficult to hit the exact signification without being thoroughly acquainted with the localities.

either conquer or die. Follow me; and may your breasts prove a Thermopylæ against the enemies of our freedom!" At the same moment the hall rung with unanimous cries of—"To arms! To arms!" These noble young fellows loaded their muskets and rushed after their leader, to the number of about one hundred and sixty; we took the road to the barracks of the three Russian cavalry regiments. Convinced that the select companies were hastening to join us, I gave orders to fire, partly to alarm the Russians, and partly as a signal to the companies that the struggle had already begun.

After this signal, we forced our way into the middle of the barracks of lancers, where our enemies, thus provoked, immediately assembled, about 300 men strong, and drew themselves up in a column before us. We fired upon them; they at first fell into disorder, but afterwards closed their ranks, and again returned to the attack. We received them with a fresh charge, and redoubled cries of exultation, then rushing on them with the bayonet, broke their column, which dispersed in all directions, leaving us masters of the ground, bestrewed with corpses. At this instant I received news that the cuirassier and hussar regiments were hastening from their barracks to surround us, and cut off our way to the city. The Polish columns that were to have come to our assistance did not make their appearance, and as our cartridges were beginning to fail us, we were, involuntarily, compelled to retreat. The regiment of lancers which we had first attacked, and wholly dispersed, allowed us a free passage over the bridge of Sobieski, where we formed a junction with the division that came from the Belvedere.

Under the idea that the select companies were only waiting orders to join us, I dispatched Camillo Mochnacki with instructions to have them march up as speedily as possible; he, however, soon returned, with notice that the troops were nowhere to be found, and that the cuirassiers were ranging themselves in order of battle, to cut us off at every possible point on our way back to the city. Having advanced a few paces, I came in sight of a file of cuirassiers, whom, without hesitation, I ordered to be attacked. Our intrepid youths instantly rushed upon them, and soon forced the enemy to withdraw towards the Belvedere.

We now collected our forces, and proceeded towards the rural coffee-house. On reaching the square, between this coffee-house and the Radziwil barracks, we again met the cuirassiers, preparing to attack us anew, and at the same time perceived a

group of hussars coming towards us from the alleys of trees. In this imminent danger, our only resource was a rapid march to the left, in order to gain the Radziwil barracks; we luckily succeeded in reaching this spot, from whence we destroyed a number of the enemy, who seemed on the point of besieging us. Shortly afterwards, finding it impossible to restrain the impetuous ardor of the valiant ensigns, we rushed out of the barracks, burst upon the Russians, and having put a considerable number of them *hors de combat*, forced the rest to retreat. We then proceeded towards the city, the way to which now remained perfectly free.

Near the church of St. Alexander we met with General Stanislaus Potocki, the ensigns stopped him, and implored him almost on their knees to join the national cause. I united my entreaties to those of the gallant youths, "General," said I, "we conjure you in the name of your country, of the fetters of Igelstræm, in which you so long languished, place yourself at our head; do not suppose it is only the military academy that has risen; all the troops are for us, and are already in possession of the posts we will point out to you." As I however saw that our remonstrances were vain, and we had no time to lose, I ordered him to be set at liberty. A few hours afterwards, he fell by other hands; his obstinate resistance, and his want of confidence in the valor and resolution of the Polish soldiery, brought him to an untimely grave.

I here finish my recital. It would be useless to describe the scenes of horror and bloodshed I witnessed between the church of St. Alexander and the arsenal. Providence led our steps; God assisted our beginning; the God of our forefathers, and of our beloved Poland, has blessed our exertions, and will one day restore to our country its former limits and its ancient fame. According to our previous arrangement, Xaverius Bronikowski sent various persons into the different quarters of the town, to serve as leaders of the people. Anastasius Dunin, Wlodimir Kormandski, Louis Zukowski, Maurice Mochnacki, Michael Dembinski, and Joseph Koslowski, according to the directions of Bronikowski, began operations in the Altstadt.

The military academy is under everlasting obligation to Lieutenant Schlegel, who on this remarkable night quitted his corps to fight in extremest peril at the head of our noble ensigns. The academy is also deeply indebted to the intrepidity of Dobrowolski, whose wounds, received in this memorable conflict, will honor him to the last hour of his life. I have omitted

many names well worthy of being mentioned. It belongs to history to conserve them in its public records, and deliver them down to the gratitude of their fellow-countrymen.

Written at Warsaw, the 9th December, 1830.

(Signed) PETER WYSOCKI,
Under-Lieutenant in the Polish army.

IRISH REBELLION IN 1798.

THE history of no nation in Europe, perhaps, exhibits such a uniform series of misery, oppression, and misfortunes, as that of Ireland. Never acknowledging the undisputed authority of a single monarch, in the early period of its history, the unhappy island was split into hostile districts; and while the various septs denounced perpetual vengeance against each other, the petty toparchs contended for superiority with all the eagerness of rivalry, and all the injustice generated by the lust of power. Nor were the people subject to the calamities of war alone; they were cruelly oppressed during the short intervals of peace, by the chieftains and tanists, whose horses and dogs they were obliged to feed, in consequence of certain exactions, denominated cosherings and sessings, which, in the strong language of a celebrated lawyer, "made the lord an absolute tyrant, and the tenant a very slave or villain; and in one respect more miserable than bond-slaves; for commonly the bond-slave," says he, "is fed by his lord, but here the lord was fed by his bond-slave."

Although often agitated in former periods, it would now be equally vain and unprofitable to inquire whether Ireland yielded by treaty, or was overcome by the sword? The fact is that the natives were treated like a conquered people, and denied a participation in the English laws. Stigmatized as helots, even intermarriage was deemed a capital crime, and their murder has been more than once adjudged to be no felony. Amidst such cruel and impolitic restraints, it was not to be expected that the people would emerge from barbarity; on the contrary, they were rendered discontented and ferocious by oppression, and three successive national insurrections, the fruits of a false and perfidious policy, prove better than any testimony, however strong, that their servitude was equally galling and ungrateful. All the bitterness of religious intolerance, in consequence of the Reformation, was superadded to civil disabilities; and a

black catalogue of penal statutes exposed the unhappy Catholics to a variety of fines, mulcts, and disfranchisements, from which the more fortunate and less numerous Protestants were of course exempt.

At length, towards the close of the American war, the spirit and loyalty of an oppressed nation procured a melioration of its condition, and a milder and more liberal system began to be adopted; but this only extended at first to commercial and parliamentary independence; for even then those of the Romish faith, constituting an immense majority in point of numbers, but far inferior in respect to wealth, remained utterly bereft of their elective franchises, and subject to a variety of disadvantages.

In the course of a few years more,* the exercise of many of the social rights was restored to them; and a prospect of full redress opened on the commencement of a war, which, instead of relieving, has entailed infinite misery upon Ireland. Yet something essential was achieved,† in favor of the bulk of the nation, and the glimpse of complete emancipation was held out by a popular nobleman,‡ in consequence of which supplies were voted with equal promptitude and liberality.

The sudden recall of the new viceroy, and the denial of the promised boon, unhappily became the signal for a civil war; and those who had hitherto confined themselves to constitutional remedies alone, now determined to recur to the sword. Many of the societies formed for the purpose of obtaining a redress of grievances and a parliamentary reform, were perverted to the purposes of insurrection; while a new one, under the title of "United Irishmen," received all who were disaffected, after pledging their fidelity by the solemnity of an oath. A system of representation, founded on the customs of our Saxon ancestors, and adopted by the venerable Alfred, was prepared, formed and completed, by the labors of an aspiring individual,|| with a mystery equal, and an effect still more general, than the secret tribunals which at one period kept a large portion of Germany

* In 1792 the Irish Catholics were permitted by act of parliament, 1. To practice as barristers and attorneys; 2. To intermarry with Protestants; 3. To educate youth, in the capacity of school masters, without obtaining a license from an ordinary of the church of England; and 4. To send their children abroad for instruction.

† In consequence of a recommendation from the throne, in January, 1793, many other restrictive laws were repealed; but Catholics were still prohibited from sitting in parliament, or enjoying any of the great offices of state.

‡ Earl Fitzwilliam, then lord-lieutenant.

|| Theobald Wolfe Tone, a Protestant, educated at Trinity College, Dublin and a barrister, practicing in the courts of law

in awe. By an ascending scale of representation, from decenaries and hundreds, to baronies, provinces, and at length to the whole kingdom, such an interchange of opinions took place, and such a force was prepared, as had never before been witnessed in modern times, in the face of an existing government.

At the head of the whole presided a directory of five,* possessing unbounded influence over all, but known only to a few; the members consisted partly of Catholics, and partly of Protestants; some of them had been in parliament, and were either sprung from, or connected with, the first families of the kingdom, and they were all noted for their abilities. These dazzled with the success of America and France, and warmed with the theories of the day, conceived the romantic idea of shaking off all dependence upon England, converting the monarchy into a republic, and effecting a complete toleration in respect to religion; but neither the state of the country nor of the people was calculated for such a change. It was determined, however, to attempt it; and the executive, which had its ambassador at Paris, and whose diplomatic agents were supposed to have some influence on the late negotiations of Lisle, was at length resolved to try its strength with the established government, aided by all the wealth and all the power of Great Britain. So conscious, indeed, were the members of their own power, and so much did they dread the influence of foreign domination, that they expressly stipulated with their ally on the continent, for a certain limited assistance only.

But, fortunately for England, their schemes were completely blasted, by the treachery of a subordinate agent, the nominal treasurer of a county, and a colonel of the insurgents. In consequence of his information, fourteen delegates and three members of the directory were arrested; a fourth soon after died of the wounds which he received in his own defense, and the whole plot was at length completely developed. New directors were indeed nominated, but a new discovery not only revealed their names and intentions, but consigned two of them to death.

In the mean time, government had recourse to measures which subjected some of its members to censure; and the army itself appears to have acted, according to the manly confession

* Lord Edward Fitzgerald, brother to the Duke of Leicester; Mr. Arthur O'Conner, nephew of Lord Longueville, descended from Roderic O'Conner, king of Connaught; Mr. Oliver Bond, a respectable manufacturer of Dublin; Mr. Emmet, a barrister of considerable eloquence; and Dr. McNeven, a physician, and a man of great talents, who acted for some time as the secretary-general to the executive.

of the commander-in-chief, with an indefensible degree of severity. By a law lately passed, the viceroy was enabled to proclaim certain districts out of the king's peace; but Lord Camden deemed it proper, on his own authority, not only to put forage and provisions in requisition, but also to supersede the ordinary tribunals of justice, and issue orders for the trial of civil offenses by means of courts martial.

The remaining leaders, who had determined on a general insurrection, particularly in the province of Leinster, and not only fixed on a day for that purpose, but meditated an attack on the camp of Loughlinstown, the park of artillery at Chapelizod, and even the castle of Dublin at the same time, were thus anticipated in their daring attempt, while the capital was subjected to military jurisdiction, and the most efficacious measures adopted for its preservation.

But although many of the chiefs had been secured, and those not as yet arrested were overwhelmed with dismay, a partial revolt actually took place, on the day subsequent to that fixed upon for a general insurrection; of which the stoppage of the mail-coaches was to be the signal. An assault was made by a half-armed rabble on the town and jail of Naas; but as their scheme had been discovered, they were instantly repulsed by a body of the military, about one hundred and forty killed on the spot, and three of the leaders executed. A more numerous party was defeated by General Dundas, near Kilcullen; and on the preceding day, a small detachment, consisting of between four and five hundred, which had ventured to advance as far as Rathfarnham, was dispersed by only thirty-five dragoons under Lord Raden, many being put to death in their flight; but two of their chiefs were reserved for public execution.

These feeble and unconnected attempts were not countenanced by a general rising; for Ulster, in which province alone one hundred and fifty thousand united Irishmen are said to have been enrolled and mustered, in consequence of the unpromising state of affairs, wisely declined the contest, and the progress of the rebellion, unsanctioned even by the formality of a manifesto, had hitherto resembled the capricious freaks of a discontented mob, rather than the united efforts of a large portion of the nation.

But the agitators had succeeded in implanting certain principles in the minds of the common people; and these appear to have struck their roots into a congenial soil; for although one attempt on Carlow and another on Kildare failed, while a still more formidable commotion at Tallagh-hill was suppressed,

vet the inhabitants of the counties of Wicklow and Wexford, being taught to expect immediate assistance from France, ran to arms, and experienced a transitory but delusive success.

Father John Murphy, who had received the degree of doctor of divinity in Spain, and at this period officiated as priest in the barony of Gorey and parish of Kilcormic, appears to have been the first to recur to arms in this quarter. He collected his forces by lighting a fire on a hill, called Corrigrua, which was answered by a similar signal on an eminence contiguous to his own house at Boolavogue. After disarming the Protestants and burning their houses, a savage mode of warfare but too often perpetrated by both sides on their enemies, they repaired to the village of Oulart, near Kilmickridge; and as their numbers had now increased to about fourteen thousand, armed chiefly with pikes, they began to acquire confidence.

In the mean time, part of the troops in Wexford, on hearing of the atrocities committed in their neighborhood, determined to march against and disperse the insurgents. Accordingly, a detachment of the North Cork, consisting of one hundred and nine picked men, under Lieutenant-colonel Foote, with some of Colonel Lehunte's yeoman cavalry, marched against the rebels then posted on the side of Oulart-hill. The attack at first proved successful, and the apparent trepidation of the enemy encouraged the assailants to climb the eminence in pursuit of the fugitives; but on their approach they not only found the hedges lined with musketry, but their flanks turned; so completely indeed was the defeat, that the whole party was cut to pieces, the commanding officer, who was wounded by a pike in the breast and arms, a sergeant, and three privates excepted.

On the succeeding day Dr. Murphy issued circular notices written in red ink, commanding all persons capable of bearing arms to join him immediately, for the purpose of attacking Enniscorthy; and such was the reputation he had acquired by his late victory, that great numbers flocked to his standard. Having said mass on Ballyorle-hill, and set fire to some houses in the neighborhood, their leader immediately marshaled about six thousand of his followers, and they were soon after seen on the Newtown-barry road, formed into an immense column, which extended a mile in length; another body, posted on an adjoining eminence, advanced at the same time on the opposite side, and endeavored to throw the troops into disorder by means of a stratagem. They were gallantly and successfully opposed for a considerable time, by about three hundred and forty men who occupied the principal outlets; but as a number of disaf

fectcd persons were supposed to be in the place, and this small force was incompetent to a prolonged defense, it was determined to evacuate it. No sooner had this been effected, than it was taken possession of by the enemy, who formed a camp on Vinegar-hill early next morning, threw up intrenchments, erected batteries, and regulated all military affairs by means of a committee of twelve, four of which were priests.

The peasantry now flocked thither in such numbers, that the main body soon consisted of ten thousand men. Sentinels, videttes, and picquet guards, were posted around, and all the appearance of regular troops affected; but it was easy to perceive, that the majority were utterly unacquainted with the use of arms, while the motley appearance of the tents, consisting chiefly of quilts, blankets, and carpets, gave a grotesque and ridiculous appearance to the whole. Nor did they fail to imitate the army in other points of views; for having converted the ruins of a wind-mill into a jail, they collected prisoners, and having tried them by the summary jurisdiction of a court-martial, several of the unhappy victims were occasionally shot or piked in the front of the rebel line. Several Protestant women, also, who fell into the hands of their scouts and foraging parties, were not only treated with barbarity, but subjected to violation. To the credit, however, of one of the leaders, called General Sutton, he made use of his authority to restrain such atrocious conduct.

To inure their followers to military exploits, irruptions were made in various directions. One body of insurgents, under the direction of Father Kearns, a priest, seized on the town of Borris, and burnt all the houses belonging to the yeomen; but the assailants were repulsed in an attack on the mansion house, notwithstanding they had provided themselves with a howitzer. About this time, also, they formed a camp on the hill of Forth, commonly called the Three Rock Mountain, and on this the detachment marched in procession from Enniscorthy, headed by Father John Murphy, with a large crucifix in his arms. In the course of a few days, they were fortunate enough to surprise part of the Meath regiment and a detachment of the royal artillery with two howitzers; while Major-general Fawcett, who had marched with eighty of the thirteenth regiment and a small number of militia, for the purpose of supporting those troops, on hearing of their defeat was reluctantly obliged to return to Duncannon fort.

On the same day, Lieutenant-colonel Maxwell, on being informed of these events, advanced against the enemy with two hundred of the Donegal regiment, and about one hundred and

fifty yeoman cavalry; but he soon found himself and party annoyed by means of a heavy fire from behind rocks, hedges, and houses. The howitzers, also, which had been taken in the morning, were brought into action, and some of the matrosses, who had been saved expressly for that purpose, were forced, by the terror of the pike, to point them at their fellow-soldiers. They at the same time drove a number of horses along the road, for the purpose of embarrassing the troops; and the stratagem, which failed on another occasion, proved successful here; for the cavalry, being pent up in a defile, and unable to act, wheeled round from the galling fire, and retired. On perceiving this, the insurgents rushed down from the mountain, on purpose to cut off the retreat of the infantry, which they would have effected, had it not been for the resolute conduct of the Donegal regiment, which repulsed them by means of a few well directed volleys of musketry, and then fell back on Wexford.

That town, seated at the mouth of the Slaney, at no great distance from the camp at Vinegar-hill, and only three miles from their position on the Forth mountain, became the next object against which the insurgents determined to direct their operations. The successful result of the late skirmishes, the acquisition of two pieces of artillery, together with the possession of a large quantity of arms, and ammunition, tended to increase their audacity and their numbers; while the spirit of fanaticism was kept alive among the ignorant multitude by means of masses and ghostly exhortations, the faith of some of them is reported to have been raised to such a ridiculous excess, as actually to believe that the balls of the heretics could make no impression upon a true believer.

While they were meditating an assault on Wexford, Lieutenant-colonel Maxwell determined to evacuate the place, and a deputation from such of the inhabitants as chose to remain arrived at the Three Rock Mountain, where the rebels had increased to ten thousand, on purpose to announce that a white flag, in token of submission, had been hoisted on the town-house.

A column was accordingly put in motion under General Roche, lately a sergeant in the yeoman cavalry; and Mr. Keugh, who had risen from the humble station of private to the rank of Captain-lieutenant in the sixty-fifth regiment, during the American war, was nominated governor by acclamation. On entering the place, the insurgents immediately liberated all the prisoners confined in the jail, and soon after nominated one

of them, Mr. Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey, a Protestant gentleman of considerable fortune, commander-in-chief of the United army of the county of Wexford.

Flushed with a series of uninterrupted successes, they now marshaled their forces, and determined on achieving still greater enterprises. For this purpose they formed their army into three divisions; one, under the command of a Protestant chief, to whom was assigned the reverend Father Philip Roche, of Poulprarsy, in the parish of Killan, as a coadjutor, received orders to encamp on Carrickbyrne-hill, for the purpose of attacking the town of New-Ross; a second, under Captains Doyle and Redmond, was to proceed from Vinegar-hill, and seize on Newtown-barry, situated in a defile surrounded by high and steep mountains, which would not only give them the command of the Slaney, but open a communication with their associates in the counties of Carlow and Kildare; the third led by a person denominated General Perry, accompanied by Father Michael Murphy, of Ballycanoe, and Father John Murphy, of Boolavogue, was destined to attack Gorey; and such was their confidence, that, after seizing on these places, it was determined to advance with this victorious column against the capital, where their partisans were numerous, intelligent and indefatigable.

But, after the capture of Wexford, they were fated to experience a number of signal defeats; and as their operations were equally deficient in method and concert, and they had hitherto proved successful from numbers and accident alone, so they were of course dissipated on the first appearance of an effective opposition.

After obtaining possession of Newtown-barry, the assailants were driven out with great slaughter, by a small body of yeomen. They were also foiled, about the same time, in an attack upon Gorey; but a large body, posted on Ballymore-hill, succeeded in defeating Colonel Walpole, who, despising such dastardly adversaries, advanced to the attack without the usual military precautions, and fell into an ambuscade at Tubberneering. After having lost their commander, who, by being dressed in full uniform, and mounted on a tall gray horse, became a conspicuous object for the enemy's marksmen, the troops, who were raw and inexperienced, at length retreated in confusion. Two six pounders and a howitzer, seized upon this occasion being turned against them, the rout would have been complete but for the good conduct of Colonel Cope, of the Antrim militia. This officer rallied and formed his remaining forces or

the road, so as to impede the progress of the rebels, who now charged in their turn, and at length entered Gorey in pursuit of the fugitives. Arklow also was evacuated; and it was with some difficulty that General Loftus, who had advanced to support Colonel Walpole, found means to escape with his feeble detachment across Slievebuoy mountain.

In the mean time an immense number of insurgents, posted on Carrickbyrne-hill, within six miles of Ross, determined on the capture of that place, which, by its commanding situation, was calculated to increase their power and influence. They accordingly approached it, and as an opportunity had not yet occurred to divide them into companies and regiments, they were formed under the more familiar denominations of parishes and baronies. During their march, they halted for some time at a chapel, where mass was said at the head of each column by their priests, who also sprinkled an abundance of holy water. They then repaired to Corbet-hill, an eminence about a mile and a half from Ross, and formed on its summit with some appearance of regularity.

But the capture of this town was an object of considerable difficulty, as the garrison consisted of twelve hundred effective men, besides one hundred and fifty yeomen, commanded by Major General Johnson. The troops, who had been for some time prepared for the attack, were also judiciously stationed; the infantry and artillery having been posted in a line on the east and south sides of the town, with the cavalry on the quay, and the volunteers at the bridge.

About five o'clock in the morning, 30,000 insurgents advanced against the town in an irregular manner, uttering hideous yells; about one-fourth were armed with muskets, and the remainder with pikes; they were provided with four small field-pieces and a few swivels, while their fanaticism was aroused and their valor excited by priests, clad in vestments and carrying crucifixes, who moved slowly through the ranks, and administered divine consolation.

One of the crowd, waving a white handkerchief in his hand, preceded the rest; on being shot by the sentinels, it was discovered that he had brought a letter from Mr. Harvey, the newly-elected general, dated at the camp of Corbet-hill, summoning the commanding officer to deliver up the place to the forces assembled against it. "Flushed with victories," says he, "the Wexford forces, innumerable and irresistible, will not be controlled, if they meet with opposition; to prevent, therefore, the total ruin of all property in the town, I urge you to a

speedy surrender, which you will be forced to in a few hours with loss and bloodshed, as you are surrounded on all sides."

Having marched up to the place with great resolution, they drove in the advanced guard, took possession of the alarm posts, and made use of one of the pieces of artillery which they had taken at the Three Rocks, by means of a matross, who was not only tied to prevent him from running away, but excited to the performance of his duty by one of the revolvers, who on perceiving the elevation to be too great, is reported to have drawn a pistol from his belt and shot him on the spot. The first onset was furious, but they were repulsed at the Three-Bullet-gate, and charged by a detachment of the fifth dragoons; they however rallied soon after, and seized on a piece of artillery, which they immediately turned against the troops. After this they entered the town, and notwithstanding cannon were planted at the cross lanes, so as to sweep the streets as they advanced, yet such was the weight and impetuosity of the column formed by the assailants, that the main body of the garrison, overpowered by numbers, and intimidated also perhaps by the late success of the rebels at Enniscorthy, the Three Rocks, Wexford, and Tubberneering, fled over the bridge with great precipitation to the Kilkenny side of the river.

Fortunately, however, the place was soon after re-captured by the gallantry of the commanding officer who had served during the war on the Transatlantic continent. Indignant at beholding the success of the revolvers and the sudden panic of his own troops, General Johnson rode up to the fugitives and demanded if they meant to forsake their leader, and their countryman? Being received with three cheers, he placed himself at their head, advanced towards the Three-Bullet-gate, where a post was still maintained by the English, and recurring to one of the least culpable stratagems of war, he confidently assured the soldiers stationed there that he had brought a reinforcement from Waterford. Having thus re-animated them by the joyful intelligence, he advanced against and dispersed a column of the enemy; and that nothing might be wanting to secure the fortune of the day, he contrived to turn their rear, at the same time manning the trenches on the outside so as to prevent the arrival of a reinforcement.

The assailants, who had not improved their first advantage, but consumed that time in drunkenness and devastation, which they ought to have employed in securing their victory, were now dispersed and overcome; and as raw troops can never be rallied, they retreated with the utmost speed, first to Corbet and then to

Darickbyrne-hills, leaving two thousand six hundred dead behind them. Nor was this signal success obtained by their adversaries without bloodshed, for Lord Mountjoy, colonel of the Dublin militia, fell in the first onset; one ensign, four sergeants, and eighty-four men, were killed, and one captain and fifty-seven men wounded.

On the very day that this engagement took place, some of the insurgents hearing of the success of the king's troops, perpetrated a most shocking massacre on several prisoners whom they had confined at Scullabogue; an endeavor has been made to throw the whole of the odium of this transaction on one of the priests, but certain it is, that a layman of the name of Murphy, who commanded there, refused to sanction the atrocity, and turned away with horror from the disgusting scene, which he was unable to prevent; he however had still influence sufficient to rescue a woman from death, by observing, "that such a horrid deed would kindle a blush on the cheeks of the Virgin Mary;" nor ought it to be omitted here, that the bodies of the unhappy sufferers were buried by a subscription on the part of the principal leaders.

The ill success of the attack on Ross put a period to the short-lived power of the general-in-chief, who was immediately deposed from his military command, and appointed to a civil employment, having been nominated president of the council of Wexford; but this gentleman, whose feelings and education wholly disqualified him from taking any share in the excesses that had recently taken place, was by this time ashamed of the misconduct of a peasantry fanaticized to madness and familiar with every species of crime. The lay commanders, after this period, no longer appear to have enjoyed the confidence of the multitude, for we now find Father Roche presiding in the camp on Lacken hill, and calling on the inhabitants of the adjacent parishes to repair to his standard, by requisitions addressed to the Catholic clergy. Father Michael Murphy at the same time acted in the capacity of general at Gorey; and as his troops had hitherto been successful, and were still flushed with their recent victory at Tubberneering, he meditated a great and important attempt. Undismayed by the late signal defeat at Ross, he determined on marching against Arklow, although at this time defended by a strong garrison; after the capture of which, he is said to have intended to advance against the capital itself, wisely judging that the possession of Dublin would in some measure decide the fate of the whole kingdom. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that the metropolis was at this period in a state of con-

sternation, for the vice-queen, (Lady Camden,) and many ladies of distinction, had fled to England, and there the disaffected were both resolute and numerous.

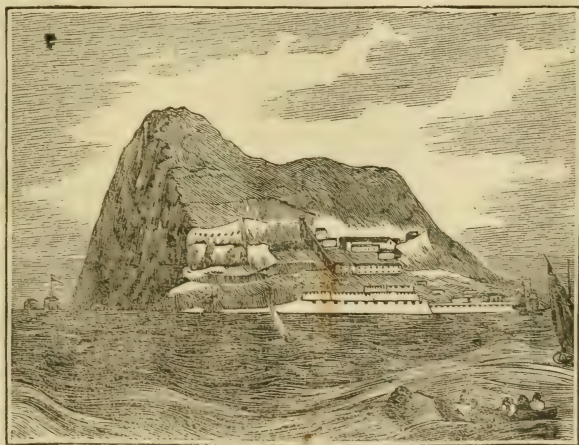
Although General Needham now occupied Arklow with about one thousand five hundred troops, consisting of dragoons, militia, fencibles, and yeomanry, the insurgents advanced boldly against it. They, however, did not commence their march until the morning was pretty far advanced; and it was four o'clock in the afternoon before they were perceived, formed in two immense columns, so as to attack the town in the upper and lower extremities at the same time. In addition to their numbers, which have been estimated at about twenty thousand, they were supported by two six pounders, formerly taken from the regulars, neither injudiciously posted nor ill served, and preceded by an advanced guard, composed of horse and foot. All their motions were evidently intended to out-flank and overpower the garrison, who were formed behind a barricade, strengthened with artillery.

The attack, which continued for upwards of two hours, was as usual fierce; but the steady countenance and incessant fire of the troops, together with the destruction occasioned by the cannon, rendered all their efforts abortive, and they were never able to penetrate into the place. One body was soon defeated and charged by the cavalry under Colonel Sir W. W. Wynne, who appears to have given no quarter; but the other, which had advanced on the side of the charter-school, and was led by Father Michael Murphy, the priest of Ballycanoe, made a number of successive but abortive attacks on a barricade, whence they were driven by incessant volleys of musketry and grape. At length this ecclesiastic, after haranguing his followers, advanced with a standard on which a cross had been emblazoned, but he was soon after killed by a cannon shot; on this his troops instantly dispersed, and retreated about eight o'clock at night towards Coolgreney, in a disorderly manner. They found means however to occupy a formidable station at Limeric-hill, which they evacuated on the approach of the Generals Dundas and Loftus.

But notwithstanding their reiterated miscarriages, a numerous body to the amount of twenty thousand, posted on the heights on the banks of the Slaney, called Vinegar-hill, still assumed the appearance of an army, and continued to sustain a drooping cause; luckily this important station was not fortified by heavy artillery, nor strengthened by redoubts on the flanks, nor defended by skill. Against these General Lake, after collecting various detachments, determined to march, and he was fortunate



Scene in the Irish Rebellion of 1798.—Page 394.



Rock of Gibraltar.—Page 399.



enough to be joined by the loyal Cheshire, who landed from England two days previous to the battle. The mode of attack adopted upon this occasion, was well calculated to terrify new levies, always diffident of themselves, and afraid of being surrounded. The troops being divided into four distinct columns, advanced against the insurgents under the Generals Dundas, Eustace, Duff, and Loftus. A fifth, under General Johnson, having carried the town of Enniscorthy, situated at the base of the hill, the heights were scaled in different directions, so as to menace the front and flanks at the same time. But, notwithstanding these formidable preparations, the revolvers were enabled, from the natural strength of their position, to defend their lines during an hour and a half, and it was not until they were outflanked and nearly surrounded, that they at length gave way, leaving behind them thirteen light field-pieces. As civil are always more bloody than foreign wars, the slaughter was immense, for no quarter seems to have been given upon this occasion, as those who escaped the musket, when overtaken, perished by the merciless bayonet, while so insignificant was the loss on the part of the king's troops, that not above one hundred were either killed or wounded.

The only person of any note who fell on either side upon this occasion, was Father Clinch, a priest of Enniscorthy, who was singled out on account of his large white horse, huge cimeter, and broad cross-belts; and the action itself was less bloody than could have been well supposed, as the troops under General Needham were unable to reach the position assigned them, and General Lake could not be prevailed upon to defer the combat until the succeeding day. In consequence of these events, an immense column retreated by the east side of the Slaney; part entered Wexford, where many horrid murders were committed on the bridge; while another and more numerous detachment, headed by two priests of the name of Murphy, and a third called Roche, reached the Three Rocks, and having held a council of war there, marched across the mountains to the county of Kilkenny.

However, the battle, or rather skirmish, of Vinegar-hill, not only occasioned the dispersion of those who survived the pursuit, but proved fatal to their cause.

An ineffectual attempt was immediately made by the pretended governor of Wexford, to obtain a capitulation; yet, as the offer of pardon to the garrison was accompanied with a stipulation that the chiefs should be delivered up, the insurgents, preferring the chance of death to the baseness of treachery, evacuated the

town, which was immediately occupied by Major-general Moore, to the no small joy of the remaining inhabitants.

In the mean time, the body of rebels which had retreated from Vinegar-hill and penetrated into the county of Kilkenny by the Scullagh Gap, burned the village of Kil Edmond, and proceeded to Goresbridge, under the command of Father John Murphy, of Boolavogue. Having advanced in column, they were opposed by Lieutenant Dixon, who was posted there with a party chiefly composed of dragoons; but he was obliged to retreat, as they had brought a swivel and several pieces of cannon to bear on the post, which he in vain endeavored to maintain against such a multitude of assailants. But their success was of short duration, for they were pursued by General Dunn and Sir Charles Asgill, and having made a stand at Kilcomney-hill, experienced a complete defeat. Murphy, the commander-in-chief, who fled from the field of battle, was taken soon after, and being conducted to the head quarters of General Sir James Duff, at Tullow, was hanged the same day. After this, the body of that sanguinary priest was burnt, and his head, with indiscreet zeal, placed on the market-house—a savage and horrid custom, tending little to intimidate, but admirably calculated to render a disaffected people more savage and ferocious, by making them familiar with barbarity, and accustoming them to the violation of the rights of sepulture.

A body of insurgents, who assembled soon after at White-heaps, was dispersed by General Needham, assisted by General Duff and the Marquis of Huntly, the last of whom acquired great credit during his residence in Ireland, by uniting humanity with courage, and compassionating the failings of a deluded multitude, at the same time that he rendered their fury ineffectual.

The spirit of rebellion in the south, which assumed all the appearance of a war of religion, was now completely subdued; and in the north it never exhibited a very formidable shape, for the disaffected Protestants in that quarter, shocked at the enormities perpetrated, the intolerance displayed, and the pretended miracles wrought by two Popish priests, determined to resist the seduction. They indeed found means to keep possession of Antrim for a few days; however, on being attacked with cannon and musketry, they were driven out of that place, but not until Lord O'Neil, who commanded a regiment of Irish militia, had fallen. They were also repulsed in an ill-concerted attack on Carrickfergus, at Ballynahinch, where they had determined to make a stand under Munroe, although they could not muster more than six thousand men; they received a total overthrow,

and the insurrection was completely quelled: notwithstanding, a few of the stragglers assembled in some force, first at Ardee and then at Garret's Town.

In the mean time, courts martial were held on all the leaders. Mr. B. Harvey, whose influence had been superseded after the battle of Ross, by that of Father Murphy, the priest, and who had seized the first opportunity of abandoning men inflamed into habitual cruelty by those who ought to have preached the language of Christian charity, was surprised in a cave on one of the rocks that form the harbor of Wexford, and hanged on the bridge of that town. Although this sentence was enforced by a court of a very equivocal kind, the jurisdiction of which is not recognized by the law, such was the relentless spirit of the times, that his heirs were bereaved of his large property; and as this could not be done in the usual course of justice, a *post-facto* act was obtained for that purpose.

It is greatly to be lamented, that a trial by jury was denied to such as were supposed to have dipped their hands in blood or forfeited their lives by rebellion: as it would surely have been at once more dignified and more legitimate, to have convicted the offenders according to the usual mode, and not have imitated the example of the French during the Vendean war, by the conversion of military tribunals into courts that were to decide on the lives of men, some of whom had not even been accused of appearing in arms. But posterity will learn with horror, that torture was in some instances recurred to by individuals on purpose to extort confessions of guilt; and what is still more shocking, that this barbarous and inhuman custom was not only permitted, but is said to have been palliated, by men of high authority.

Luckily for the happiness of Ireland and the honor of Great Britain, a more generous policy soon after prevailed; for Lord Cornwallis, although bred to arms from his youth, yet detesting schemes of vengeance and proscription, after making some public examples, put an end to the scene of blood. In the course of a few days subsequently to his arrival, he informed the House of Commons, by a message, of "his Majesty's orders to acquaint them, that he had signified his gracious intention of granting a general pardon for all offences committed previously to a certain time, upon such conditions and with such exceptions as might be compatible with the public safety;" and it was added, "that these offers of mercy were not to preclude measures of vigor against the obstinate."

His lordship accordingly, while he held out the immediate prospect of pardon and forgiveness to the ignorant rabble, was

determined to bring several of the principal chiefs to trial; but he did not recur to the invidious mode of impanneling military men, unacquainted with the rules of evidence and the forms of justice, who, after bravely overcoming the enemy with their sword, were afterwards to supersede the laws by sitting in judgment upon them and their followers; on the contrary, he issued orders for a special commission, and the culprits were arraigned, convicted, and condemned, by competent tribunals, with a solemnity suitable to the occasion.

A few suffered; and as the insurrection was now completely crushed, and public justice fully vindicated, both mercy and policy called aloud for pardon and oblivion.

AN ACCOUNT OF GIBRALTAR.

[From a recent European Publication.]

THE remarkable circumstance of such a position, one of the keys to a great kingdom, being held in permanent possession by a foreign nation, would alone confer no little interest upon Gibraltar. That promontory, besides its admirable advantages as a place of strength, may be said, owing to the narrowness of the strait upon which it juts out, to command, not merely the corner of Andalusia immediately under it, but the whole of the western coast of Spain, comprising nearly two thirds of the whole maritime circumference of that country. It effectually cuts off all communication by sea between that part of Spain which is bounded by the Mediterranean, and those parts which are bounded by the Atlantic. It disables that power as much as England would be disabled by another nation having the ability to hinder a ship passing from Liverpool, or Belfast, or Dublin, or Cork, or Plymouth, to Leith, or Hull, or London.

It appears, however, to have been late before the importance of this rock was discovered. The ancients had a fable that Europe and Africa were originally joined at this point, and that the two continents were riven asunder by Hercules, and a passage thereby opened between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Gibraltar, under the name of Calpe, and Mount Abyla, opposite to it, on the African coast, were called the Pillars of Hercules, and appear to have been in very early ages regarded by the people dwelling to the east of them, including the Carthagenians, the Greeks, and the Romans, as the western boundary of the world. It was probably long before navigation penetrated beyond

this limit. Even in aftertimes, however, when Spain became well known to the Romans, and a province of their empire, we do not read of any fort being erected on the rock of Calpe. It is doubtful if it was even in the site of a town. No Roman antiquities have ever been found on the spot or in the neighborhood.

The place appears to have been first seized upon and converted into a military station by the Moors when they invaded Spain in the beginning of the eighth century. From their leader, Tarif, it was in consequence called Gibel-Tarif, or the mountain of Tarif, of which Arabic name Gibraltar is a corruption. Soon after establishing themselves here, the Moors erected a lofty and extensive castle on the north-west side of the mountain, the ruins of which still remain. Gibraltar continued in the possession of the Moors for between seven and eight centuries, with the exception of about thirty years, during which it was held by the Christians, having been taken soon after the commencement of the fourteenth century by Ferdinand, king of Castile. It was recovered, however, in 1333, by Abomeleh, the son of the emperor of Fez, and the Moors were not finally dispossessed of it till the middle of the following century. After that it remained a part of the kingdom of Spain, down nearly to our times.

The promontory of Gibraltar, forms the south-western extremity of Andalusia, running out into the sea in nearly a due south direction, for about three miles. The greater part of this tongue consists of a very lofty rock. It rises abruptly from the land to the height of fully 1300 feet, presenting a face almost perfectly perpendicular, and being consequently from that, its northern extremity, completely inaccessible. The west side, however, and the southern extremity, consist, each of a series of precipices or declivities, which admit of being ascended. The town, now containing a population of above 17,000 persons, is built on the west side. Along the summit of the mountain, from north to south, runs a bristling ridge of rocks, forming a rugged and undulating line against the sky, when viewed from east to west. The whole of the western breast of the promontory is nearly covered with fortifications. Anciently, it is said, it used to be well wooded in many places; but there are now very few trees to be seen, although a good many gardens are scattered up and down both in the town and among the fortifications. A great part of the rock is hollowed out into caverns, some of which are of magnificent dimensions, especially one called St. George's Cave, at the southern point, which although having only an opening of five feet, expands into an apartment of two hundred feet in length by ninety in breadth, from the lofty

roof of which descend numerous stalactical pillars, giving it the appearance of a gothic cathedral. These caves seem to be the chief thing for which Gibraltar was remarkable among the ancients. They are mentioned by the Roman geographer, Pomponius Mela, who wrote about the middle of the first century of our era. The southern termination of the rock of Gibraltar is called Europa Point, and has been sometimes spoken of as the termination in that direction of the European continent; but Tarifa Point, to the west of Gibraltar, is fully five miles farther south.

It is impossible for us here to attempt any description of the fortifications which now cover so great a part of the celebrated promontory. Gibraltar was first fortified in the modern style by the German engineer, Daniel Speckel, at the command of the emperor Charles V., towards the close of the sixteenth century. But little of what was then erected probably now remains. Since the place fell into possession of the English, no expense has been spared to turn its natural advantages to the best account; and additions have repeatedly been made to the old fortifications, on the most extensive scale. It is now, without doubt, the most complete fortress in the world.

More than half a century ago Gibraltar was accounted by military men almost impregnable. "No power whatever," says Colonel James, in his history of the Herculanaen Straits, published in 1771, "can take that place, unless a plague, pestilence, famine, or the want of ordnance, musketry and ammunition, or some unforeseen stroke of Providence, should happen." It is certainly now much stronger than it was then. One improvement which has especially added to its security, is the formation of numerous covered galleries excavated in the rock, with embrasures for firing down upon both the isthmus and the bay.

Gibraltar was taken by an English fleet, under the command of Sir George Rooke and the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, in July, 1704. The project of the attack was suddenly formed at a council of war held on board the admiral's ship, while the fleet was cruising in the Mediterranean, and it was apprehended that it would be obliged to return to England without having performed any exploit commensurate to the expectations with which it had been fitted out. The affair proved a very easy one; the garrison, which consisted of one hundred and fifty men, having surrendered after a bombardment of only a few hours. The assailants lost only sixty lives, the greater part by a mine which was sprung after they had effected a landing. In the latter part of the same year, a most resolute effort was made to recover the place by the combined forces of France and Spain, which failed

after it had been persevered in for several months, and had cost the besiegers not less than 10,000 men. The loss of the garrison was about four hundred.

At the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, the possession of Gibraltar, was confirmed to England. In 1727, however, another attempt, on a formidable scale, was made by Spain, to dislodge the foreigners. An army of 20,000 men having encamped in the neighborhood, the attack was commenced in February, and continued till the 12th of May, when it was put an end to by the general peace. In this siege the garrison lost three hundred in killed and wounded; but the loss of the besiegers was not less than 3000. The guns in the fortifications, it is worthy of remark, proved so bad, that seventy cannons and thirty mortars burst in the course of the firing.

But the most memorable of all the sieges of Gibraltar was the last, which commenced in 1779, and did not terminate till it had been continued for more than three years. Of this remarkable siege an excellent and interesting account has been given by Captain John Drinkwater, who was present in the beleaguered fortress during the whole time. England was engaged in sustaining the contest with her revolted colonies in America, when hostilities were also commenced against her, first by France, and some time after by Spain. There is no doubt that, whatever were her professions, the latter power took up arms merely with the object of recovering Gibraltar. The Spanish ambassador having announced the intentions of his court, in London, on the 16th of June, 1779, on the 21st of the same month all communication between Gibraltar and the surrounding country was closed by command of the government of Madrid. It was the middle of the following month, however, before the Spaniards began to block up the fort. Fortunately, in the early part of this year, General George Augustus Eliot, who had been recently appointed governor, had arrived in the fort, and brought to the crisis that was approaching the aid of his great military science and talents, as well as of some of the highest moral qualities that ever adorned the soldier or the man. General Eliot, who was the ninth and youngest son of Sir Gilbert Eliot, of Stobbs, in Roxburghshire, was at this time about sixty years of age, more than forty of which he had spent in the service of his country. Another fortunate circumstance was that a supply of provisions had arrived in the preceding April. Had it not been for this, the garrison might have suffered terribly from the sudden stoppage of their accustomed intercourse both with Spain and Africa.

The first firing which took place was on the 12th of Septem-

ber, when a cannonade was opened from the fort which destroyed the works that the besiegers had spent many of the preceding weeks in erecting. The blockade, notwithstanding, became every day closer; and the occasional boats, which had for some time stolen in from the African coast and other places, at length found it impossible to continue their attempts. By the end of October, provisions had become extremely dear. About the same time, too, the small-pox broke out among the Jewish inhabitants of the town, and every precaution had to be used to prevent the spread of the disease. In November, the governor, in order to try on how little food life and strength could be sustained, restricted himself for eight days to four ounces of rice per day. Thistles, dandelions, wild leeks, &c., began to be eaten by the people of the town; and meat sold from half a crown to four shillings the pound.

The first firing from the besiegers took place on the 12th of January, 1780; and the first person wounded in the fort was a woman. By the end of March, the first supply of provisions arrived, brought in by the gallant Admiral Rodney, who had not only cut his way to the assistance of his distressed countrymen through all the opposition of the enemy, but had captured six of their men-of-war, including a sixty-four gun ship with the admiral on board, together with seventeen merchantmen. His present majesty, then known as Prince William Henry, was serving on board one of Sir George Rodney's ships as a midshipman, and often visited the garrison while the fleet remained in the bay. Captain Drinkwater relates that, on seeing a prince of the blood thus serving as a warrant-officer, the captive Spanish admiral exclaimed that Great Britain well deserved the empire of the seas, when even her king's sons were found thus holding the humblest situations on board her ships.

For a good many months after this, things continued in nearly the same state. The garrison and town's people were again and again reduced to the greatest privations, by scarcity of provisions, before supplies arrived. In the spring of 1781, the besiegers at last opened their batteries, and continued firing upon the town till they had completely destroyed it. On the 27th of April, however, a most gallant exploit was performed by a party from the garrison, who, making a sortie from their fortifications, succeeded in setting fire to and reducing to ashes, all the erections of the enemy, although distant not less than three quarters of a mile. This, however, brought only a temporary relief. The firing soon after recommenced, and, for more than a year, continued almost incessantly. In the course of 1782, it was, on the

suggestion of General Boyd, returned from the rock with red-hot balls, a device which was found to produce the most powerful effect. The enemy however now prepared for a grand effort. On the 12th of September, the combined fleets of France and Spain, arrived in the bay. Next morning there were drawn up around the south and west sides of the promontory a most formidable armament, consisting of forty-seven sail of the line, seven of which were three-deckers, together with ten battering-ships, the strongest that had ever been built, and many frigates and smaller vessels. On land there lay an army of 40,000 men, with batteries on which were mounted 200 pieces of heavy ordnance. On the other side, the garrison now consisted of about seven thousand effective men. The ships were permitted to take their stations without molestation; but, about a quarter before ten o'clock, as soon as the first of them dropped anchor, the citadel began to pour upon them its hitherto reserved artillery. Now commenced a scene of terrible sublimity. Four hundred pieces of the heaviest ordnance thundered without intermission, and filled the air with smoke and flame. "For some hours," says Captain Drinkwater, "the attack and defense were so equally well supported, as scarcely to admit any appearance of superiority in the cannonade of either side. The wonderful construction of the ships seemed to bid defiance to the powers of the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, the face of things began to change considerably. The smoke which had been observed to issue from the upper part of the flagship, appeared to prevail, notwithstanding the constant application of water; and the admiral's second was perceived to be in the same condition. Confusion was now apparent on board several of the vessels; and, by the evening, their cannonade was considerably abated. About seven or eight o'clock, it almost entirely ceased, excepting from one or two ships to the northward, which, from their distance, had suffered little injury."

In the end, the attack ended in the complete annihilation of the assailing squadron. All the larger ships were beaten to pieces or burnt.

As night approached, groans and signals of distress from those on board the shattered navy, supplied the place of the now slackened fire. Many of the wretched men were struggling for life in the waters; and the victors themselves at last put out to their assistance, and picked numbers of them up. The loss of the enemy was supposed to amount to about 2,000, including prisoners. Of the English, there were only 16 killed and 68 wounded. The rock was a much better defense than even

those strong-built men-of-war. The assailants had 300 pieces of ordnance in play; the garrison only employed 80 cannon, 7 mortars, and 9 howitzers. "Upwards of 8,300 rounds," says Captain Drinkwater, "more than half of which were hot shot, and 716 barrels of powder, were expended by our artillery."

Even this complete discomfiture, however, did not subdue the obstinacy of the besiegers. They continued to encompass the place, and even to keep up a feeble fire upon it, some months longer. At length the long blockade was terminated by the announcement of the signature of the preliminaries of a general peace, on the 2d of February, 1783. The men in the Spanish boat that came with the tidings of this event, made their appearance with ecstasy in their countenances, and exclaiming, "We are all friends!" It was not till the 10th of March, however that free intercourse was re-established by the arrival from England of the official intelligence that peace had been concluded. General Eliot and his brave companions soon after returned home to receive the congratulations of their country; and since this hard contest, no foreign power has dared to assault Gibraltar.

FRENCH EXILES TO SOUTH AMERICA.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

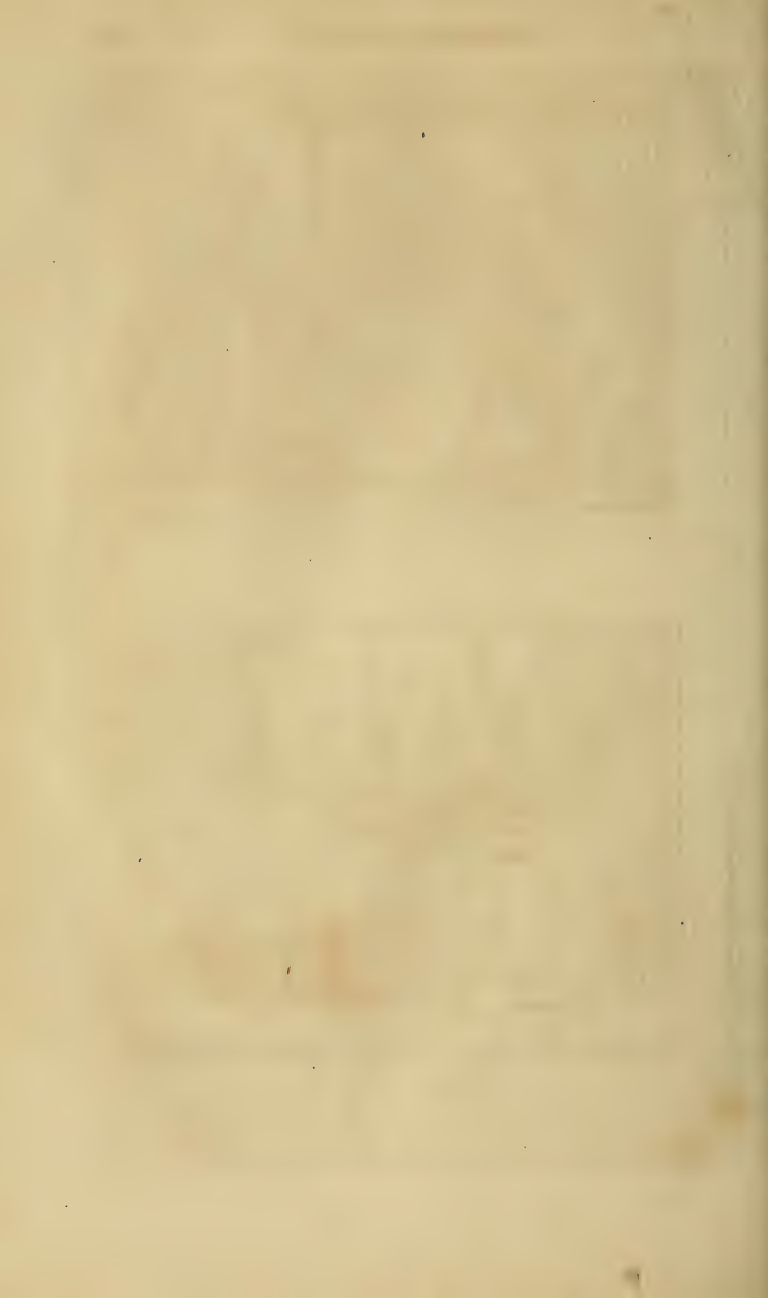
AT two in the morning of the 8th of September, those men, to the number of sixteen, who were to be speedily followed by one hundred and sixty-three more, were put into four cages, secured with iron bars on their four sides, and the cages fixed on the frames of wagons, the whole rough equipage somewhat resembling an artillery tumbril. A guard sat in each cage, carrying the key to the padlock that fastened the iron grating by which it was entered. The galley-slave commandant of the temple was put at the head of their guard, which consisted of six hundred men, cavalry and infantry, with two guns. The transit was miserable. The winter had set in with unusual inclemency. As if to add studied mortification to the natural evils of the conveyance and the exile, the escort took a round through the principal streets of Paris; first carried their wretched prisoners within sight of the Luxembourg palace, the seat of their masters, which they saw full of lights and apparent festivity, and then by the Theater of the Aeon, which had been converted into a hall for the Council of Five Hundred, and where the *purified* council were sitting even at that hour, several of whose



French Exiles to South America.—Page 404.



Death of Hofer.—Page 431.



members ran out to insult and triumph over them, stopped the escort, gave money and drink to the soldiers, made contemptuous offers of mercy, drank to their good voyage, and sneered at them to the last.

The scene was not unfitted for the closing act of that melodrama, a Frenchman's political life. The night was stormy, rain fell, and wind howled; the outside of the theater, lighted by the usual French range of firepots, which tossed and flared at every blast, had a wild look, which suited the desperation of their fortunes; but a still wilder scene was in the multitude on whom that light fell, the refuse of even the Parisian rabble, the cut-throats and cut-purses of the low quarters of the capital; fellows neck-deep in all the horrors of the revolution, and who looked upon the escape of a victim as a fraud upon their rights of massacre; all first-rate patriots, to a man *terrorists*, a name which singly implies every crime of hand and heart, under every pretense that the revolution made common to every culprit in France. To this hideous multitude the opening of the cages, and the delivery of the prisoners to their knives, would have been the highest joy of *civisme*. But the order of the directory had not reached to this consummation. The escort moved on; Paris and its populace, its midnight festivals, and its deliberations of blood, were left behind; and the cages rolled along the Rue d'Enfer, into which they should originally have turned at once, except for the purpose of making their inmates a wretched spectacle.

They had now to undergo a second course of torment along the road to Rochefort, the intended place of embarkation, from the intolerable bruising and jolting of their rough carriages along the paved roads of France, which was peculiarly felt by those men, some of whom were in advanced life, all mature, and all accustomed, of late years at least, to something of luxury. The stages, too, were mercilessly long; generally from morning till night. The prisoners, on their arrival, were thrust into the vilest dungeon of the place, and the best in France is a horror to every sense. At the end of the first day's journey, they were driven to the door of the prison of Arpajon, a miserable little town, where, however, patriotism flourished even in the jail. The Director Barthelemy, almost bruised to death, and afraid of being poisoned by the mephitic air that rushed up from the dungeon, stood *en attitude*, lifting his hands to heaven, the insulted heaven in which not one in a hundred of fools like himself believed. Barbe Marbois, one of the prisoners, formerly an officer of the king, and royal intendant at St. Domingo, but now a

wretched democrat, in like terror of being poisoned, made a speech to the galley-slave commandant, requesting "that he might be shot, rather than be thus compelled to die by inches." The galley-slave did not condescend to give any other answer than a smile. But the jailor's wife was more affable. Indignant at the insult to her domicile, probably equally indignant at hearing a republican complain of any cruelty, she seized Barbe Marbois by the arm, and crying out, with an oath, "You pretend to be very nice, forsooth, but, let me tell you, many a man as good as you has been there, who made no work about it," she flung the ex-intendant from the top of the stairs to the bottom, shut the door upon the party, and left them to find out each other in the dark. The fall fractured the unhappy man's jaw, and left him covered with bruises and blood. His companions cried out for a surgeon to dress his wounds, or for water to wash them. They were as little listened to, as ever they had listened. This was the lesson to a deserter. The next was to a popular representative.

The town of Etampes had distinguished itself by its love of liberty, and had, of course, flourished in oratory and assassination. M. Troncon du Coudray, an orator after their own heart, had canvassed them on the merit of congenial feelings; and they had returned him by that criterion, of all things excellent in a republic, the voice of the multitude. He was now one of the prisoners, and the commandant of the escort took good care that his arrival should be thoroughly known to his constituents. He halted the cages in the square of the little town, and the populace, in consequence, had full leisure to declare those opinions which their representative had so often declared to be the perfection of human wisdom. They hooted at him and his companions, cursed him and them alike, surrounded the cages, insulted their living contents with every kind of offense conceivable by an angry Frenchman—and few nations have more inventive faculties on such topics than his own—and pelted them with mire. Du Coudray was astonished above measure at this shift of the popular wind, merely from the difference between a prosperous republican and a fettered and felon one. He ought to have known the nature of liberty and equality better. Every face now flaming with patriotic wrath, had, but a short time before, been gazing on him with all the benevolence of a flattered rabble, huzzaing in the train of a popular haranguer. Du Coudray, still confident of his powers of persuasion, started up and made a speech through the bars of the cage in which he figured through the land, in the style of another Bajazet.

The speech was incomparably characteristic, a compound of egotism, nationalism, civisme, and utter fright.

'Tis I—'tis I myself," it began. "'Tis your *representative* ; though perhaps you do not know me in this cage. I am dragged to punishment without a trial, or even an accusation. My crime is that of defending your liberties and properties," &c., &c. He then finished his common-places by charging them with the ingratitude of delivering him over "to his *executioners*." But the ex-deputy's eloquence had no other effect than that of inflaming the wrath of his patriotic voters. They scoffed at him in all directions, pelted him with mud, renewed their furious cries, and execrated the orator, his friends, and his party.

The little town having long before been handsomely *endoctrinated* with philosophy, rights, privileges, and the solemn and sworn belief that every Frenchman, from the felon in the jail, was perfectly competent to judge of politics and public qualifications of all kinds, men and measures, members and ministries, now returned some of their popular member's wisdom on his own head ; and as he had told them a hundred times over, in the days of his unfettered victory, that they were the wisest, best, most intelligent, and virtuous of mankind, and that the world would never go on tolerably, until the populace took the state into their own hands, they now gave him a running commentary on his eloquence, by a course of cursing, scoffing, and pelting, during the whole period of the halt, which, for the evident purpose of giving the party this enjoyment in the fullest degree, was prolonged to thirteen hours in the market-place. Citizen Du Coudray had probably never been so long in the presence of his constituents before. The whole exhibition deserved to be immortal, for the benefit of *popular* members, and the worshipers of popularity.

At Blois, a reception equally hostile, but on different principles, awaited the prisoners. The multitude in some of those provincial towns had been too far from the civic feasts and fetes of Paris to know much more of the revolution than that they were in beggary and despair, that their industry was broken up, their little trade extinguished, and their little property torn away by the republican extortioners. At Blois, the multitude ran together to kill the prisoners ; for, in those days, the knife was the grand decider of all causes. But their cries must have wrung the spirits of the miserable men, whom justice ought to have seized long before.

"There they are," was the roar of the populace—"there they are, *the miscreants who killed the king* ! There are *the king's murderers* ! What have they done for us ? They have load-

ed us with taxes; they have eaten up our bread; they have brought war upon us!"

The uproar continued, until the prisoners, apparently to save them from being torn in pieces, for the guard had been already attacked, were put into a small damp chapel, where all their bed was a little straw on the floor, and to sleep was impossible.

Here the wife of Barbe Marbois came to take leave of him. She had traveled from her *estate* at Metz, for this apostate was a man of fortune, to bid him farewell. She saw him at last, but with great difficulty; the officer of the guard giving her but a quarter of an hour, during which he was present, holding his watch in his hand. Their departure from Blois was so unusually protracted, that it seemed to the prisoners to have been a contrivance, usual enough in the days of equality, to give them up to the mob. The firmness of the municipal officer who had charge of them, and who openly declared that the people were at the moment tampered with by the officers of the escort for the purpose, at length compelled the commandant to move. The procession was followed out of the town by the same retributive exclamations against them, as traitors stained with the blood of their king.

Their journey continued: a course of hunger, weariness, and insult. At Tours, they got each a loaf and half a bottle of wine, their first meal after a fast of thirty hours. The confinement of their cages cramped their limbs, and put them to the most miserable inconveniences; for, from the time when the iron grating was locked upon them in the morning, it was seldom opened again till night. The weather was stormy, wet, and cold, and the cages gave them the full benefit of the exposure. They were generally put into the town dungeon for the night; and in several instances, the poisoned air of those deplorable places made them swoon immediately on their entering. At Niort they passed the night in peculiar wretchedness, in a dark, damp hole, under the castle, twenty-five feet under ground, which affected their limbs so much, that when they were ordered to the cages next morning, they were scarcely able to move. Their last day's journey commenced at three in the morning, and brought them to Rochefort, at the end of nine leagues of the most wretched roads.

At Rochefort they expected to find a few day's rest; but they were alarmed by finding that they were led round the fortifications, with a rabble in their train fiercely crying out, "To the water—to the water!" which appears to have been the provincial substitute for "To the lamp-post" of the Parisian legislators,

he usual mode of republican justice in the sea-ports being by drowning. The cry was reinforced by the workmen of the dockyards, the soldiers, and the crews of the ships, who flocked round the cages as they slowly passed along, shouting out, "Down with the tyrants; make them drink out of the *large cup*!" (the ocean.) The French are picturesque, even in murder.

In Rochefort there was thus no "rest for the sole of unblest feet." They were immediately carried on board a little privateer moored in the river, and given into the hands of a guard of scoffing soldiers, who pushed them down under the decks, where they were nearly stifled by the smoke, the smells, and the want of fresh air.

They were now almost dying of hunger, for they had not eaten a regular meal for the last thirty-six hours. At length a couple of loaves and a pail of water were let down among them. They were, however, scarcely able to touch either from the disgust that rose from every thing round them. A horrible feeling, too, took possession of them as the night fell. One of the customary instruments of republican justice was a prison-ship, with a trap-door in the hold, through which the victims were quietly dropped at midnight into the bottom of the river. The *noyades* at Nantz were the first displays of this compendious invention, which had the merit of saving all trouble, avoiding all public clamor, if such could have arisen on the side of humanity; cost neither powder nor ball, and cost not even the trouble of putting a new edge on the knife of the guillotin. The bed of the Charente was as deep as the Loire, and the little privateer was as likely to be the instrument as any other in the hands of the republic. The situation was undoubtedly an embarrassing one. For some hours, the prisoners expected every moment to be their last; they had wrought themselves into the conviction that they were to be drowned. Every step of the sailors above their heads, every word uttered, every rope handled, was actually taken as a direct preparation for their deaths. At length, after an unusual bustle above, the vessel weighed, and began to move. Terror converts every thing to its own substance, and the prisoners were now only the more certain that their hour was come.

But the morning dawned, and they perceived that the privateer was rapidly sailing down the river. This was fresh food for anxiety. The new conjecture was, that, to avoid the *eclat* of an execution close to the city, they were to be conveyed to some remote corner of the river, and there drowned. At midnight, the vessel suddenly came to an anchor. The hour seemed now

inevitable. They were leagues from the city. At this moment, an order was heard for six of the prisoners by name to come upon deck. This was looked on as clearly the commencement of the execution. The six took leave of their compatriots, as going to death. Six more were soon after called up. They looked round the deck for those who had preceded them; but they were not to be seen. The natural conclusion was drawn, "they were murdered!" The successive groups were ordered over the ship's side into boats, and the boats rowed towards the river's mouth. This was of course, but another, mode of the drowning system. The ocean was to be the depository of the secret. Suspense had exerted her last torture on them; when at length they reached a ship of war lying off the river. Here they found their fellow prisoners; and the manners of the captain, which had more of the sailor and less of the patriot, than they had lately seen, gave them some hope that they were not to be so speedily sent to consummate the republican theory. Their journey had lasted from the 8th of September until the 22d, a continual progress of pain, famine, contumely, and terror.

But the severities of even their journey received but little relaxation on board. A French corvette is small; and the French, let their ships be large or small, have no habits of accommodation. The prisoners were divided, probably by the necessity of the case, twelve of them between decks, with the hatchways shut, and without room for motion; the other four in a hole, the boatswain's store-room; a place of utter darkness, where they could neither move nor stand, and rendered pestilential by all the morbid effluvia of neglect, the refuse of the store, and the neighborhood of the hold. The corvette set sail at four in the morning; and their breakfast was a biscuit apiece, so impenetrable by the teeth of the old men, and so repulsive to the senses of the younger, that it produced a general remonstrance.

"The air," said Barbe de Marbois, "is infectious; if you do not suffer us to breathe the fresh air, we shall all be dead in a few days. And we shall not be the only sufferers; you will thus have the plague on board of your ship, and will lose your crew."

The last argument found its way, and the captain promised to let them breathe, *when* they were out of sight of France.

Their dinner this day was another biscuit, with a bucket of boiled beans, just as they were taken out of the ship's kettle, and this completed their bill of fare for the whole voyage. They had the usual visitation of sea-sickness to contend with in more than usual severity; for they put to sea in a storm, which blew

them back into Rochelle. There their captain was changed; and their new captain, Laporte, began his career with a harangue to his crew in this style.

"Soldiers, I order you to watch these great culprits closely. And you, sailors, I forbid you, on pain of death, to communicate in any manner whatever with these miscreants." His next address was to the prisoners. "Messieurs, *you* are very fortunate in being treated with so much *clemency*."

Their guard should not be forgotten. These were marines sent home from the Isles of France and Bourbon, where the revolution had done its work in throwing the colonies into a state of havoc and misery. These fellows took delight in recounting their exploits in Europe and Asia. One boasted of having killed his captain by a stab in the back, on a march, on suspicion of aristocracy. Another calculated the number of priests whom he had drowned in the Loire. Another mimicked the grimaces of the unfortunate people destroyed in the *Noyades*. Others boasted of their having knocked the drowning on the head as they attempted to swim from the trap-door. The Loire was a never-failing subject; and the only regret was, that they had not the opportunity of placing the Isle of France *a la hauteur de la revolution*! The pauses in those narratives were filled up with quarrels, abominable songs, and blasphemy.

The remainder of the voyage was only a repetition of wretchedness. As the sea-sickness subsided, hunger took its place. They were almost starved upon the narrow regimen of their jailor. Marbois, maddening with famine, and with his eye sparkling with fury, at last assailed the captain. "I am hungry—I am hungry," he howled out like a wolf; "I am hungry—give me some food, or throw me into the sea." This wild application produced its effect. Some food was given to him. Even the length of the voyage was an additional feature of their sufferings. It lasted fifty days. It was not till the 10th of October, 1797, that they came in sight of the town of Cayenne.

The governor of the colony was Jeannet, a nephew of the regicide Danton; he received the prisoners civilly. But within a few hours he changed his style altogether, and ordered them under strict *surveillance*. Collot d'Herbois and Billaud de Varrennes, both notorious actors in the hideous reign of terror, two villains who ought to have long before "glutted the region kites with their offal," had come some years earlier to Cayenne for the express purpose of raising the colony *a la hauteur de la revolution*. This they commenced by the usual harangues to the negroes, declaring them free—harangues which were fo-

lowed by the usual consequences, massacre and rebellion. But the insurrection being extinguished, after a frightful carnage of the unfortunate barbarians who had been thus stimulated to slaughter their masters, the two leaders were seized and thrown into prison at Sinamary, a dependency on Cayenne. There Collot d'Herbois died; but his colleague was still alive, and his partisans in the colony now demanded that the newly-imported prisoners should be put on the same footing with the old. The governor, probably glad of an excuse to escape the trouble of watching them, availed himself of the clamor, and complimented the Jacobinism of Cayenne with the new transportation. An order was issued for their movement to Sinamary, ninety miles by sea from the town of Cayenne, where they arrived on the 23d of November.

They were met on the shore of this fearful wilderness by one of the few settlers, a Mr. Rosmason, who greeted them with the ominous salutation, "Oh, gentlemen, you are come into a tomb." "We know it," answered old General de Murinais; "and the sooner the better." The sixteen were quartered in six miserable rooms of the miserable fort, with a hammock each for their sole furniture, and a portion of biscuit, a pound of salt meat, and a glass of rum to correct the noxious qualities of the water. These were the luxuries of men, some of whom had lived in peace and honor under their good king, others had risen to high rank in the armies, and all had been accustomed to the better order of Parisian life. They might now have been glad to exchange situations with the most houseless pauper of Europe.

In the fort they were prisoners still. They were compelled to attend a muster twice a day; and, with one or two exceptions, none of them passed without the gates but to the grave. All the minor miseries that belong to a tropical climate tormented them hourly. Their rooms were alive with venomous insects; they were devoured by musketoos, gnats, bugs, scorpions, and a whole host of others, equally disgusting. Serpents were frequent. Pichegru killed one thicker than his arm, which had made its way into the folds of his cloak, on which he lay as a pillow. All within view of the fort was forest—a howling wilderness, which constantly echoed with the screaming of monkeys, the groaning of millions of toads, and the melancholy shriek and roar of tigers. To fill up this concert, and prevent sleep to the sick or the well, the alarm was beaten every morning before the door, and no remonstrance was able to put a stop to this petty and peevish cruelty.

The prisoners began now to accomplish the purpose for which they were sent across the seas. They began to sink under the climate. Old De Murinais died first. He had been a general, had possessed a large fortune, and was the father of a numerous family. His crime in embracing the Revolution met its punishment—exile and death by the tyranny of the Revolution. Barthelemy was next seized; but his disorder was more tardy, and there was time to make a representation to the governor, who ordered him to be conveyed to the hospital at Cayenne. But the miseries of confinement were not the only ones which these wretched men were to suffer. They added to them the miseries of politics. They were involved in perpetual disputes on public affairs; and having no fixed principles on those or any other subjects, their quarrels were equally vague, fruitless, and bitter.

They sometimes tried to vary those dubious amusements by having recourse to such little occupations as they could find. Marbois turned carpenter, made some attempts to furnish his hovel, and, Frenchman-like, finally made a violin, with which, Frenchman-like, he set the negroes dancing. Du Coudray, who had been one of the haranguers of the council of elders, occupied himself in writing endless memorials, which, of course, were never to see the light; in making orations to the winds; and in composing a funeral oration for old De Murinais. His audience, when he recited this effusion, were the soldiers and the negroes. The orator took for his theme, "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down, and wept when we remembered Zion;" in all likelihood, the only use that he ever made of his Bible. The soldiers were powerfully affected by the appropriateness of the text; the poor negroes wept, we must suppose for the same reason. But fame, even at Sinamary, was not without its perils. The governor of Cayenne, not approving of these "powerful" emotions in his prison, sent down a notice, that any orator who in future made either soldiers or negroes shed tears over the dust of the prisoners, should be shot without mercy. Demosthenes himself would have shrunk from the laurel at this price. Du Coudray was silenced for ever.

Laffond, formerly a man of commercial wealth, which was publicly thrown into a state of ruin by his arrest, employed himself talking to his wife's picture. Pichegru, the only individual of the party in whom it is possible to feel the slightest interest, employed his time like a man who disdained the despair of one portion of his fellow exiles, and the childish pursuits of the other. He gave up his days to learning English,

doubtless with the bold view to better times, and with the object of making future valuable use of a language, which his silly countrymen affect to despise, and can scarcely ever acquire, but which has spread to every corner of the world, and will, before another century is past, be the language of three-fourths of the world. His relaxation was singing, and his songs were by choice on bold and martial subjects. Throughout the whole period, he retained peculiarly the bearing and habits of the great soldier. The ex-director Barthelemy, was just as congenially employed until his illness; he made war upon the insects, put the scorpions to the rout, and was voted the general bug-destroyer by acclamation.

In January, Willot and Bourdon, two of the exiles, died of violent fevers; application had been made to remove them to the hospital at Cayenne, but refused. Barthelemy was sent back to the fort. He brought the intelligence, received by an American vessel just arrived from Europe, that the directory had accomplished a complete triumph over all other factions, and that military tribunals were to be formed to try all politicians of the opposite side. The exiles now probably congratulated themselves on their dungeon, but it promised to be for life.

In April, their leisure was cheered by the sight of a popular election. About fifteen hundred negroes, and forty or fifty whites, were summoned to vote for a representative to the council in Paris. But the negroes were saved from all trouble of thinking on the subject. The directory *ordered* them to elect citizen Mongé. He was then a commissary employed in collecting the plunder of the Italian works of art. The citizen was chosen; and Mongé was announced to mankind as representative of the freemen of Cayenne! The exhibition must have been gratifying to those lovers of universal suffrage and the equality of mankind.

In May, two more of the exiles, Laffond and Du Coudray, were suddenly taken ill at dinner. They were soon in great torture, and they seem to have been poisoned. Du Coudray, though swelled and dying, wrote to the governor for permission to go to the hospital at Cayenne. The answer returned by the commandant of the fort, an insolent Jacobin, who had been a lackey, was, "I know not why those gentlemen are continually importuning me. They ought to know, that they have not been sent to Sinamary to *live there to all eternity.*"

The advance of the year, the wretchedness of a confinement which would probably lay them all in the grave before another autumn, and probably offers of help from some of the settlers

at Cayenne, who were of a different side in politics from the governor, at last suggested the idea of escape. Eight entered into the scheme. Of these Du Coudray was one. But it was soon evident that he would never leave the prison. Still he was anxious to share the attempt. He would say, "I do not flatter myself with the hope of living, but if you go, take me with you. I would breathe my last outside this horrid place. Take me with you, if possible."

But the increase of his disorder put the possibility out of the question. Towards the end of May, both he and Laffond died, after a horrible and protracted illness of nearly thirty days. Du Coudray, on the night before his death, desired to see Pichegru and the others who had agreed to make their escape, when he gave them some of the wisdom that agony and the death-bed force upon men. "Fly," said he, "fly from Sinamary. May Heaven favor your flight! I shall soon be no more. But should you ever see my friends, tell them my last sigh was for them and my country, and forget not my children. Should fortune ever smile on you again, oh, do *not disturb the peace of our country*, but rather brave all the sufferings of human misery!" After this declaration of the repentant Jacobin, he pointed to the apartment of a profligate citizen-abbé, one of their number, for whose *civisme* they all seem to have had a peculiar aversion. "He talks," said the dying man, "of civil war. It is his wish. Ah, my friends, promise me you will prevent it, if it be in your power!" He died soon after, and this was the fate of a man of character and talent, who, if he had followed the natural career of ability and honor, and shrunk from the abominations of rabble popularity and regicide politics, would probably have passed through a long life of enjoyment and honor, instead of finishing a course of the trembling wretchedness of ambition in France by the agonies of a premature and desolate death in an American wilderness.

Laffond died within two days, silent, but retaining his senses, and painfully to the last fixing his eyes on his wife's portrait. The fear of death now seized upon them all. The tossings of the revolutionary wave, on which they had calculated for flinging them back to France, had now subsided; the tide had even set the contrary way. The Directory was in full power. Death had already thinned their ranks. The mere victims of one of those unprincipled and fierce changes which constitute the lottery of Republicanism, and in which prosperity is as little the conscious triumph of virtue, as adversity brings the consoling sense of martyrdom in the righteous cause; these men

could have felt themselves merely as unlucky gamblers. In misery of mind and body, they now saw no alternative but the grave, and a desperate attempt at escape through the wilderness. But the colony was in a region of which no man knew the limits. The whole horizon was a forest, utterly impassable from the swamps, the wild beasts, and the arrows of the Indian tribes. This idea was therefore abandoned. But the horrors of the rainy season were now at hand. If the hurricanes came, they would be a stronger guard than chains of iron. Their prison would be closed on them for six months, and their death was all but inevitable. The governor was evidently of the same opinion; for he confined his cares to merely keeping them fixed on the spot, and refusing the sick the chances of his hospital. Their deaths seem to have been even determined on; for on the occasional appearance of a ship in the river, which they might conceive to be an English one, and therefore likely to befriend them, their lackey commandant's usual speech was, "Ah, you reckon upon those English. You may think what you please, but they shall never take you away *alive*!"

At length a new idea suggested itself. Pichegru's name was well known among the Dutch settlers in Guiana, and some of them, in compassion to the sufferings of a man, who, in the conquest of their paternal country had exhibited fewer of the atrocities of the time than any of her conquering generals, and who had probably laid up some memories of personal kindness, for his nature was generous and noble, had sent him a present of beer and fresh provisions by a French coaster. The ruffian to whom it was intrusted, and who had evidently been an élève of the new school of rights and wrongs, disdained to carry such comfort to an *Aristocrat*; he therefore, with his crew, revelled on the beer and provisions, and then, that the vexation of the affair might not be lost to the unfortunate prisoners, came to the fort for the purpose of boasting how he had plundered them.

The provisions were gone, but this drunken knave's boast threw a sudden light on their operations. It was clear that they had friends at Surinam, and the only question now was how they were to reach them. Still the difficulties were enormous. None of the exiles knew any thing of navigation. None of them knew any thing of the vast extent of coast which lay between them and the Dutch settlements. The few schooners which approached the fort always anchored a league down the river. They had no boat to reach one of these vessels; no arms to take it, and no provisions to put on board. In this dilemma, there was but one resource, a small canoe, which

took the guard daily down the river to a redoubt at its mouth. But the canoe lay constantly under the eye of a sentinel; and a confidential person in the fort told them, that though Surinam was the only place to which they could possibly go, it was altogether out of the question that they should go in the canoe; that it could not hold them, nor, if it could, could stand the sea; that the distance to the nearest point, Fort Orange, was at least a hundred leagues; and finally, that the Dutch governor had prohibited, under the severest penalties, all landings from Cayenne, in consequence of the notorious intentions of the Cayennese Frenchmen to revolutionize the Dutch settlements in the most revolutionary mode.

This last difficulty was in some degree met by the assistance of a friend in Cayenne, who procured eight passports in feigned names, Gallois, Picard, &c., signed by Jeannet, such as he was in the habit of giving to the occasional traders from Surinam to the French colonies. But the grand point was where to find a pilot. This essential instrument was soon and curiously supplied.

The directory, in the plenitude of their power, setting aside all law, and eager only for plunder, now issued an order for the seizure of neutral ships. In other words, an act of general *piracy*. The opportunity was not lost by the Cayennese governor, nor by his subjects, for every row-boat in their possession was instantly sent to sea, with full privilege to rob every thing. An American ship, with a cargo of flour, provisions, and wine, was steering for Cayenne, for which port her freight was actually intended. One of the privateers met her on her way, and, notwithstanding her destination, seized the ship and cargo at once, and brought the prize to the road of Sinamary, through the double fear of being caught by the English frigates on the way to Cayenne, and of being compelled to give the lion's share to her rapacious governor.

This capture was a prodigious event in the dreary calendar of Sinamary. The commandant found that there were no less than 40,000 bottles of the French and Spanish vintages on board, and reveled in a long prospect of drunkenness. The soldiers and negroes found themselves more pleasantly employed in dragging the cargo on shore than in working in the fort or the fields. All was brawling and drinking, activity and bustle. In the midst of this tumult, the American captain, Tilly, paid a visit to the prisoners. The first glance of their hideous condition naturally struck him with astonishment; the exiles say, made him burst into tears; but the French weep

on all occasions, and Jonathan is not yet so far fallen from the manliness of his English ancestry as to play the sentimentalist with such facility. The captain did what was worth all the theatrical sorrows of all weepers of the land of melodrame. He determined to assist them to the best of his power, reduced as it was.

To their surprise, he told them privately, "that to assist them had been the *express object* of his voyage, and that he had packets from their friends and families on board, hid in one of his barrels, which were now however beyond his reach, though undiscovered by their captors." He had no idea of being the object of any of the French privateers, and had suffered his ship to fall to leeward of Cayenne, in order to have an excuse for anchoring in the road of Sinamary, from which he might communicate with them and enable them to escape. The captain further told them the European news; of the treaty of Campo Formio, and of the unprovoked invasion of Switzerland. This last piece of intelligence, perfectly *a la Republique* as it was, roused all their virtuous indignation; and Barthelemy, in particular, who had participated in the whole Republican game as long as he was allowed, was thrown into a paroxysm of attitude and oratory at the infamous novelty of robbing and slaughtering helpless nations.

They took the captain out upon the rampart, and showed him the canoe; the sailor shook his head at this diminutive object, and told them that "it would not do; that they must certainly go to the bottom, if they attempted their exploit in that bark; that it could not hold them all, nor carry them to Surinam." They declared in turn, that something or other they must do, and that speedily; and that, if they must go to the bottom, they would prefer it to the torturing and lingering death of Du Coudray and Laffond. The conference ended by the captain's promising to give them the assistance of his pilot, a zealous and intelligent man of the name of Berwick.

But they were still to meet with difficulties. An order suddenly arrived from the governor to send the American captain and his people, without delay, to Cayenne. They were thus on the verge of seeing their whole design overthrown. The captain, however, gave them courage on this occasion. He offered to take their pilotage on himself, and for this purpose to escape and hide in the forest, and there be ready to join them by signal in seizing the canoe on the 3d of June, the day appointed for the attempt. But to this act of generosity, the rational objection occurred, that the captain was too important a

person not to be missed, when his crew were called over, and that the suspicion would be immediately visited upon the prisoners. Finally, Berwick was again appointed to the honor.

The third of June was fixed on, from its being the day for which the commandant was invited to dine on board of the American prize. The day commenced prosperously. The commandant was entertained on board with a handsome dinner, and as much wine as he liked. The friends of the prisoners—for even there, whether by hope, fear, or friendship, they had some allies—were active in the crisis. The privateer captain had given some common wine to the soldiers; in the course of the evening, these bottles unaccountably swelled into a distribution large enough to make every one of the garrison either drunk, sleepy, or blind. A female who had arrived a few days before from Cayenne, was the chief distributor, and she scattered her smiles and her bottles indiscriminately among the soldiers in their barracks, the negroes in their hovels, the workmen in their rooms, and the sentinels on guard. Even the prisoners had their share in this general shower of Bordeaux. The Hebe from Cayenne took good care that the wine should be swallowed on the spot, for she filled out the bumpers with her own fair hands, and plied the progress of the general intoxication with French and female zeal. All was freedom, gayety, and Medoc.

In their festivity, the prisoners had a part to play; and they professed to quarrel. The wine circulated; and the politicians commenced a furious dispute. Aubry and Larue undertook the task of out-arguing Barthelemy; Dossouville and Pichegru threatened single combat; Millot and Ramel performed the part of pacificators, and, of course, more embroiled the fray. The dispute rapidly grew more ferocious, until glasses and plates flew about, and persons ran in to quell the uproar. The experiment was for the purpose of preventing any suspicion of agreement in any design, whatever it might be, and it was perfectly adapted to succeed.

Night, long looked for, fell at last, and the prisoners had sufficient evidence that the American's claret had done its duty; they saw the commandant brought on shore dead drunk, like a corpse. The negroes and soldiers were lying every where on the ground, in the same condition. Complete stillness followed the riot, outrage, and atrocious songs of the day. All were silent, for all were drunk. The clock struck nine. The hour agreed on was come. Dossouville, who had been sent out to reconnoiter, gave them the glad intelligence that the

whole garrison was thoroughly disqualified for military proceedings for that night.

They now attempted once more to persuade De Marbois to take his chance along with them. He was a disputer of the true species. They had frequently debated the point with him before. But this foolish old man answered them, and now, with a French harangue on the glory of sacrifices for our country, and a flourish on the certainty of being hereafter avenged. He was evidently much more certain of being drowned. French as they were, they felt the absurdity of this verbiage, and left the old orator to find what justice he could from his fellow regicides. Pichegru, Aubry, and Ramel now mounted the bastion, went towards the sentinel, and asked him 'What it was o'clock?' The sentinel, as drunk as his commandant, had no words, but fixed his eyes upon the stars. He was instantly seized by the throat, Pichegru disarmed him, and the rest dragged him along, grasping his throat to prevent his giving the alarm. In this way they pulled him up the parapet, and then he fell into the river, where it is to be presumed that this drunkard was drowned. At least they heard no more of him. He had been the drummer who beat the alarm at their doors in the morning, and who provoked them by his constant insolence. They had retaliated handsomely.

After this performance, they came down from the rampart—joined the other prisoners, and went noiselessly to see what was the state of the guard-house. The wine had operated perfectly. There was not a soul in the guard-house. Thus they had nothing to do but to take the muskets and cartridges at their leisure. They now went to the canoe. The draw-bridge had not been raised, and the exit was easy. With the canoe, they found the pilot. Barthelemy, who was old and weak in every sense of the word, fell into the river, but it was near the edge, and the pilot pulled him into the boat. They then cut the rope, and let themselves go down the stream.

No man knows the intenseness, variety, or agony of emotion of which the human heart is capable, who has not been in situations resembling this. Every step treading upon death; a moment, the turning of a hair, a breath, making the difference between the bitterest suffering, and escape into light, and air, and freedom, and the prospect of long enjoyment. In leaving their dungeon, they might actually look upon themselves as rescued from their grave. Yet the bark of a dog, the alarm of a sentinel, a single heavy step, the most trivial of all accidents, might have broken up their whole plan, and fixed them there.

for ever. Their sensations, as they found themselves gliding down the river of Sinamary, without a sound from the fort, without a symptom of pursuit, without a single ground for believing that they might not yet effect their entire object, and reach Europe and their friends and families, may have been among the keenest that man can bear on this side of insanity.

But another source of anxiety arose. The redoubt at the river's mouth. It had a garrison of eight soldiers, and a gun from its bastion would sink them in an instant. Luckily the Medoc had made its way there too. The garrison were all drunk, the canoe was not hailed, and no gun was fired.

They reached the river's mouth, the ocean spread before them; the moon rose, and her light, which seems to have been intended from the beginning to quiet or to elevate the heart of man, never looked so glorious to them. They felt the light, in this spot of rocks and shallows, as in some degree an interposition of heaven; and, if they had not been revolutionists, might at that time have been betrayed into gratitude, and even into prayer.

They had still an alarm. Two guns were heard from Sinamary, which were answered by one from the redoubt. But by this time they had gained two hours on the pursuit, and they had nothing to dread but from another little fort, Traconbo, and the ocean. At four in the morning, while they were struggling fearfully along, in utter darkness, they were made aware of their passing close under Traconbo, by the discharge of two guns ahead, followed by another close to them. But they were not struck by the shot, they saw nothing from the extreme darkness, and when daylight at last came, Traconbo, with all its terrors, was lying "far o' the lee."

The weather was fortunately serene, otherwise they must have been lost instantly, for the canoe was so small that every wave rolled into it. No voyagers could have put to sea in a more primitive condition. They had neither compass, nor quadrant, nor bread, nor meat, nor water. Their whole stock amounted to two bottles of rum! For three days they thus sailed along, until they were almost starved; on the third day they were totally becalmed. The air was fire, the very ocean scorched them, like a mirror reflecting the burning beams of the sun. They gave themselves up for lost. They had no expectation but that of festering in the spot where they were thus chained by the elements. It was at this time that they employed their leisure in making solemn vows never to avenge themselves on their country, and never to retaliate their injuries on

individuals. All swore in the presence of heaven never to take arms against France. This was perhaps one of the most characteristic displays of their whole captivity. The vow may have been all that was wise and becoming; but it was made only *after* they had attained the full conviction that they were come to their last hour. An oath against public vengeance, made by a boatfull of fugitives, in the last extremities of famine on the ocean, and utterly in despair of life, was surely melodramatic and French. But, live or die, a Frenchman is always on the stage.

But a breeze came next day, and swept them on, though much bewildered by the currents, and kept in continual terror by a whole host of sharks, which already marked them for their prey, and continued all day splashing and bounding round their canoe. On the fifth day, they reached Fort Orange; but here they were put in a new peril, which might have extinguished them at once.

The vigilance of the Dutch artillerymen received their little vessel with a fire of heavy guns loaded with ball, any one of which would have sent ship and freight to the bottom in a moment. This display of hostility was scarcely necessary to a solitary canoe, with a few half-naked and more than half-dying men. It drove off the invasion, however. The canoe put out, and sailed, in the hope that at Mont Krick, a settlement higher up the coast, the artillerymen would be less vigilant, or less frightened. But Mont Krick they were not destined to reach so easily; the clouds suddenly lowered, the wind rose, the waves swelled, a storm came on, which, if it had found them in any other part of their voyage, must have closed their history in this world. Berwick, their pilot, now turned his prow to the shore; it was repulsive; an interminable forest; but at sea they must perish. A huge billow rolled them in, upset their canoe, threw out their arms and themselves, and left them in the mire. It was only by main force that they held their vessel from going back again upon the billow. They were now on shore; but without arms or ammunition to protect them from the Indians, the tigers, or the Dutchmen. They were in rags, covered with mud, tortured by reptiles and insects innumerable, and without a morsel. The storm came on heavier still. The night was a dreadful conflict of the elements, with every intermission of the storm filled up by the roaring of the sea, and the screams of tigers. The rain fell in a deluge, the wind tore through the forest with the force of cannon-balls; and during the whole storm, they were compelled to remain

knee-deep, or neck-deep, in the waves, holding fast their canoe, on which alone they depended for reaching any habitable spot, and which was continually on the point of being carried off by the surges. In addition, half-naked as they were, they found the cold piercing. Such was a night under the equator.

Morning dawned, and it never dawned more welcome. The storm subsided; and Pichegru, who had preserved his meerscham and tinder-box, lighted a fire, which cheered their frozen bodies, and dried their clothes. Their only resource against the bites of the insects was to lie down on their faces in the sand.

After a second night of misery, storm and perpetual terror of the tigers, which now bore down from the forest, and were to be prevented from eating the whole party only by incessant watching, and keeping up a large fire, morning came again, and Ramel crept out to examine the state of the weather. His mission was productive. He saw, some hundred yards off, the welcome sight of two men, and running back to tell the glad tidings, Berwick, the pilot, advanced alone, bidding the others hide themselves, that they might not alarm the strangers. On coming near them, they probably took him for a wild beast, for his appearance, from rags, hunger, and the frightful havoc that the insects had made of his features, was scarcely human. The two men immediately presented muskets at him; but his gestures and supplications soon satisfied them that he was no very formidable assailant. The fugitives all now came forward, and Pichegru, entering into conversation with them in German, learned that they were two German soldiers of the garrison of Mont Krick, and that the fort was but three leagues distant. They were now going on duty to Fort Orange, and Barthelemy and Larue were sent along with them, to exhibit their passports, and without acknowledging who they were, obtain what assistance they could from the humanity of the Dutch. They reached the fort. The governor was civil, but cautious. He sent them some workmen to repair their boat, and then ordered them to make their way to sea as fast as possible.

They next tried Mont Krick, where the governor had either less caution or more benevolence. They found a clear and spacious room opened for them at the water side, and some fowls, bread, and rice, their first civilized meal for many a month, and were all delighted. They now appeared before the officer commanding the fort. It was sufficiently clear that he did not believe the story of their being ruined merchants. He even told them that he had a description of the persons of

the French fugitives from Sinamary behind the mirror in his room, which Jeannet had actively spread through all the stations, and showed it to them; but without exhibiting any undue suspicion that they were the individuals. He made a vague inquiry for Pichegru, Barthelemy, and the "rest of the unfortunate persons," and was contented with the vague answer, that "they had been in great misery, but now hoped for a change of fortune." The Dutchman bore his office meekly.

This good-natured and sensible man, in the conversation which followed, assigned the cause of the severe vigilance which the government was forced to exert. "The French colonies had all been turned into scenes of massacre or bankruptcy, by the republican folly of telling the negroes that they were as good as their masters. The planters were butchered or ruined, and the negroes were left to murder each other or starve, or be slaughtered in the attempt to put them down again. From all this sanguinary absurdity, the Dutch colonies had kept clear by shutting out the doctrine of negro equality. The slaves here," said the officer, "are better treated, more industrious, and more happy, than if they had received the fatal gift of liberty. But the French governor in Cayenne, through displeasure at our refusing some unreasonable demands for money or provisions, has declared that 'he will revenge himself on those aristocrats, and revolutionize Surinam;' and hence, the commandants along the coast had orders to watch narrowly all the French who landed in the colony." They were still entertained by these hospitable people, when a Dutch officer of rank arrived from Paramaribo to lead them to the governor of the colony. The officer was shocked at their condition, for they were dreadfully disfigured by the insects, and were still almost without clothes or shoes. "In their own style, he embraced them all, and further cheered them by the intelligence that the governor was well disposed towards them; that he was even anxious for their arrival, and that the whole colony sympathized in their misfortunes." On this all the Frenchmen burst into the national tribute of tears.

They now set out on their journey to the seat of government, having first enjoyed a regular dinner, and the still higher luxury of shirts, shoes, and sound clothes. At this indulgence, which, undoubtedly, might have excited gratitude in any one, the Frenchmen were flung into absolute raptures. The raptures were increased, if possible, by their treatment on the road. They spent their first night at the plantation of a hospitable friend of the governor, who, though he was prevented by some business from being at home, gave them the freedom of his

handsome house. They were enchanted. His "gardens, his large rooms, his verandas, his table, his elegant furniture, and still more his comfortable beds," were topics for ever. All was magical. They exclaimed, "It was Elysium after Tartarus!" This day of festivity closed with a carousal of the negroes of the estate, who, oppressed as they were, danced merrily after the general supper.

All henceforth was a triumphal entry. They re-embarked in their two handsome gondolas, and dropped down the river towards Surinam, all astonishment at the "richness of the plantations on its banks, the neatness of the canals, the beauty of the gardens, and the stateliness of the buildings;" unvisited as they had been by the voice of universal liberty, and unstained by the blood of a king.

On their way still further down, they were met by a party of the principal planters, who gave them another feast; and, on resuming their voyage again, they met, just as the sun was plunging his golden visage deep down into the endless forests of the west, a splendid gondola conveying the governor, who had come out to give them the more honorable reception. The Dutchman's speech was polite in the extreme. "Welcome, gentlemen, welcome all of you; forget, if possible, your misfortunes. I shall do every thing in my power to efface them from your memories. We are all happy to see you; the whole colony, and myself in particular, are at your command." The speech was worthy of Amadis de Gaul himself. But wherever the honest Dutchman learned the tone, it had the better distinction of being followed up by active good-nature.

The colonists went hand in hand with their honest governor in hospitality, the town was illuminated, the garrison and the colonial militia were under arms, and the fugitives landed under the universal discharge of musketry and cannon from the town and the ships. All was huzzaing, embracing, and feasting. They were lodged in the governor's house, and from that time invited in all directions; carried from estate to estate, and fêted, fed, embraced, and congratulated every where. The governor made no troublesome inquiries. His guests were still ruined merchants, and he was merely exercising the common civilities due to every body. But in the midst of this in curious life of pleasantness, news came from Cayenne. A vessel arrived with a letter from the governor, in the following terms. After stating the escape of the exiles: "If those gentlemen have not been taken by the English privateers, or if they have not perished, as I *fear they have* they must have

taken refuge in your colony. In that case, it is my duty to *claim them*, in the name of the directory, as prisoners of state. Should you be able to discover them, I request, and even require, you to put them under arrest. But I entreat you to use no violence towards them, and to grant them all the kindness due to their misfortunes."

The governor of Surinam had already obeyed the better part of the recommendation, and was not disposed to follow the Frenchman's flourish, by sending them back to him to die. He coolly answered, that "he knew nothing of any state prisoners, but that eight shipwrecked merchants and a sailor, with passports signed by the governor of Cayenne, had arrived some days before; that when he should be acquainted with the arrival of the fugitives alluded to, he should be prepared to deal with them as was proper; and that he had the honor to inclose the passports for the inspection of the governor of Cayenne!" The captain of this vessel brought also the intelligence, that republican freedom was going on from triumph to triumph in France; and in unanswerable proof, stated that a consignment of obnoxious politicians, to the amount of 193, found guilty of difference of opinion, had reached Cayenne in the frigate *La Decade*, three days after their escape.

But Jeannet was determined to have his prey, and a second letter arrived within ten days, stating, that though the passports by some means or other, bore his own signature, yet that *no* merchants of the names of Gallois, Picard, &c. &c., had ever been in Cayenne; that he had certain knowledge that the fugitives were at that moment in Paramaribo; and that he insisted on their arrest, or would represent the whole affair to the government.

This was a formidable menace, and the exiles, in order to prevent embarrassment to their friend, offered to hide themselves until they could find a vessel going to St. Thomas's. The Dutchman, however, manfully objected to this precaution, "which," he said, "he should consider as a weakness." Still, it was evidently the wiser plan to prevent national quarrels, if it could be done by leaving Surinam; and within a few days they embarked on board a commodious vessel, prodigally supplied with all good things by the honest colonists. Here they took leave of the pilot, who had served them to so much purpose, and who was loaded with donatives by the governor and the people. He returned immediately to Philadelphia. The next scene was the parting from their Dutch friends, who followed them down to the vessel's side. The singular kindness with which they had been treated, justified every expression of

thanks, but the French disfigured the sincerity of the scene, as usual, by "bursting into tears." Their last sight of Surinam was on the 30th of June.

Their voyage was not without its alarms, for the seas swarmed with Victor Hague's privateers; and, in his hands, they would have fallen into the hands of one of the most infamous tyrants that was ever shaped by the education of a negro overseer, still more envenomed by unbounded republicanism. One of these privateers drove them, fortunately for themselves, under the guns of Berbice, then in possession of our troops. Here they were prisoners on parole, but received with much attention; conveyed by Colonel Hislop, since Sir Thomas, to Berbice, and there put on board of one of our frigates for Europe. The voyage gave them a new experimental knowledge of the life of a sailor. They were attacked by the yellow fever, were tossed through a dozen degrees of latitude by the equinoctial storms, in which some ships of the convoy were lost, and the passage lasted sixty-four days. But on the 20th of September, they were in the channel, and saw the French coast. Of course, they were all overflowing with sentiment; some gave themselves over to "melancholy;" there was an abundance of speeches, "serious reflections," and astonishment "that the land by which they were sailing could no longer be called their country."

On the passage they had been transferred to the *Amiable* frigate, Captain Granville Lobb, who, with his officers treated them with the characteristic good nature of British sailors. They were now ordered to London, where they had some interviews with Mr. Wickham, secretary in the Duke of Portland's office, relative to the French affairs. On one of these occasions, a man who had been sitting in a dark corner of the apartment, recognized and spoke to them. "You are saved," said he; "then all my misfortunes are forgotten." He was so much reduced by ill health, that they could scarcely recollect their friend the American captain. "I am Tilly," said he, "and you, too, are so much altered, that I could not have known you, but from hearing your names." The alteration, it may be presumed, under the regimen of Dutch hospitality, reinforced by the English table, was of the more favorable kind.

Tilly's narrative still had some interest for them. Within three days after their escape, the frigate *La Decade* had brought her living freight of disappointed statesmanship to shore, cargo of 193 *popular* members, *liberal* authors, citizen priests, and journalists, each of them worthy to have founded a repub

lic. So prodigious an influx of politics at once, frightened Jeannet for the stability of his place; and, probably with the actual intention of providing for the future, he called the captain into his councils, and began a conversation with him on the purchase of his vessel for a flight to Philadelphia. The escape of the exiles happened to be mentioned; and the captain in his hour of confidence, unwarily acknowledged at full length his share in the transaction, and even that he had the correspondence from France still barreled up in his hold. A new light seems to have flashed upon the governor; he may have thought that the seizure of this correspondence, which was connected with *Royalisme* in France, would establish him with the directory for ever. He instantly started up, threw down the table between them, called to the guard, and ordered the unlucky confidant to be put in irons, preparatory to being shot next day. But cooler deliberation told him that the captain's death would not bring him so much advantage as his shooting an American citizen must bring him trouble; a remonstrance to the directory, which might vacate his government, and a frigate from the United States, which might carry himself off to be hanged by the populace at Philadelphia, would be consequences which it became the Frenchman's prudence to avoid. But he could still tyrannize, and the American was thrown into a dungeon, ironed hands and feet, and kept there on bread and water through the months of June and July, under the equator. Yet the tenuity of this regimen may have saved his life in this horrible confinement. He was at length sent on board the *Decade* on her return to France, to be dealt with according to the pleasure of the directory, a pleasure which would probably have sent him to perish in the ditch of some provincial fortress. But a better fate awaited him. The *Decade* was met on her way by an English frigate, which attacked and took her. Captain Pierepoint, the commander of the English ship, immediately liberated the American, and sent him to London, where he was at this time receiving assistance from the government, which enabled him shortly after to reach his own country.

DEATH OF HOFER.

It will be reconnected that in the year 1809, nearly the whole population of the Tyrol rose in arms, and fairly drove the French troops out of their country. This levy *en masse* was

headed by Andreas Hofer, the landlord of a village public-house. Hofer was then forty-two years of age, "a frank-hearted, pious man, tall in stature, with black eyes and beard, of a soft voice and disposition; whom a vehement love of his country converted from a quiet rustic into a hero."

Bonaparte sent Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Dantzig, with a strong body of troops, to crush this insurrection. The insurgents by retreating before him, drew Lefevre into their mountain fastnesses; and there, where they had the disciplined French army at advantage, the peasant-general and his half-armed volunteers attacked, and after much hard fighting, so thoroughly defeated them, that the French veterans fled, and the Tyrol was again free. In these battles a ten-year-old boy busied himself in digging up the balls that lodged in the ground, and carrying them in his little hat to the combatants; to whom young girls brought provisions amid the hottest fire.

When the misfortunes of the campaign constrained Francis to purchase peace by the cruelest sacrifices, abandoning the Tyrol, he invited Hofer and his principal associates to Vienna, to secure them from French vengeance. These devoted patriots would not leave their beloved country in her distress, and resolved to attempt the preservation of their connection with Austria, even without Austrian help. One of their leaders, the priest Pater Joachim, blessed their endeavors. Again Lefevre was sent against them, and again was so roughly handled, that upon one occasion, we are told, he climbed over his own carriage to escape, and fled, disguised as a common soldier. Hofer and Pater Joachim now led their little band of 8,000 peasants to defy the French marshal and his 25,000 soldiers before Inspruck, and again were victorious. Lefevre evacuated Inspruck by night, having lost 14,000 men within a fortnight, and on the 15th of August, Bonaparte's birth-day, the Tyrolese re-entered their emancipated capital. The gratified emperor of Austria sent Hofer a gold chain of honor, and to the Pater the ecclesiastical order of merit.

For two months the Tyrol was free; but could it hope to remain so? Before the end of October, French troops poured in from all sides, under various generals. Baraguay d'Hilliers and Eugene Beauharnais, respecting or fearing these brave and desperate men, invited them to submit, offering a general amnesty, redress of grievances, and a strict administration of justice, on condition of the insurgents laying down their arms. The Arch-duke John assured Hofer that the emperor, unable to assist them, wished them to comply; and Hofer thereupon accept-

ed the terms, entreating a few days' delay of the French advance to allow time for the peasants to disperse to their several homes. But pending this negotiation with Eugene, the French troops advanced, stormed a strong pass, and seized a fortified post upon Brenner mountain. Indignant at this breach of faith, Hofer again called his comrades to the field, and about the middle of November fell upon Ruska and Barbou, who, with their detachments, were endeavoring to force their way into the *Passeyerthal*. The French were repulsed with the loss of 1,500 men and an eagle. But now Baraguay d'Hilliers brought up his whole force, and the contest was inevitably over. Some of the leaders made their escape to Vienna. Hofer concealed himself with his wife and children, in an Alpine hut in the snowy wilderness amidst barren rocks. The Emperor Francis sent messengers to urge his escaping to Austria; but his wife and children could not have accompanied his flight, and Hofer would not save his life at the price of deserting them.

"Pater Donay of Schlanders, who had latterly been Hofer's unworthy confidant, now became his Judas. He discovered his retreat in the snowy wilderness, and betrayed it to the French commander. Bonaparte in return made the wretch imperial chaplain at the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, and Murat loaded him with praises and presents. At midnight Baraguay d'Hilliers dispatched 1,500 foot and 100 horse, to seize a single man. At dawn, on the 20th of January, 1810, the guide knocked at the hut door. Hofer opened it, and seeing who his visitors were, said 'I am Andreas Hofer, and in your hands; kill me, but spare my wife and children, who have no share in my conduct.' The French then rushed upon him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him, with his wife and children, to Botzen. Wherever they passed the Bonapartists stood in rows, singing merry songs, and unable to control their joy at having another honest man in their claws. But Hofer was calm and serene, and in affecting accents asked pardon of all whom he fancied he might have offended. At Botzen he was freed from his chains, many Frenchmen taking his part, and alleging that he had treated his prisoners with admirable humanity. One man gave him a snuff-box adorned with the heads of the Duke of Brunswick, Schill, and himself. Hofer looked at his own portrait and sighed 'Yes, such I was.' Here too he tasted a pang bitterer than death. His family were separated from him, and sent back into the country. He himself was hurried to Mantua."

At Mantua Hofer was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to death, with a haste designed to prevent the interposition of

the Emperor Francis, whose daughter Napoleon was then wooing. On his way to the place of execution he gave a last cheer to his beloved sovereign, and distributed some trifles as keepsakes.

"He then stepped into the circle of his executioners. They offered him a handkerchief to tie over his eyes, and bade him kneel down. With a noble soldiery pride he refused to do either, saying, 'I stand before my Creator, and standing I will return my immortal spirit into his hand.' He then presented the corporal with his last gold coin, begging him to see that his men took good aim, and again exclaimed, 'alas! my unhappy country!' He then boldly gave the word 'fire.' But the miserable French marksmen did not fire true. The first six shots only brought the martyr upon his knees. The next six stretched him upon the ground, but did not end his sufferings. The corporal then stepped up to him, put the muzzle of his piece close to his head, and shattered it at the thirteenth shot. Thus was Hofer massacred by the French, as Palm had been before him.

"The Emperor Francis, who could not save Hofer, took charge of those he left behind him, made considerable presents to the widow and daughters, and educated the only son. In 1813, before Austria had joined the alliance, John Hofer, then barely fourteen years old, entered into the corps of Lutzen Volunteer sharp shooters, and fought gallantly against the destroyers of his father and his country."

The following letter of Hofer, written on the morning of his execution, is copied from the London Literary Gazette:

"Dear Sir and Brother,—It has been the divine will that I should exchange here in Mantua temporary existence for eternal life; but God be thanked for his divine mercy: it has appeared as easy to me, as if I were to be led out to something else. God will also grant me this mercy till the last moment, that I may get where my soul will eternally rejoice with all the elect; where I shall also pray to God for all, especially for those to whom I owe it most to pray for, and for you and your dear lady, on account of the little book and other kind deeds; and I beg that all surviving friends may pray for me, and help me out of the hot flames, if I have still to do penance in purgatory. My dearest or the hostess, is to have the worship solemnized at St. Martin's, and pray by the rose-colored blood in both parishes. Our friends are to have soup and meat, with an *einder halber** of wine, at the house of father-host.

* *Halber* is a measure used in the Tyrol, Hungary, and parts of Austria, equal to about a bottle. *Einder* seems a mistake in the original.

"Dear Mr. Pukhler, do go in for me and announce the matter to father-host at St. Martin; he will no doubt make arrangements; and do not make any one else participator in the matter.

"Fare all well in the world, till we meet in heaven, and there praise God. May all the people of Passeyer, and all acquaintances remember me in holy prayers; and the hostess is not to grieve too much. I shall pray to God for all.

"Adieu, my worthless world! death appears to me so easy that I cannot shed a tear. Written at five o'clock in the morning, and at nine o'clock I shall travel, with the help of all saints, to God. Mantua, 20th February, 1810.

"Thine, loved in life, Andrew Hofer, of Sand, in Passeyer. In the name of the Lord will I also undertake the journey with God."

KOSCIUSKO.

[From a European Publication.]

KOSCIUSKO became first known by history in the war which preceded the second partition. On one occasion, the division under his command withstood an army three times their number, and after much slaughter made an honorable retreat. From this day the Poles marked him out as a great leader; and when the intrigues of the aristocracy, and the weakness of the king, left the only real affairs of the country in the hands of the patriots, he became their head, and was declared Generalissimo and Dictator.

"His power was absolute: he had the command of the armies, and the regulation of all affairs, political and civil. He was commissioned, however, to appoint a national council, the choice being left to his own will. He was also empowered to nominate a successor, but he was to be subordinate to the national council.

"Never before," says Mr. Fletcher, "was confidence so fully and so scrupulously reposed by a nation in a single individual, and never were expectations better grounded than in the present instance. Thaddeus Kosciusko was born of a noble but not very illustrious Lithuanian family, and was early initiated in the science of war at the military school of Warsaw. In his youth his affections were firmly engaged to a young lady, the daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania, but it was his fate to see his love crossed, and his inamorato married to another, Prince Lubornirski. He then went to France, and on his return applied

to Stanislaus for a military appointment, but was refused because he was a favorite of Adam Czartoryski, whom Stanislaus hated. Kosciusko sought to dispel his disappointment in the labors of war. The British colonies of America were then throwing off the yoke of their unnatural mother country—their cause was that of justice and liberty, and one dear to the heart of a young proud-spirited Pole. Our young hero served in the patriotic ranks of Gates and Washington, and was appointed aid-de-camp to the latter great general. When the glorious struggle in the new world was crowned with success, he returned to his own country, where he found an equally glorious field for his exertions.”

It is delightful to see Kosciusko issuing out of the same voluntary fires of experience and the love of liberty as Lafayette, and serving in the ranks of Washington! Good and great men help to make others. Washington in the plains of America, was fighting the future battles of France and Poland; the old generals of the latter countries were his ensigns and his aides-de-camp.

It is not our intention to go through the particulars of Kosciusko's campaigns. We must refer for those to his history. Our object is to lay before our readers the *moral* of his life; and therefore it will be sufficient to say, that no man behaved better than he did, either as a general or a statesman. It was not only in one battle, that he fought against multitudes; it was his custom. The invaders were astonished at seeing a man with a comparative handful of followers, armed with the first things that came to hand, perpetually re-appearing in different quarters, sometimes retreating like a wounded lion, sometimes overthrowing them with a bloody slaughter, at all times apparently invincible, even when vanquished. And nothing could be more just than his civil government. He repressed abuses; he would have no injustice, even against the cruel enemy; he acted always upon the noblest and purest principles, the only real strength of a good cause; and he showed in his own person and manners the modesty and tranquillity of it. Count Oginski, one of his fellow-patriots, in giving a narrative of his interview with him in his camp near Warsaw, where he was awaiting the Russians and Prussians, found him sleeping upon straw. He dined with almost equal simplicity:

“We passed,” says the count, “from Kosciusko's tent to a table prepared under some trees. The frugal repast which we made here, among about a dozen guests, will never be effaced from my memory. The presence of this great man, who has

excited the admiration of all Europe; who was the terror of his enemies and the idol of the nation; who, raised to the rank of generalissimo, had no ambition but to serve his country and fight for it; who always preserved an unassuming, affable, and mild demeanor; who never wore any distinguished mark of the supreme authority with which he was invested; who was contented with a surtout of coarse gray cloth, and whose table was as plainly furnished as that of a subaltern officer; could not fail to awaken in me every sentiment of esteem, admiration and veneration, which I have sincerely felt for him at every period of my life."

The enemy failed before Warsaw; and had the other nobles been as noble as this great man, and felt as truly in the cause of freedom, all might have gone well; but he was one of that advanced guard of martyrs, who of necessity make their appearance when their example is of more future than immediate value; and for a time, numbers and iniquity prevailed.

Suwarrow, the Empress of Russia's fanatical slaughter-man, had arrived in Poland at the head of an immense multitude, to overpower the little bands of patriots. He had laid open the road to Warsaw by a defeat of one of them; and Poland hastened to fight another Russian general, before Suwarrow and he should effect a junction.

"The 10th of October (1794) was the decisive day; Kosciusko attacked Fersen, near Macieiwice. The battle was bloody and fatal to the patriots; victory was wavering, and Poninski, who was expected every minute with a reinforcement, not arriving, Kosciusko, at the head of his principal officers, made a grand charge into the midst of the enemy. He fell covered with wounds, and all his companions were killed or taken prisoners. His inseparable friend, the amiable poet, Niemcewicz, was among the latter number. The great man lay senseless among the dead; but at length he was recognized, notwithstanding the plainness of his uniform, and was found still breathing. His name even now commanded respect from the Cossacks, some of whom had been going to plunder him; they immediately formed a litter with their lances, to carry him to their general, who ordered his wounds to be dressed, and treated him with the respect he merited. As soon as he was able to travel, he was conveyed to Petersburg, where Catharine condemned this noble patriot to end his days in prison. Clemency, indeed, was not to be expected from a woman who had murdered her husband.

"Such was the termination of Kosciusko's glorious career. The news of his captivity spread like lightning to Warsaw, and

every one received it as the announcement of the country's fall. It may appear incredible," says Count Oginski, "but I can attest what I have seen, and what a number of witnesses can certify with me, that many women miscarried at the tidings; many invalids were seized with burning fevers; some fell into fits of madness which never afterwards left them; and men and women were seen in the streets wringing their hands, beating their heads against the walls, and exclaiming in tones of despair, 'Kosciusko is no more; the country is lost!'"

The poet may well have exclaimed, in his fine line, that

"Freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell."

Suwarrow, having effected his junction with Fersen, proceeded to Warsaw, which, after dreadful work in the suburb of Praga, capitulated. The garrison in Praga was composed of the flower of the Polish army, now of no avail, since Kosciusko was gone.

"Eight thousand Poles perished sword in hand, and the Russians having set fire to the bridge, cut off the retreat of the inhabitants. Above 12,000 towns-people, old men, women, and children, were murdered in cold blood, and to fill the measure of the iniquity and barbarity, the Russians fired the place in four different parts, and in a few hours the whole of Praga, inhabitants as well as houses, was a heap of ashes.

"The council, finding that Warsaw could not be defended any longer, capitulated on the 6th of November; many of the soldiers were obliged to lay down their arms, and the Russian troops entered the city. The authors of the revolution, the generals and soldiers who refused to disarm, had quitted Warsaw, but being pursued by Fersen, many were killed or dispersed, and the rest surrendered on the 18th.

"All the patriots of consequence, who fell into the hands of the Russians, were immured in the prisons of Petersburg, or sent to Siberia. Ignatius Potocki, Mostowski, Kapustas, and Kalinski, were among the captives. Their treatment, however, was not so cruel as it has been frequently represented; Kosciusko's prison, for instance, was a comfortable suit of rooms, where he beguiled his time with reading and drawing; Potocki was equally well lodged, and amused himself with gazing at the passers by from his windows. This was not, indeed, an exact observance of the article of capitulation, 'We promise a general amnesty for all that is passed,' but it was the very acme of honor, compared with the general tenor of Russia's conduct towards Poland."

The third infamous partition now took place. Kosciusko re-

mained in prison till the death of Catharine, and then came to England on his way to America. The king accepted a Russian pension, and on the death of the same empress, went to Petersburg, "where he ended," says the historian, "his unhappy and dishonorable life."

While the immortal Pole was in durance, we learn from Pæter Pindar's works, that he became acquainted with the writings of that facetious person, and expressed himself much pleased with them; which Peter, after his style of self-gratulation, justly makes a boast of. George III. was no friend to the Poles, or to Washington; and Kosciusko perhaps was not disagreeably surprised to find at what a low pitch that monarch's understanding was rated by the satirist.

Dr. Warner, in his "Literary Recollections," not long since published, has given the following account of an interview with him at Bristol, which Mr. Fletcher quotes in the work before us:

"I never contemplated," says the doctor, "a more interesting human figure than Kosciusko stretched upon his couch. His wounds were still unhealed, and he was unable to sit upright. He appeared to be a small man, spare and delicate. A black silk bandage, crossed his fair and high, but somewhat wrinkled forehead. Beneath it, his dark eagle eye sent forth a stream of light, that indicated the steady flame of patriotism which still burned within his soul; unquenched by disaster and wounds, weakness, poverty, and exile. Contrasted with its brightness was the paleness of his countenance, and the wan cast of every feature. He spoke very tolerable English, though in a low and feeble tone; but his conversation, replete with fine sense, lively remark, and sagacious answers, evinced a noble understanding, and a cultivated mind. On rising to depart, I offered him my hand; he took it. My eyes filled with tears; and he gave it a warm grasp. I muttered something about 'brighter prospects and happier days!' He faintly smiled and said, (they were his last words to me,) 'Ah, Sir, he who devotes himself for his country, must not look for his reward on this side the grave.'"

The public have been made familiar with the appearance of Kosciusko on his couch, by several prints of him in that condition, one of those from a picture by the late Mr. West. We have heard Mrs. West describe with enthusiasm the effect which the sight of him had upon her, and the additional grace thrown upon it by the entrance of the late Duke of Bedford into the room, in all the bloom of his rank and good looks. This was Francis, Duke of Bedford, whose statue is in the square. He approached Kosciusko, she said, with all the deference of a





Kosciusko rebuking the Soldiers.—Page 437.



Escape of Lavalette.—Page 446.

courtier, and bending towards him as he reclined, took his hand and kissed it.

"And what did you think of his grace, when he did that?" asked a gentleman.

"Think!" cried the enthusiastic old lady; "I felt in love with him."

But no anecdote of this great man is more touching than the one related by Miss Williams, in her account of the events that took place in France after Napoleon's downfall. From England, Kosciusko went to America, and afterwards to France, whence he finally removed to Switzerland, where he died in 1817, "fuller," says Miss Porter, "of glory than of years." During the occupation of France by the allied troops, some Polish soldiers, in their search after forage, had come upon the grounds of a farm, the fences of which they were treating with little ceremony. The occupant of the farm came forward and remonstrated. They laughed at him and persisted; but finding themselves more sternly rebuked, and in their own language, they began to consider the man. Suddenly, astonishment seizes upon some of the older ones; they gaze, they color, the tears come into their eyes; and the word "Kosciusko" bursting from them, the next moment the soldiers are on the ground, prostrating themselves, and kissing the stranger's feet.

This is one of the most affecting anecdotes we ever met with.

Kosciusko's inaction, covered as he was with wounds, and conscious that his example could not die, became almost as glorious to him as the greatest days of his strength; nor did fortune refuse him the satisfaction of being able to continue the proofs of his patriotism in the most triumphant manner. He refused to fight either for Napoleon or the allies; he would not lend Napoleon his name; he had wedded himself to the cause of truth and liberty, and he knew that it was the business of a genuine humanist to set mankind an example of perseverance. He would pave the way neither for Napoleon into Russia, nor for *Constantine into Poland*. He knew that real regeneration accompanied neither of them, and that a principle maintained in adversity was better in the long run than a cause made equivocal in success.

Kosciusko's noble nature at one time thought it had found something corresponding to it in the character of the Emperor Alexander; he wrote him a letter requesting him to declare a general amnesty for his countrymen, to make all the serfs free on their returning home, and to become sovereign of an independent kingdom in Poland. He concluded with expressing a

wish he could have preceded him thither. He even honored Alexander by asking a favor of him for a friend. The imperial male-coquet of virtue answered the patriot's letter in good holiday terms, granting all his requests. But this unequal intercourse did not last long. Kosciusko wrote the emperor, who was at Vienna, another letter a year afterwards (June, 1815,) in which he reminded him of certain "magnanimous promises." To this no answer was returned; and Kosciusko expressing to Prince Adam Czartoryski his prophetic anticipations of what afterwards took place, retired to Soleure in Switzerland, where he died on the 16th of October, 1817. His remains were taken to Poland, (we are not told when,) and deposited in the cathedral of Cracow, in the same chapel with those of Sobieski.

MASSACRE OF THE MAMELUKES, IN 1811.

THIS singular people had long considered Egypt as their patrimony, and their obedience to the Turkish viceroy, except when enforced by arms, had long been completely nominal. They were even carrying on an open war against Mahommed Ali, their viceroy and pacha, when the British army, under General Frazier, landed in Egypt. Upon the receipt of this intelligence the pacha concluded a peace with the Mamelukes, as his less dangerous enemies; and stipulated, in one of the articles of his treaty with them, that the whole corps should come and reside at Cairo. With this condition the greater part of them complied, and under the command of Sciaim Bey fixed their residence at Gizeh, near the capital, but on the opposite side of the Nile; and the remainder, under the command of Ibrahim Bey, remained in Upper Egypt.

About this time the Porte entertained considerable alarm on account of the rapid progress of a sect called the Wechabi, who had already obtained possession of Mecca and Medina. Jussuf, pacha of Damascus, had not been able to resist the numbers and enthusiasm of these seceders from the Mahomedan faith; and Suliman, pacha of Acre, had in consequence received orders to send the head of Jussuf to Constantinople, and to assume the command of the pachalic of Damascus. Jussuf, however, fled to Cairo, where he was hospitably received by Mahommed Ali, and sheltered from the attempts of his rival; and the Porte, finding Suliman no better able than Jussuf to resist the infidels, at length ordered the pacha of Egypt

to undertake the recovery of the holy cities, and promised to reward him with the governments of Acre and Damascus. This order and promise of the Porte were no sooner known to the pacha of Acre, than he conceived an ardent desire of revenge, and immediately formed a plan of joining his forces with those of the Mamelukes, and of attacking Mohammed Ali and a small remnant of his army, which would be left in Egypt after the departure of the expedition against Mecca, under the command of his son. The jealousy and vigilance of the viceroy, however, proved equal to the treachery of his enemies. A servant of Sciaim Bey, having been bribed to betray his master, regularly transmitted to the pacha copies of the correspondence carried on by the beys in Cairo with those in Upper Egypt, and with Suliman of Acre. The Porte also was duly informed of the designs of the conspirators, and when its final orders arrived the viceroy immediately prepared to put them in execution.

On his return from Suez to Cairo, Mohammed Ali announced the approaching completion of his preparations against Mecca; and that on the first of March he should celebrate a grand festival on the occasion of investing his son with the pelisse of command, previous to the departure of the expedition; and all the Mamelukes in Cairo were invited to honor the ceremony with their presence. The procession was to pass through the private streets of Cairo up to the citadel, where the investiture was to take place. The Turkish infantry led the way, and were followed by the Mamelukes on horseback under the command of Sciaim Bey, who was supported by two sons of the viceroy, and the Turkish cavalry followed and closed the procession. The foot soldiers had already entered the interior of the citadel, and the Mamelukes were passing between the inner and outer wall of the fortress, along a narrow way, inclosed on both sides by high walls and ruinous buildings, when the gates at each extremity of the passage were closed. The viceroy had revealed his intention to no one till this moment, when he ordered his infantry to line the walls which surrounded the Mamelukes, and to open a heavy fire upon them, though his sons were still mixed with them, and for some time exposed to the same fate.

The Mamelukes, cooped up in a narrow space, where their equestrian skill, and their unrivaled dexterity in the use of the saber were unavailing, impeded by their own numbers, encumbered by their dresses of ceremony, and surrounded on all sides by a superior force, were compelled to surrender after a feeble

resistance. The wicket of the inner gate was then opened, and the Turkish soldiers dragged their victims, one by one, into the court of the citadel, whom they first stripped and then beheaded. Of eight hundred Mamelukes, who were enclosed within the walls, none escaped.

MALLET'S EXTRAORDINARY ATTEMPT TO OVERTHROW THE
EMPIRE OF FRANCE.

The following is from the London Literary Gazette. This extraordinary event took place during the Emperor Napoleon's Russian campaign.

"The disasters of that campaign are known. While they were going on, the city of Paris witnessed a prodigy such as is often seen on the eve of the great convulsions of nature. What all Europe in arms had not dared to plan for the last twenty years, namely, the conquest of Paris, a single man in prison, without friends, money, or reputation, was bold enough to attempt, and almost succeeded. I had served with Mallet as staff officer in 1793. He was a man of an extraordinary turn of mind; his manners were eccentric, and he was tormented with a deep melancholy, that made him morose and disagreeable to his comrades. The accession of Bonaparte to the throne had displeased him, and he had not attempted to hide his feelings. The loss of his liberty, added to the grief of seeing his career stopped, when so many officers of younger standing than himself rose to the highest rank and acquired great reputation, made him take a part in an ill-conceived conspiracy, consisting of those old remains of brawling Jacobins, who take no counsel but their rage, and have no means of realizing their wretched projects. Mallet was discovered; and the particulars of the plot having been laid before the eyes of the emperor, he shrugged up his shoulders through contempt. After some years' imprisonment, Mallet obtained leave to remove to one of those private hospitals (*maisons de santé*) which surround Paris, and which were for the police a sort of seminaries, where they kept, subject to a severe supervision, all such persons who could not be convicted, but whom, however, it would have been dangerous to set entirely free. We had remained during twenty-six days without any accounts from the army. Sinister reports were beginning to circulate, when Mallet, after having combined his plan with the Abbé Constant, a companion of his captivity, found means to get out of prison

dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, and went at four o'clock in the morning to the barracks of the Municipal Legion. Having called up the colonel, who was still asleep, he told him with an air of dismay that the emperor was dead; that the senate was assembled to restore the republican government in France; and that he, Mallet, who had been appointed commander of Paris, wanted six hundred men of the regiment to go to the Hôtel de Ville and protect the senate, that was assembling there. At this fatal news the colonel was at first seized with alarm, and his grief for the death of the emperor made him shed tears. The disorder of his mind did not permit him to reflect on the news he had heard, nor cast his eyes on the suspicious person that stood before him. He ordered the guard to assemble, and, overwhelmed with consternation, left Mallet master of his forces. The name of a republic, which recalled to mind licentiousness, was a counterpoise to the death of the emperor. The most brilliant promises and temptations were held out; the officers all believed what Mallet chose to tell them. Each soldier was to be rewarded by advancement and double pay; the officers were to get drafts on the treasury, of twenty and even fifty thousand francs—for Mallet had provided against every difficulty. He soon got together about four hundred men, at whose head he went to seek his accomplices, and the future ministers of France, in the prison of La Force. In that prison there had been in confinement, for some time, an adjutant-general, named Guial, and General Lahorie, of whom I have already spoken. Both had served with Mallet, but had heard nothing more of him, and were totally ignorant of his plans. Mallet entered the prison, claimed his two old comrades, and told the great news. The jailor refusing to deliver his prisoners, he signed their liberation, introduced two hundred men, and went to Lahorie's chamber. The first words Mallet said to him were, 'You are the minister of police. Rise, dress yourself, and follow me.' Poor Lahorie, who now saw, for the first time during a lapse of twelve years, a man whom he had never looked upon as quite *compos mentis*, imagined all he heard was but a dream, and rubbed his eyes while looking at him. At last the assurance of the death of the emperor, of the assembling of the senate, of the re-establishment of the republic, convinced him that he once more witnessed another of those revolutions so common in modern history. He rose, dressed himself, and found six hundred men at the gate. With Guial by his side, he immediately went to the minister of police, who was still in bed. The soldiers entered quietly, and without any obstacle; when, finding the door of the minis-

ter's chamber locked, they broke it open with the butt-ends of their muskets. The minister, waking at the noise, jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress himself, rushed upon the murderers. He was seized, and treated in the most brutal manner; but at last, at sight of the prisoner Lahorie, and the intelligence of the death of the emperor, he began to comprehend that he was the victim and the dupe of a revolution. He obtained, not without some trouble, leave to dress; and Guidal led him, escorted by a detachment, to the prison of La Force. On the Point Neuf he jumped from the cabriolet, but was retaken. When he arrived at the prison, the jailor burst into tears. Savary whispered to him, 'Place me in your darkest dungeon, and hide the key of it. God knows what is the meaning of this; but it will all clear up.' A few moments later, the prefect of police was also brought to the prison; a detachment had gone to fetch him, and had dragged him along. Whilst the heads of the police were thus treated, Mallet went to General Hullin, commander of the military division and of the city of Paris. The general was just getting up to receive an order from the minister of the war department, which could be delivered into no hands but his own. Mallet was accompanied by some officers of his troop. On seeing the general, he said to him, with the greatest coolness, and with an air of gravity, 'I am very mortified, general, to have so painful a commission to execute; but my orders are to arrest you.' Hullin remonstrated; and looking to Mallet, whose face he knew, he said, 'How! Mallet, is it you? You arrest me—a prisoner? How did you come here? What is your business doing here?' 'The emperor is dead.' These words struck Hullin dumb, and Mallet repeated the fable he had invented. However, the arrest and the order to go to prison appeared wondrous strange to the general. He continually spoke of the death of the emperor and his own imprisonment:—at length asked Mallet to show him his order. 'Very willingly,' replied the other; 'will you step with me into your closet?' Hullin turned round, and as he was entering the closet, he fell, struck by a bullet that touched his head. While lying on the ground, he saw his murderer looking coolly at him, and preparing to fire once more; but thinking him dead, he left the place. He crossed the Place Vendôme, and went to the staff, whither he had sent before him a letter, acquainting the adjutant-general, N***, that he was advanced to the rank of major-general. The latter, when he saw Mallet, could not disguise his doubts. Struggling between his duty and his ambition, he was perhaps at the point of yielding.

and entering into arrangements, when one of the heads of the military police, the old Colonel Laborde, came into the apartment. The appearance of that man showed sufficiently that he could be neither deceived nor seduced. Mallet was therefore going to blow out his brains, when Laborde seized him abruptly by his arm, called for assistance, and had him arrested. This Laborde was an old soldier, who, having long retired from active service, had chosen Paris for his camp and the scene of his observations. Attached to the police under all possible governments, no one could impose upon him by illusions. His youth had been passed in vice, and he now felt pleasure in pursuing it in its last holds. He made use of his privilege with all the despotism which subalterns of that class love to exercise upon the rabble. Rank, titles, glory, virtue, crime itself, is sacred to them as long as it remains prosperous; but as soon as the day of misfortune arrives, they trample upon every thing, and neither respect nor pity must be expected from them. Laborde had seen Mallet in prison. At the first report of the minister of police being arrested, he set himself at the head of a platoon of infantry, went to the office and found Lahorie calmly seated at his desk, writing orders, after those he had given at the Hôtel de Ville. He had him immediately seized and tied to his arm-chair, while he addressed to him reproaches that opened the unfortunate Lahorie's eyes to the madness of Mallet. He then went to the staff, where he arrested the latter, and flying to the prison, he delivered the minister and prefect of police. The prefect went home; but his hotel being still full of the soldiers who had arrested him, they pursued him, and he was glad to find a refuge in a neighboring house. All these scenes, well deserving of a place in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, happened between five and eight o'clock in the morning. By nine all was over; and the happy inhabitants of Paris, when they awoke, learned the singular event, and made some tolerably good jokes upon it."

ESCAPE OF LAVALETTE.

FEW events in the civil history of French affairs have excited an interest more deep and universal than the escape of Lavalette, the postmaster-general, from the prison of the Conciergerie, aided as he was by three Englishmen, who then resided in Paris. The circumstances of Lavalette's previous trial,

are comparatively unimportant, except as they exhibit on what trivial grounds he was deprived of his liberty, and sentenced to an ignominious death.

On evidence fallacious in itself, and substantiated chiefly by retainers of the government, Lavalette was capitally convicted of the crime of high treason, by a decree of the court of assize for the department of the Seine, before which he was tried. Against this decree he appealed, on the ground of various informalities; but this appeal being rejected by the court, the sentence pronounced upon him was to be carried into effect on the 21st of December, 1815.

The strictest orders had been given by the police that the condemned man should be guarded in the prison wherein he was confined, called the Conciergerie, with all the usual precautions; and after the rejection of the appeal, the prefect of police had ordered Jean Baptiste de Kerguise, the registering keeper of the prison, to redouble his vigilance; adding, that if any one should ask to communicate with Lavalette, and should even bring an order for that purpose, signed with his (the prefect's) hand, still the keeper should pay no attention to it, as no person was to see the prisoner without the order of the attorney-general.

Lavalette, being informed by the keeper of these new orders, immediately wrote to the attorney-general, begging that he might be permitted to see his wife, and a few other persons, whose names he mentioned. The attorney-general felt unwilling to refuse this request; but, in giving his assent he particularly directed that the persons indicated should only see Lavalette, in succession—one after the other.

Nevertheless, on the 20th of December, the eve of the day fixed for carrying the sentence into effect, about half-past three in the afternoon, Lavalette's wife and daughter, accompanied by the widow Dutoit, who was seventy years old, and attached to the service of Mademoiselle Lavalette, were introduced at the same time by the jailor, Roquette, into Lavalette's chamber.

Madame Lavalette was carried to the Conciergerie in a chair, borne by one Guerin, called Marengo, her ordinary chairman, and by one Brigaut, a man selected for that day's service by Guerin, in the room of one Laporte, who usually performed this service with him, but who happened at this time to be ill. The chairmen generally had conveyed Madame Lavalette into the court-yard of the Conciergerie, but, on the 20th of December, she got out in the court-yard of the palace, and walked on foot towards the grate of the Conciergerie; Bennoit Bonneville,

her valet, having told the chairman *to stop, and that Madame found herself sufficiently strong to walk the rest of the way.* They accordingly turned the chair towards the palace of justice; but out of it was taken a cushion, covered with green taffety, and a pretty large package of an irregular form, which seemed to contain bottles of wine. This package, as well as the cushion, and a work-bag which Madame Lavalette carried, were received into the prison, and taken to Lavalette's chamber.

Madame Lavalette, on arriving at the Conciergerie, was clothed in a furred riding-coat of red Merino, and had upon her head a black hat, with various colored feathers. She entered her husband's apartment with her daughter and the widow Dutoit. The valet-de-chambre, Benoit, remained in the first apartment called the *avant-greffe*. He was seen near the fire-place during more than two hours.

At five o'clock, Jaques Eberle, one of the wicket-keepers of the Conciergerie, who had been specially appointed by the keeper of the prison to the guard and service of Lavalette, took his dinner to him, of which Madame and Mademoiselle Lavalette, and the widow Dutoit, partook.

After dinner, which lasted an hour, Eberle served up coffee, which he fetched from the coffee-house of the palace, and left Lavalette's apartment with orders not to return till he was rung for.

Meantime, Benoit, who was in the secret of what was intended, and who saw the hour of execution approach, had left the *avant-greffe* to assure himself of the chairmen. He found them at the corps de garde, and invited them to come and drink with him. Benoit, by way of trying them, said, "Comrades, there are five and twenty Louis to be gained; you will be a little heavily loaded, and it will be necessary to go a little quick; but you have only ten steps to make." "It is Monsieur Lavalette himself, then, that we are going to take?" replies Brigaut. "You have nothing to do with that; only do what you are asked." Brigaut rejected the proposition, and a coal-heaver was employed in his stead.

A short time after coffee, and towards seven o'clock, the bell rang from Lavalette's chamber, intimating to the keeper that his prisoner wanted somebody. Roquette, the father, was at that moment, near the fire-place with Eberle, to whom he immediately gave orders to go into Lavalette's chamber. He heard the keeper of the wicket open the door which led to that chamber, and as he advanced to know what Lavalette wanted,

he saw three persons dressed in female attire, who were followed by Eberle, and who came in front of him in the *avant-gresse*. The person whom he took for Madame Lavalette was dressed in a black petticoat, with a furred gown of red Merino; she had white gloves and a woman's neck handkerchief on, a black hat, with feathers of different colors; in a word, she was in exactly the same dress as that in which Madame Lavalette was first introduced to the apartment of her husband. A white handkerchief covered the face of this person, who had the appearance of sobbing; and Mademoiselle Lavalette, who walked by the side, uttered the most lamentable cries. Every thing in this romantic scene presented the spectacle of a family given up to the feelings of a last adieu. The keeper melted, and deceived by the disguise, and scanty light of two lamps, had not the power to take away the handkerchief which concealed the features of the disguised person; and, having neglected to perform this painful but necessary duty, he presented his hand to the person (as he had been used to do to Madame Lavalette,) whom he conducted along with the two persons to the last wicket. Eberle then stepped forward, and ran to call Benoit, who arrived with the chairmen. Lavalette, under the habit of his wife, was already in the chair, which was immediately carried forward, followed by Mademoiselle Lavalette, and the widow Dutoit. Eberle, having at this moment perceived another wicket-keeper, took him away to drink, saying, at the same time, "It is something singular that those three persons never spoke a word to me."

The chair and its suit went, according to the direction of Benoit, to the middle of the street La Barillerie; and, as far as the quay des Orfevres. The chair was now opened, Lavalette came out, and disappeared, and was immediately succeeded in his place by Mademoiselle Lavalette. Benoit told the chairman to turn towards the Abbaye aux Bois.

In the meantime, the keeper, Roquette, entered, for the first time, the chamber of Lavalette, where he saw no one, but heard somebody stirring behind the screen. He returned a second time, and called; no one answered. He began to fear some mischief, advanced beyond the screen, and there recognising Madame Lavalette, who tremulously said, "*Il est parti.*" "Ah, Madame," cried the jailor, "you have deceived me." He wished to run out, in order to give the alarm. Madame Lavalette caught hold of him, and detained him by his coat sleeve, saying, "Stay, Monsieur Roquette, stay." "No, Madame," said the jailor, "this is not to be borne." A struggle ensued; the

coat was torn; Roquette rushed out, calling for help, and informing his son of the escape of the prisoner.

Roquette, the son, darted from the Conciergerie, where he met, at the grate of the palace, Eberle, returning from drinking with Beaudiscar, the wicket-keeper. He gave him orders to follow the chair by the street of La Barillerie, himself announcing that he would take that of Jerusalem, in order to get ahead of the chairmen and stop their advance, and that they should meet again at the street of Jerusalem. Roquette did in effect take the street of Jerusalem; at the bottom of which he overtook the chair, and stopped it; but on finding only Mademoiselle Lavalette in it, he returned with all speed to the Conciergerie.

Scarcely had he quitted the chair, when Benoit, who continued to follow the chairmen, said, "It is very lucky that this has turned out so." As for Eberle, instead of executing the order which he had received from the younger Rouquette, of pursuing the chair by the street of Barillerie, he returned to the prison, and went to the chamber of Lavalette, under the pretense of assuring himself whether the prisoner really had escaped. In coming out, he said to his comrades, with an affectation of zeal, truly laughable, "There is still somebody shut up in the cell, and I'll take care that they sha'n't come out without proper orders." On saying, afterwards, that it was very easy to have distinguished Lavalette from his wife, the latter being taller by half a head; and being asked why he had not made that observation sooner, he replied, "It did not belong to me to make any observations when the head of the department was there."

The charge stated, that Eberle, being attached to Lavalette's service, as he had before been to that of Ney, had received from both prisoners divers sums of money, under the head of gratuity. Eberle said, that what he had received of Lavalette only amounted to 100 francs; but on the day of the escape, a search having taken place in his house, there was found the sum of 1700 francs, which his wife had at first endeavored to get away from the commissioner of police. It cannot be doubted but that the greater part of that sum came from the bounty of Lavalette. Such is the substance of the report issued by the chamber of accusation. Madame Lavalette, and the widow Dutoit, were subjected to interrogations; the latter preserved the most invincible silence, or showed, by the few answers she gave, that she was afraid of betraying her master. Madame Lavalette went farther; she justified all that had been done, imputing to herself the plan, conduct, and execution of the enterprise.

The friends of Lavalette had placed their hope in a young English gentleman, whose noble mind, fortune, and independent spirit, presented him to them as alone capable of seconding the design they had formed of getting off Lavalette. On the 31st of December, between seven and eight in the morning, Mr. Michael Bruce received an anonymous letter, in substance as follows :

"Sir—I have so much confidence in your honor, that I wish to communicate a secret, which I dare make known only to you. Lavalette is still in Paris—I place his life in your hands—you alone can save him."

Bruce was in bed ; the letter excited in him the utmost astonishment. After a few moments of reflection, he said to the bearer of the note : " I cannot give an answer at this moment ; but, if the person will meet me at such a house, in such a place, I will talk to him on the subject."

Agitated by various sentiments, he, about noon, attended at the place he had appointed. Bruce said to the messenger, already there, " I will do all in my power to save the Count de Lavalette, but no person whatever must be compromised. I will not know the name of the person who addressed the letter to me, nor even the place of Lavalette's concealment ; let me first reflect on the means of saving him." He alone would have saved him, but he found the task impossible.

He was in this state of perplexity, when, on the 2d of January, Sir R. Wilson called on him ; it immediately struck him to communicate the project to him ; but he reflected that he was intrusted with the secret of another, and contented himself with saying, " I should like to communicate something to you, but I must first ask the consent of a third person." Sir Robert asked whether the intelligence was good or bad ? " Disagreeable," replied Bruce ; " but we will talk of it to-morrow."

In the evening Bruce met the stranger, and easily obtained permission to disclose the secret to Sir R. Wilson.

Sir Robert returned on the following morning, and Mr. Bruce recounted all he knew of Lavalette. " He places himself in our hands," he added—" how can we save him ?" Sir Robert felt the same kind of inquietude as Mr. Bruce ; not that he considered the action as evil in itself, he only regarded the salvation of Lavalette ; but he feared to fail, and that it would be imputed to his imprudence and want of address. However, he did not hesitate to consent to the proposal of his young friend ; he informed him, he would turn it over seriously in his mind, and they would then talk of it.

For some time Bruce and Wilson had perceived that they were closely watched by the French police; this demanded more circumspection on their part, and made them feel the necessity of interesting a third person in the enterprise. Sir Robert proposed to one of his countrymen, (named Ellister) to accompany Lavalette to the frontiers. This Englishman willingly would have undertaken the task, but he was an officer, and could not obtain leave of absence.

On Thursday the 4th, Wilson mentioned this difficulty to Bruce; "I foresee very well," said he, "that I must myself accomplish the plan; it will be more difficult, but I will undertake it." They therefore agreed that Bruce should ask of the stranger the measure of Lavalette, and Wilson was in the mean time to procure passports. Bruce, having got the measure of the count, gave it to Sir Robert, who went to Hutchinson and informed him of the whole case, and asked his assistance. His words had all the weight which his rank of general gave him; and represented to him the friendship which had so long united him to his uncles. Sir Robert had no doubt that the excellent heart of Hutchinson would alone induce him to lend a ready hand; but he painted every circumstance in the strongest colors, and clearly showed him, that, if the act were punishable, all the blame would fall entirely upon himself. However that might be, Hutchinson consented to aid Wilson and Bruce in their project, and took the measure of Lavalette; and, that no French tailor might be compromised, he gave it to a German tailor, of whom he ordered the uniform of a quarter-master of the regiment of the guards. The honest German, the moment he saw the measure, exclaimed—"This was never taken by a tailor." Hutchinson could not avoid smiling at this remark; but, reflecting on the possible consequences of the circumstances, and to remove all suspicion from the mind of the tailor, said—"When the suit is made, you must pack it carefully up, for the quarter-master cannot wait for its being done; I must send it after him."

On the other hand, Sir Robert Wilson procured the passports. Without entering into any detail on this subject, it will be only necessary to state that they were not deceitfully obtained from the French authorities, but delivered by the ambassador of a foreign power; and that, if they were delivered under other names than those of Wilson, &c., it will not be surprising, when it is considered that nothing is more common than for the English to travel under fictitious names. The only point of interest on this subject is, that fictitious names were

selected of the same initials with their real ones; thus, Genera Wallis and Colonel Laussac were adopted; as, in the case of their trunks being examined, the linen found marked L. and W. could give no clew, and rather disarm than create suspicion.

After some deliberation, they resolved on setting out in a carriage; but not a close one, nor even a cabriolet with a head to it, but in a buggie; which, having less the air of mystery, would the less excite suspicion; Lavalette should seat himself in it by the side of Wilson. Hutchinson and a servant were to follow on horseback, that, in case of necessity, Lavalette and Wilson might mount them, and set off at speed.

In the mean time, Ellister, provided with the passport, delivered under the name of Colonel Laussac, it was agreed, should leave Paris in Wilson's carriage by a different barrier, and meet them at Compeigne.

There they were to change carriages; Ellister and Hutchinson were to bring back the buggie to Paris, and the two others would pursue their journey in Sir Robert's berline. Compeigne was selected for exchanging carriages: first, because it was sufficiently distant from Paris for the exchange not to be remarked; secondly, because Bruce, having learnt that the brigade of his cousin, General * * * * *, was at Compeigne, and that his aid-de-camp would leave Paris on the 7th of January for that town, with the horses and baggage of the general, who was then in England. Bruce requested the aid-de-camp to show Sir Robert Wilson every attention on his journey; which he obligingly promised, without asking any questions. On Saturday evening, Bruce informed the stranger that every thing was ready for their departure on the following Monday morning. They agreed to regulate their watches by the clock of the Thuilleries on Sunday, as it struck three. The same evening at precisely half-past nine, Lavalette entered Hutchinson's house, No. 3, Rue du Helder.

The lodging of Hutchinson was selected as the point of departure; because the residences of Wilson and Bruce were watched by the spies of the police, and Rue du Helder was nearer the barrier of Clichy; and because Hutchinson was accustomed to rise early, sometimes to go a hunting, and sometimes to parade.

It is here to be observed that Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, were completely ignorant of the place of Lavalette's concealment. On Sunday, Bruce went to the Thuilleries to set his watch; at precisely half-past nine, Lavalette, and one of his friends, arrived at the Rue du Helder, No. 3. They knocked.

Bruce himself was at the door, and on receiving him, giving him a slap on the shoulder, said, "*God dem*, why have you come so late; we have already drank our first bowl of punch." The French are accustomed to hear the favorite oath of the English, which they spell *God dem*; and it was used by Bruce to deceive the persons in the porter's lodge. He took Lavalette by the arm, and led him into the apartment of Hutchinson.

Lavalette wore a blue uniform, with the regimental trimmings, pantaloons of the same color, Hessian boots and spurs, a crop wig, and round hat. There were only at Hutchinson's apartment, Bruce, Wilson, and Ellister, and the servant of Hutchinson. Lavalette, as may be supposed, was extremely agitated, and powerfully affected with gratitude, towards the foreigners who so cheerfully interested themselves in his fate. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed before the bell rang; a person entered the anti-chamber, and asked for Colonel Laussac, (the name under which Lavalette was to travel.) Hutchinson's servant informed his master. He went out; the stranger repeated he wanted Colonel Laussac: "Beg the colonel to come," said Hutchinson to his servant. The servant, not being in the secret, and having heard Ellister called Laussac, (it having been agreed that Ellister should personate Colonel Laussac as far as Compeigne, when he should transfer it and the passports to Lavalette,) told him a gentleman wanted to speak to him. Ellister went out, and said to the stranger, "I do not know you." The stranger appeared surprised, because he thought Lavalette would present himself as Colonel Laussac. In the mean time, Hutchinson, who did not know what to make of the stranger, took him towards the window, when he perceived under his great-coat a double-barreled pistol, which he instantly seized. Instead of complaining of the violence, the stranger simply said, "I perceive you are one of our friends; you are a generous man." He bowed, and retired.

This incident was by no means of a consoling nature; Hutchinson returned into the apartment much alarmed, which soon became general; but when Lavalette recognized the pistol Hutchinson held in his hand to be one of his own, that he left in the cabriolet, their fears were now dissipated.

Tranquillity restored, Lavalette dressed himself in the uniform prepared for him, and Ellister retired.

Wilson also left them, and went to a party, where he stayed till midnight, in order to give no suspicion to those who might be inclined to watch him.

Bruce remained at Hutchinson's till twelve o'clock, when affectionately embracing Lavalette, he bade him "good night," and wished him a successful journey. The want of repose was imperiously felt; Lavalette threw himself on Hutchinson's bed without undressing, and Hutchinson did the same. They had scarcely laid down when a violent knocking at the door was heard. Lavalette leaped up, and cried, "We are lost."

Their fears soon passed, for Hutchinson discovered that the noise was occasioned by a drunken officer, who had mistaken the door. At length this anxious night passed away, and the hour of departure arrived.

At seven o'clock Wilson's servant went to fetch Bruce's buggie, and returned to his master, in the Rue de la Paix. Wilson got into the buggie, and his servant followed on horseback. They arrived at the Rue du Helder. Wilson went up to Hutchinson's apartment, and said, "Come along, all is ready."

Lavalette seated himself on Wilson's left; Hutchinson mounted his horse and followed; as likewise Wilson's servant.

Hutchinson kept up by the side of the buggie, sometimes on one side, sometimes another, speaking English to them. Lavalette scarcely knew a word of English, but he feigned to understand it all; he spoke German fluently, and, in case of accident, he was to declare himself a German officer attached to the English staff.

Wilson wore the uniform of an English general officer, with a blue great coat, and round hat.

Lavalette also wore his quarter-master's uniform, under a gray great coat, and regimental cap, covered with oilskin; he held on his lap Wilson's military hat, the white plume of which seemed marvelously to attract the attention of those they passed.

They passed the barrier at an easy pace; the gendarmes looked steadfastly at them; but the motion of presenting arms, (which they were always ordered to do whenever a general officer passed, whether French or of the allies,) facilitated to Lavalette the means of covering his profile in returning the salute.

It was thus that, on Monday, the 8th of January, in broad day, Lavalette, with his face and person completely exposed, and without even having a passport about him, left Paris, without inspiring the slightest suspicion, or experiencing the least obstacle.

When they had nearly reached Chapelle, Hutchinson rode on before to clear the way, and see how matters stood. He found four gendarmes at the door of the inn where the first relay of horses was ordered.

One of the gendarmes came up to him, and asked if any troops were coming that way. "No," said Hutchinson, "not to-day, but they will in a few days, and the general is just coming up to choose cantonments for his division."

In the mean time the buggie arrived; and Hutchinson made a signal to Wilson to drive at once into the court-yard. In the twinkling of an eye they changed horses and departed.

They had not got far, when they perceived at a distance a carriage escorted by gendarmes. Hutchinson accosted them, and asked them so many questions, that they were entirely occupied in answering him, while the buggie gently passed them.

As they approached Compeigne, Hutchinson and Wilson's servant galloped on before to find out the place they were to stop at.

On entering the town, they found a sergeant, who had orders to conduct them to the quarters of the aid-de-camp. Delighted at this circumstance, Hutchinson waited for the buggie, which was delayed a little, for Wilson perceived that Lavalette's gray hairs came below his wig, and he stopped to clip them close.

A violent storm came on as they entered Compeigne; and they crossed the whole town before they arrived at the lodgings prepared for them.

Mr. Franel, the aid-de-camp, received them with the greatest politeness, and offered them a collation, which they accepted; and therefore waited the arrival of Ellister, who went on Sunday evening to lodge in the Rue de Hotel du Helder, where Sir Robert Wilson had sent his carriage.

Ellister went himself with his passports, as Colonel Laussac, to the prefecture of police, to demand post-horses. While the order was making out he observed laying about a great number of printed papers, of a description of Lavalette's person, which were distributed to all comers, and he immediately accepted one himself. He received an order for three horses for a berline, to contain him and his servant, whom he took with him, in order that, on giving place to Lavalette and Wilson, the number of travellers might not appear augmented. These dispositions thus made, Ellister, (as we have already observed,) having passed part of Sunday evening at Hutchinson's, prepared to start on Monday morning at ten.

A gendarme, who was present, demanded his passport to examine it, and did not return it until he had carefully compared the description with his person. After this verification, Ellister got into the berline, and ordered the postillion to drive on the road to Compeigne, by the barrier of St. Dennis. The gendarme, however, resolving to see all was right, followed the voiture as far as Bourget; where he was replaced by another agent of police, who did not think it worth while to follow them far. At Louvres, Ellister got out of the carriage, a gendarme having demanded his passport; and, after looking at him, said to his comrades, "The devil take me if that is an English officer!" Ellister checked his impertinence, and in a firm tone told him he was mistaken; and there the matter dropped.

Ellister arrived without any further accident at Compeigne, at five o'clock precisely. The moment he arrived fresh horses were ordered. The aid-de-camp wished them to stay dinner, but Wilson pressed their departure. Ellister, under the name of Colonel Laussac, demanded three horses, and a courier to ride on before. Four horses would have shown too much impatience and dispatch; and, with three only, they avoided a second postillion, which was, therefore, one Argus the less.

It was night, and darkness afforded protection to the travelers; but, to give less suspicion, Wilson ordered the three lamps to be lighted. All was ready; and a French courier rode on before to order relays. Wilson's servant mounted the box of the berline. Lavalette was provided with the passport of Colonel Laussac, given him by Ellister. Wilson had provided himself with a brace of pistols; Lavalette had only one, the other had been left at Hutchinson's. They had neither of them a sword; and, although resolved to defend themselves in case of an attack, they calculated more on their presence of mind, than resistance by open force. Hutchinson and Ellister wished them a prosperous journey, and the postillion started, cracking his whip.

Wilson's servant did not speak French; it was Sir Robert himself who paid at every post; and, on every question asked he never failed to reply, "an English general." His language, the form of his carriage, and physiognomy of his domestic, all confirmed the idea that the travelers were actually English.

It was now four o'clock in the morning, and they were only two leagues from Cambray. But the post-master informed them that they could not pass through at night because the gates were shut; and that the *preposé*, stationed at the advanced posts,

would not be at the trouble of going to inform the keeper. Such a delay naturally created uneasiness; perhaps they were pursued, and, if so, might be overtaken. It was, however, necessary to wait. To pass the time, Wilson left the carriage; and, while Lavalette feigned to be asleep, went into the stable, talked to the postillions, and thus the time passed till the hour of departure. At six o'clock they started, and reached the gates of Cambray, half an hour before daylight.

The postillion cracked his whip to announce their arrival; no one answered. The English sentinel, however, called the officer on guard, but he would not get up; and they were obliged to wait. At length daylight came, and the gate-keepers arrived, and excused themselves, throwing the blame on the laziness of the *preposé*. The berline passed four or five carriages, delayed at the same time and on the like account. Arrived at the inn, the host, who perceived that it was an English general officer, complained of the indolence of the *preposé*, that he had caused the travelers to sleep out of the city, instead of coming to his house. Sir Robert replied, that he had then no time to speak to the commandant of the place, but he certainly would on his return.

The horses being changed, at half-past nine they arrived at Valenciennes; at the gates, a French agent presented himself, and pronounced the accustomed formula—"Undoubtedly, gentlemen, you have your passports?" Wilson put his head out of the window, and said, "I am an English general:" his dress and his accent were sufficient, and the carriage entered the city. When they had arrived at the post-house, a little boy demanded their passports anew. Wilson replied as usual, "I am an English general;" but the little fellow insisted that he must have the passports, that they might be examined by the colonel of gendarmerie; they were given to him with an injunction to make haste, which he did not fail to do. This was not all; he begged the general to write his name and that of his companion, on a piece of paper, saying it was for the inn. Sir Robert then wrote the two names of Wallace and Laussac on a dirty piece of paper, which was afterwards produced against him on his interrogatories.

At ten they set off again; their passports were again examined, and kept a long time. Wilson was impatient to depart, and did not fail to use the English term by which the French know the English to express their displeasure. At length they were permitted to pass. Sir Robert asked at what distance was the frontier; the postillion replied, at the distance of a league

and a half! This distance would soon be run; but a few moments more, and all their fears would be dissipated! But on the line of frontier they found a last guard of gendarmerie, who also demanded their passports; happily, for this once, the usual answer, "an English general," was satisfactory. On the point of arriving, Sir Robert's terror had become extreme; he trembled for Lavalette; and each minute of delay inspired the utmost horror. He had hoped to pass the frontiers before day-break, for fear of the telegraphs; but at length the formidable line was passed!

Sir Robert's first words to Lavalette were, "Thank God, you are saved!" Lavalette, who had uniformly preserved the utmost taciturnity, affectionately embraced him, and shedding tears of gratitude and tenderness, said, with a great effusion of heart, "I render my sincerest thanks to the Deity for having permitted the generous efforts of my wife to be crowned with success; she would have died of grief if we had not succeeded; but yet I am unhappy," he added, "to see so many worthy men compromised on my account. I know that the keepers have been arrested; but I declare, before God, and to you, my generous friend! that these men were not bribed, and were not in our secret—the project would have failed if they had had the slightest suspicion of it. I owe the whole to my wife, and to her alone."

No continued conversation was kept up during the journey; they were both too powerfully affected by the dangers they had run, and their miraculous triumph over them; and, if occasionally Sir Robert resumed it, it was to draw Lavalette from the revery in which he was plunged, and by indifferent subjects divert his attention. They conversed on the campaign in Egypt, in which Lavalette first began to serve under Bonaparte, and Wilson to distinguish himself against him. But, when they had passed the frontier, they did not fear to talk even on the affair of Lavalette.

The latter recounted how his wife had succeeded in saving him; that his disguise was made in the twinkling of an eye, while the jailor went out of the room on an errand; his fear of breaking the feathers of the hat against the top of the wickets as he passed through; the risk he run of being retaken by the fault of the chairmen, who were absent; that, having found on the quay the cabriolet of one of his friends, the friend quitted it, and observed to him, "Madam, pray accept my cabriolet—you will go quicker;" that, after having got into it, he said, "Take off your *douillette*, and hat and feather, and put on this

great coat, wig, &c.;" and that, after having driven about Paris for two hours, to prevent all traces by the police, they stopped at the house which served him for an asylum till the evening of their departure. He then asked Sir Robert if they really intended to put him to death. He was unbounded in his expressions of gratitude to his *generous friends*—what other name could he give them!

These conversations brought them to Mons. Passports were no longer demanded; and they remained together four or five hours.

Before they parted, Sir Robert, whose solicitude was inexhaustible, foreseeing the possibility of Lavalette's being stopped on his journey, gave him a letter to the king of Prussia, to whom he had the honor to be personally known, in which he interested that monarch in favor of Lavalette. This letter bore the envelop and countersign of General Wilson; so that, if Lavalette had been arrested, he would have demanded to be taken to the king, to deliver his dispatches. Sir Robert also gave him a similar letter to the English ambassador at Munich. Lavalette once more embraced Wilson, and vowed eternal gratitude.

Sir Robert returned by Maubeuge and Laon, and arrived at Paris by the barrier of St. Martin, on Wednesday evening, the 10th of January, after an absence of sixty hours.

In conclusion we have to state, that the several parties engaged in this hazardous enterprise, were punished by fine and imprisonment; but that after an absence of three years, Count Lavalette was recalled to his native country, where, we regret to say, he found his faithful spouse in a state of mental derangement from the persecutions which she suffered on account of the heroic deliverance of her husband.

It is a gratifying thing to observe, however, that the tribute due to the conjugal heroism of Madame Lavalette, was universally paid both in France and throughout Europe; even papal animosity, which was daily calling for the execution of the husband, did justice to the wife. When the heads of the different departments were each vindicating themselves to the king from any share in the blame of the escape, his majesty coolly replied, "I do not see that any body has done their duty, except Madame Lavalette."

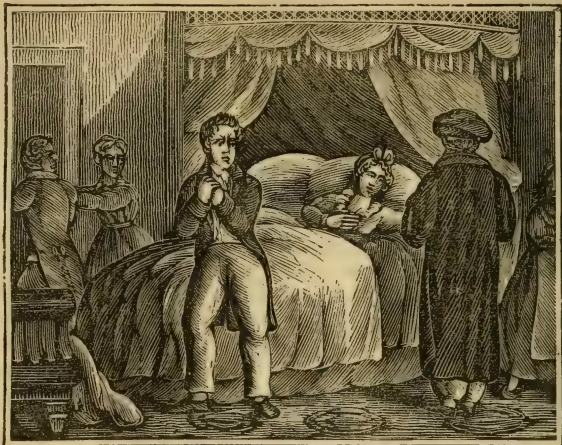
A STORY OF THE PLAGUE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

AMONG the friends I acquired during my residence at Constantinople, there was nobody I valued so much, and with whom I passed so much time, as Mr. C. Z——, a native of the place, descended from an Armenian family, and informed by travel, and the constant society of the better class of Franks that frequent Pera. The following details I gleaned almost entirely from him, and he is himself the fond, devoted father—the hero of his own tale. Madame W——, his daughter, had been some two or three years married to an Englishman attached to our consular establishment at Constantinople, and was recently the happy mother of a lovely infant. A father might be partial, but his praises of his daughter's beauty, and talent, and goodness of heart, I have often heard confirmed by others, and all who had known Madame W—— seemed to preserve the most affectionate and admiring recollections of her. She must, indeed, have been one of those gentle beings we occasionally hear of, in our passage through life, whose names are never mentioned without eliciting emotion and melancholy regret—who seem to be a portion of the heart of every speaker, and of whom it is constantly said, "Ah! if you had known her!" One evening that Madame W—— was entertaining her sisters, and other near relations and some friends at Pera, she felt of a sudden seriously indisposed. The plague was known to be in Constantinople, but it was not raging to any great extent, and had scarcely crossed the Golden Horn to the Christian suburb. So little did the party apprehend that the dread malady was among them, that they nearly all felt her pulse, and came in the closest contact with her. She cut in for a game at whist, and when the family party broke up, she shook hands with all her friends, and embraced her father and her sisters. That night her fever increased, and the next morning, as daylight broke into the room and allowed her to see, Madame W—— discovered a small, dark-red spot about the joint of the hand. She knew the fatal token, but she said not a word to her husband, who was sleeping at her side; she took her little girl that was lying on her bosom, and placed it in a cradle, and then waited until such time as she could send for her father.

When Mr. C. Z—— entered the room she was alone. She sorrowfully held up her hand, and he saw with horror the plague spot on her wrist. Still, however, there was a hope that





Plague at Constantinople.—Page 459.



Earthquake at Caracas, 1812.—Page 470.

it might not be the plague—a feeble hope indeed, but it served to cheer him, as he took the sad road to the dwelling of one of those professors who are called Plague Doctors, and who, by constant practice, are supposed to be able to detect the malady in its earliest stages. The doctor soon came to her bedside, and filled the hearts of all the household with consternation, by declaring that Madame W—— had indeed the plague. No sooner had the word passed his lips than every body turned to flee—the servants, who were Christians of Pera, and far from feeling the indifference to the plague and the conviction of fatalism common to the Turks, would not stay another moment in the house, and her husband, who was almost petrified with fear, was among the first to leave the perilous spot. As the noble-hearted woman, who had borne the doubt and the conviction that she was attacked by the fatal malady, with the courage of a heroine, saw this desertion, and that her infant daughter, too, was taken away, her strength of heart failed her, and while burning tears came to her eyes, she said to her father who stood close to her, hanging over her with an expression of anguish on his countenance—“*Tout le monde m’abandonne, mon pere ! mais vous ne m’abandonnerez pas.*”—“*Jamais ! ma fille,*” was the answer of the parent, who had not a thought to give to his own safety, but who, as he spoke, embraced his darling, suffering child, and caught her infectious breath on his lips. By this time the house was cleared by all save the father and daughter, the plague doctor, and an old Turk, who, fortified by the predestinarian doctrines of the Koran, volunteered his services and attendance on the sick, whom no Frank in Pera would have approached for a mine of wealth—whom husband, sisters, brother—all the nearest and dearest connections abandoned—all, but her good old father !

When the plague doctor retired, the house was placed in quarantine, nobody entering its doors but people supplying the objects that might be wanted by its inmates from a distance. No condition can well be imagined more calamitous than this—to see one’s self avoided by one’s fellow-creatures—to feel that to approach a human being would be a crime—to watch the rapid progress of a disease that so rarely fails to kill, in the person of one dearer to us than all the world beside—to count the dull hours as they pass on, and to know, almost to a certainty, that in so many hours the dear object of all one’s solicitude, will be rendered insane by the scorching fever, and insensible to one’s attentions and caresses—in so many hours more will be a discolored corpse—in so many more the food of worms,

of loathsome worms, though that flesh is of our flesh, and fair and dear, and most precious to our hearts and eyes!

In declaring Madame W——'s disorder to be the plague, the doctor had remarked that it did not seem the most virulent class of that disorder—that it was rather what he termed "*la peste benigna*," but unfortunately before the malady was ascertained, she had been copiously bled by a European practitioner. I say *unfortunately*, because it seems to be established that nothing is more prejudicial in plague cases than the use of the lancet, and her poor father was always of opinion that had she not been bled she would have recovered.

When the bubo broke on her arm, her devoted parent bathed it with his own hands, and even when it had burst, entirely regardless of his own life or death, he dressed the festering, revolting wound; whilst she was burning with the most horrid fever, and writhing with pain, he often supported her in his arms, and her aching head would recline on his bosom, and her breath, hot as the vapor from an oven, would mingle with his. But yet he caught not the infection.

Frequently did the affectionate young woman express her fears that her dear father would be seized with the fatal disorder—frequently did she entreat him earnestly to leave her to her fate; and as long as she retained her reason she testified her sense of his truly paternal affection and devotedness in words whose recollection seldom failed to make my stout-hearted friend's eyes overflow with tears. But it was most piteous when the heat that raged at her brain destroyed her fine intellect, and she remained either mute as in a lethargy, or uttered words void of meaning, or sentences of the wildest and most confused import. The predominant object in the mind and heart of the young mother was her infant daughter, and at times she would implore in a tone the most piteous, that they would restore her child. At other moments she would clasp her arms over her scorching breast, as though she held the little cherub in her arms, and her parched lips would move as though she blessed it. Sometimes her haggard eye, as it glared across the apartment, seemed to be filled with imaginary objects, and she would smile or frown as these fantasies of her diseased brain were agreeable or otherwise. Mean while her afflicted father, whom now she could not even know, much less recognize his fond unwearying cares for her, scarcely left her bedside for a moment, but sat sometimes with her burning hand in his, sometimes gazing fixedly on the form of his darling daughter that might almost be seen consuming itself away like a statue of wax

before a glowing fire. The old Turkish menial went and came, and supplied him with that food which he could hardly be said to taste in the bitterness of his grief, and which he scarcely would have thought of himself. My friend always described the nights he thus passed as something most awful. Every thing would be still in Pera and the adjoining suburbs of Tophana and Galata—so still, so silent the sick room that the breathing of his dying child was dreadfully audible; and when this silence was interrupted by the barking of some of those innumerable dogs that stray about Constantinople without any master, and with whatever home the corners of the streets, or the ruins of houses may afford them; or when the Beckdji, or Turkish watchman, going his round, struck at intervals the stone pavement of the streets with his club, which is always heavily loaded with an iron ferule, and the hollow noise echoed through the long, narrow, dark street of Pera, the sounds only served to render deeper still, and more grave-like the solemn silence that succeeded them. The tall white minarets of the mosque of Tophana were immediately below the house, and visible from Madame W——'s chamber. They rose stark in the deep blue sky of night like sheeted ghosts, and in addition to the sounds I have mentioned as interrupting at intervals the solemn silence, there proceeded from them, at the Moslem's hours of prayer, the low, impressive chant of the Muezzin, which, and more particularly at the midnight Ezann,* at the stilly hour of darkness and sleep, broke on the ear like a voice from another world. At these summons to prayer, the poor old Turk, who was always near at hand, and who had contracted a reverence and affection for the Christian that so loved his daughter, would retire to a corner of the room and mumble his devotions. It might be that the Christian father and daughter were included in those prayers; the petitions of the Mussulman might be as efficacious at the throne of Heavenly grace and mercy, as purer and sounder homilies; but it was not the will of Providence that Madame W—— should be restored to health and to her fond father whose life seemed to depend upon hers.

I believe it was on the fourth day of her dreadful malady that death released her from her sufferings. For some hours before the awful moment her reason was restored, and though weak and faint, and with but the "shadow of a sound" for her voice, she spoke composedly and most affectionately to her dear parent, who had grown pale, and thin, and haggard, in watch-

* The call to Prayer.

ing over his darling child. She recommended—and what is there on earth so sacred as the recommendation of a dying mother in behalf of her offspring:—she recommended her infant to the protection of her sisters; she spoke of the difficult and dangerous career of a girl deprived of a mother's care, and she hoped that her dear Maria would supply a mother's place. At intervals, when she saw her poor father bowed down with grief, she would make an attempt at composure and even gayety; and her fine countenance would sparkle for a moment with its former vivacity, and her bright intellect still exercise that influence which when in health and happiness irradiated every society she frequented. It was after one of these efforts, that my friend, whose eyes were constantly riveted on hers, saw a sudden change in her countenance—there was an awful something flashed over it—a flitting shadow of mystery and solemnity—the reflection of coming immortality—a something like the shade of a bird high up in the heavens cast on a deep and solitary lake. The fond father passionately grasped her hand as though by physical force he would prevent that spirit's eternal retreat. She fixed her large black eyes on his anxious face, and muttered “Je meurs.” His arm was then round her attenuated waist, he clasped her closer to his bosom, he grasped her hand still firmer; a gentle pressure—so gentle that it would scarcely have discomposed the down on a feather, returned the paternal pressure, and she breathed forth her soul in his embrace, and her pale, cold face fell like marble upon the now desolate bosom of her father.

From the first disclosure of her disorder—from the first moment when on entering that room which he had scarcely ever left since for an instant, she had silently raised her hand and showed the small, dark-red spot on her wrist, he had felt that his child must die; for days and sleepless nights he had watched the approaches of death, which he had every hour seen coming nearer and nearer and more rapidly; the voice of hope had long been mute in his affectionate heart; the grave was before his eyes; but now that she was dead, he could not comprehend how it could be—how she, who but now, breathed and spoke, and looked love and life, should be an inanimate, cold, cold mass—how she, his own flesh and blood, should be senseless to his caresses and his despair—how she, so exquisitely sensitive in body as in mind, should now feel no more than the couch on which she reclined, or the wooden floor on which he trod. But she was dead! and all was over! As long as the light of life flickered in the socket, though void of hope, he

could find occupation; and it was a relief to his fond and aching heart to busy himself about the person of his child, to wash her plague ulcer, to sponge her burning neck and breast, to humect her scorched lips, to administer her medicine or her nutriment, to smoothen her bed, to raise her in his arms, to support her on his bosom, to press her burning, bursting forehead with his hands, and to render, which he did alone, the very office of a nurse to his daughter—but now he had nothing to do, no service to render, no exertion to make; a fearful void had fallen upon his heart, and he could only groan in impotent despair! But there *was* yet one office to perform—there *was* yet another and the last—the last he could render on earth! and when the old Turk brought into the room the coffin which had been procured for the “mortal coil,” the all that remained of so much beauty, and intelligence, and moral worth, the devoted father took the disfigured form of his child in his arms—in the affectionate arms in which she had breathed her last, and himself laid her in that coffin, which he closed and secured with his own hands.

In the countries of the east, even when there is no plague raging, interment rapidly follows dissolution. On the evening of the day of her death, Madame W—— was carried to the Frank burying-ground above the extensive cypress grove, the Turkish cemetery of Pera, than which, with its views of the rapid Bosphorus that laves the foot of that hill, of the sea of Marmora with its group of islands, and occasional glimpses at sun-set of the Bithynian Olympus, there can scarcely be a fairer spot on earth. Some few attached friends, who had been apprized of the melancholy event, attended at the place of interment, to render their last testimonials of respect to a most amiable woman, and though they could not come in contact with him, they spoke words of condolence and comfort to the bereaved father, as he arrived slowly following on foot the remains of his daughter.

Among these gentlemen was Mr. C——, the British Consul-General, an old and dear friend of Mr. Z——. When the coffin was lowered into the narrow grave—as the first earth was thrown on the coffin which returned that hollow sound the most awful and desolating the ear of affection can hear, this dear friend renewed his offices of consolation. Up to this moment the fond father had borne himself with astonishing firmness and composure:—by the dying bed—by the lifeless body of his child, he had not let a tear escape him; in danger and death he had done all that man could do, and the feelings

of nature, a parent's feelings, had been controled by the stoicism of a man whose lot it had been to drink his full share from the ever brimming bowl of human calamities; but now that familiar and friendly voice of Mr. C——, added to the effect of the desolating sounds from the disappearing coffin, unnerved him completely; the strength of heart and of head gave way before them, and with a cry of anguish, and a momentary access of insanity, the father rushed from his daughter's grave, and ran towards the Turkish cemetery, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. His friend, however, had every care taken of him; one of Mr. C——'s Janissaries followed him, and after the first burst of nature, easily induced him to return to Pera, where he was obliged to condemn himself to a lonely and sorrowful quarantine, ere he could seek alleviation to his sorrows in the bosom of his remaining family, or the society of his friends.

* * * * *

When I was in Turkey, some three or four years had passed since this sad case of plague, and the infant of Madame W—— had survived and grown to a lovely little girl, who was often my pet companion.* But not only did the child who was sleeping on her mother's bosom, and my friend Z——, who received her mother's dying breath, escape the dreadful contagion, but all those relatives and friends who had been with Madame W—— and in close contact with her, when of a certainty she had the plague upon her, were equally exempt from the contagion.

This was in every way a striking case; it was held by many who had no pretensions to medical science, as a proof of the non-contagion of the plague, and strongly assumed as such by a scientific man, the late Dr. M'Lean, who devoted much of his time, and finally lost his life in endeavors to ascertain the real nature of this destructive and most mysterious disorder. But Dr. M'Lean was guilty of an improper omission, for in writing an account of Madame W——'s case, he never mentioned that a Greek servant girl some weeks after caught the plague in the chamber in which she had died, and followed her mistress to the grave. Mr. Madden, who was at Constantinople at the time, and acquainted with the family, and who has

* At Therapia, a village on the Bosphorus, I was shown a little Greek girl, who had been taken from sucking at her mother's breast, whilst she had the plague in full activity. The mother died of the disorder, which never attacked the infant!

mentioned the case in his book of Travels,* says "that several weeks after Madame W——'s death, when two servants were sent to open the apartment, which had been closed, and to remove the bedding, one of them, immediately on entering, complained of the closeness of the chamber; next day she had the plague, and died in some few days;" but Mr. W——, the husband of the unfortunate lady, added to me, in reference to the Greek girl, that, fatigued by the labors she had undergone in opening and purifying the house, and oppressed by the heat of the day, she had thrown herself down and reposed some time on the mattress on which her mistress had expired. In cases like these, every accompanying circumstance, every detail, however minute, should be noted and given; and the additional fact stated by Mr. W—— will not perhaps be considered unimportant.

The result of my inquiries into the history of the plague at Constantinople and elsewhere, would certainly go generally to confirm the remarks with which Mr. Madden closes the case of Madame W——. "This is one of the many proofs (he alludes of course, to Mr. Z—— her father,) I have had of the influence of the mind over this disease. In no other complaint is this influence so marked. The man who is apprehensive of contagion is always the first to take this disease; fear is the predisposing cause of plague; bad living and bodily debility are the proximate causes of the susceptibility of pestilence. I have always observed that those who were *most deeply interested* in the patient's fate; his father, mother, or wife, and who were constantly by his bed-side, were seldom attacked, while the servants and strangers, who entered the room now and then, were generally infected." Yet after this assertion of the prevalence of mind, and affection, Mr. Madden is obliged to subjoin that he has known many Turkish houses in Constantinople which have been shut up *after the death of every individual within their walls*; this also has been pointed out to me at Smyrna as well as at the capital, and I have noted that the houses that had been so desolated, were nearly without an exception the houses of Turks, who take no precautions against the plague, and can hardly be said to be possessed of the *predisposing cause of fear*."†

C. M. F.

* See Travels in Turkey, &c., by R. R. Madden, Esq. vol. i. p. 262. The death of the servant, it must be remarked, happened after Mr. M. had left the Turkish capital.

† It will be seen from the daily papers, and more fully from an interesting communication from Constantinople, in the United Service Journal, for July

EARTHQUAKE AT NEW MADRID IN 1812.

The following very interesting account of this earthquake is extracted from Flint's "Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi."

From all accounts, corrected one by another, and compared with the very imperfect narratives which were published, I infer that the shock of these earthquakes in the immediate vicinity of the center of their force, must have equaled, in the terrible heavings of the earth, any thing of the kind which has been recorded. I do not believe that the public have ever yet had any adequate idea of the violence of these concussions. We are accustomed to measure this by the buildings overturned, and the mortality that results. Here this country was thinly settled. The houses, fortunately, were frail and of logs, the most difficult to overturn that could be constructed. Yet as it was, whole tracts were plunged into the bed of the river. The grave-yard at New Madrid, with all its sleeping tenants, was precipitated into the stream. Most of the houses were thrown down. Large lakes of twenty miles in extent were made in an hour. Other lakes were drained. The whole country, to the mouth of the Ohio in one direction, and to St. Francis in the other, including a front of three hundred miles, was convulsed to such a degree as to create lakes and islands, the number of which is not yet known—to cover a tract of many miles in extent, near the Little Prairie, with water three or four feet deep; and when the water disappeared, a stratum of sand of the same thickness was left in its place.

The trees split in the middle lashed one to another, and are still visible over great tracts of country, inclining in every direction, and in every angle to the earth and the horizon.

They describe the undulation of the earth as resembling waves, increasing in elevation as they advanced, and when they had attained a certain fearful height, the earth would burst, and vast volumes of water and sand and pit coal, were discharged as high as the trees. I have seen a hundred of these chasms, which remain fearfully deep, although in a very tender alluvial soil, and after a lapse of seven years. Whole districts were covered with white sand, so as to become uninhabitable. The

that the Sultan has lately established a Quarantine, is preparing a magnificent Lazaretto, and is determined, despite of Mahometan prejudice, to adopt all those precautions against the plague which are in use in civilized states. He has associated Christians and Franks in this truly salutary task.

water at first covered the whole country, particularly at the Little Prairie; and it must have been, indeed, a scene of horror, in these deep forests, and in the gloom of the darkest night, and by wading in the water to the middle, to fly from the concussions, which were occurring every few hours, with a noise equally terrible to beasts and birds as to men. The birds themselves lost all power and disposition to fly; and retreated to the bosoms of men, their fellow sufferers in this general convulsion.

There was a great number of severe shocks, but two series of concussions were particularly terrible; far more so than the rest. And they remark that the shocks were clearly distinguishable into two classes; those in which the motion was horizontal, and those in which it was perpendicular. The latter were attended with the explosions, and terrible mixture of noises that preceded and accompanied the earthquakes in a louder degree, but were by no means so desolating and destructive as the other. When they were felt, the houses crumbled, the trees waved together, the ground sunk, and all the destructive phenomena were more conspicuous. In the interval of the earthquake there was one evening, and that a brilliant and cloudless one, in which the western sky was a continued glare of vivid flashes of lightning, and of repeated peals of subterranean thunder, seeming to proceed, as the flashes did, from below the horizon. They remark that the night so conspicuous for supterranean thunder, was the same period in which the fatal earthquake at Caraccas occurred, and they seem to suppose these flashes and that event parts of the same scene.

One result from these terrible phenomena was very obvious. The people of this village had been noted for their profligacy and impiety. In the midst of these scenes of terror, all, Catholics and Protestants, praying and profane, became of one religion, and partook of one feeling. Two hundred people speaking English, French, and Spanish, crowded together, their visages pale, the mothers embracing their children. As soon as the omen that preceded the earthquake became visible—as soon as the air became a little obscured, as though a sudden mist arose from the east—all, in their different languages and forms, but all deeply earnest, betook themselves to the voice of prayer.

The cattle, as much terrified as the rational creatures, crowded about the assemblage of men, and seemed to demand protection or community of danger. The general impulse, when the shocks commenced, was to run; and yet when they were at the severest point of their motion, the people were thrown on the ground at almost every step.

The people at the Little Prairie who suffered most, had their settlement (which consisted of a hundred families, and which was located in a wide and very deep and fertile bottom) broken up. When I passed it, and stopped to contemplate the traces of the catastrophies which remained after seven years, the crevices where the earth had burst were sufficiently manifest, and the whole region was covered with sand to the depth of two or three feet. The surface was red with oxyded pyrites of iron, and the sand-blows, as they were called, were abundantly mixed with this kind of earth, and with pieces of pit-coal. But two families remained of the whole settlement. The object seems to have been in the first paroxysms of alarm to escape to the hills, at the distance of twenty-five miles. The depth of the water that covered the surface soon precluded escape.

EARTHQUAKE AT CARACCAS IN 1812.

[From the British Magazine.]

THIS dreadful calamity occurred on the twenty-sixth of March, 1812, being in the Semana Santa, or holy week, when, as is customary in Catholic countries, the inhabitants devoted themselves to religious ceremonies and festivity. The earlier portion of each day was occupied in a splendid procession from one or other of the principal churches; business was almost entirely suspended—the inhabitants appeared in their gayest attire—the females and children were loaded with jewelry—the streets were swept, and partially strewed with flowers; and in the evening the devotions of the day gave place to amusement and hilarity. The general festival continued without interruption until the Thursday afternoon, when the fatal and unexpected convulsion of nature took place. The weather was peculiarly fine; the sun shone brightly, but not oppressively, from the deep blue sky, on the wide expanse of which not a cloud was to be seen. The streets were gay with passengers, who sauntered along in careless groups: there was no sign of approaching calamity; and it is not without awe that the writer of this narrative can revert to the previous hour of happiness and fancied security, and contrast it with the desolation which a few seconds produced—the prostration of that city in the dust and the immolation of thousands of her inhabitants.

At about twenty minutes past four o'clock, the writer, in company with some friends, was standing at the outer door or gate-

way of a house in the city, expecting to be called to dinner, when the commencement of the concussion was marked by a rumbling, smothered, and extraordinary noise, which it is difficult, if not impossible, to describe, though its repetition would reach the ears of those who heard it like a familiar knell. It might be aptly called *the groaning of an agonized world*. This noise we heard before we were sensible of any tremulous motion of the earth; and one of my companions remarked that he heard a troop of cavalry) which had been employed during the festivities) galloping down a neighboring street. As the horses and mules in that country were seldom shod, we thought the conjecture probable, and awaited the approach of the supposed cavalcade. In a few seconds we were undeceived. The noise became more and more proximate, distinct, and continuous, not unlike internal thunder; and the earth began to tremble gently. A native of the town, who lived in the house, and had just joined us, now exclaimed, "Terramoto!" (an earthquake)—and the trembling of the earth became every second more violent. The house was a corner one, at the crossing of two streets. We heard the walls crack, and pieces of the plaster fall upon the floors. The trembling of the ground now amounted to sudden jerks, which soon became so *long* and violent, that we could with difficulty keep our feet. Our first impulse was to gain the center of the crossing, so as to be as far distant as possible from the walls; and with some difficulty we gained that point; whence we perceived many of the inhabitants in the streets, some running about in confusion—others kneeling in prayer. Amongst the latter were a respectable old gentleman and his daughter, who had run out for safety from a house next to ours on the north. We beckoned and shouted to them to come to the spot where we stood; but they heard us not in their alarm. The corner house on the south-west angle fell with a tremendous crash, burying several of the inmates; and the tiles of another were dashed down in heaps at our feet. We instantly ascended the ruins for security. Other buildings fell throughout the town, keeping up, for a few moments, a continued crash of destruction. I observed the front wall of the house, opposite to which the old man and his daughter were kneeling, begin to totter. My heart throbbed with apprehension, and we again earnestly strove to induce them to join us. They were absorbed in prayer—their words were audible, but no human power could now avail them—no human speed could save. I saw the huge bulk of the wall loosened from its foundation, thrown outward from its balance. It hung a moment, as if reluctant to do its work of destruction; the next,

unable longer to delay the sacrifice, it had, as if in mercy, with noiseless precipitancy nearly reached the heads of its victims. They did not appear to see it. I turned away with an involuntary groan. I heard its dead and ponderous fall. The old man and his daughter were that instant crushed to pieces!

The crashing of timber and tiles; the falling of roofs, and floors, and walls, mingled with the ejaculations of the affrighted—and the screams of women and children were now appalling. The earth moved more and more violently, in sudden and lengthened jerks, which did not feel as if oscillatory, but to and fro in a direct horizontal line. Thought, in such emergencies, rapid in its conclusions as the passage of light, anticipated some terrible, yet undefined consummation. There was, however, a calmness depicted on the countenances of my friends. Sudden and imminent as was the danger, the mind had accommodated itself to wait with respectful awe and resignation, *not unmingled with curiosity*, what it was apprehended might be the final explosion of nature.* I observed several strangers near us; some of them appeared unconscious of their danger; others wrung their hands in distress, and called upon the names of their friends; many gazed upon the mountains that overlooked the town, as if they feared they would fall upon them; and not a few were fearful that the earth would open and swallow them up. At length the concussions having reached their height, the tottering town was shaken to pieces. There was one general and terrific crash of falling materials, preceded by shrieks and cries of distress. A brief silence ensued, and then the stifled groan, and the frantic cry, smote the ears of the living. The internal thunder gradually became less audible, and the throes of the earth subsided to a tremor which rapidly died away. When we found ourselves again, in a literal sense, upon *terra firma*,† we entertained no apprehension of a future shock; and our first impulse was to ascertain the extent of destruction, and to lend what assistance we could in extricating those who might be yet alive beneath the ruins. Nearly half of the city was thrown down, and the atmosphere was thickened with dust, which rose in every direction and shrouded the afflictive scene from the view of the survivors, but a gentle breeze sprang up from the westward, and soon enabled us to behold the general devastation.

It may appear remarkable, that the whole of the fatalities and

* The writer has witnessed a kindred feeling in cases of extreme danger at sea.

† The province is in Terra Firma, a name which the coast would not have obtained had Columbus known that it was subject to these awful convulsions

occurrences related, from the time of the first tremor of the earth until the subsiding of the concussions, were comprehended in the brief space of probably *less than one minute* ! Those, however, who have witnessed similar calamities, will admit that the productions of ages of human industry may be destroyed in a moment ; and those who have studied the operations of the human mind, in the hour of peril and destruction, will as readily admit, that worlds of thought, of dreadful agony, of awful suspense, may, on such occasions, be comprised within the space of a few fearful moments. Thus it is, that could the mind be stimulated to its fullest activity throughout the average duration of life, the moral existence of man would be, as it were, prolonged to comparative ages.

The part of the town in which we resided suffered less than the suburbs, in which whole streets were razed to the ground, and the ill-fated inhabitants buried in the ruins. Every house that did not fall lost the roof, or was otherwise so much shattered that the apartments could be seen through the rents made in the walls. The fronts of many that stood, hung in doubtful position towards the street, threatening to fall upon the unwary passengers ; and the cautious passed them on tiptoe, lest the sound of their footsteps should bring them upon their heads. The house we had inhabited was rent in many places ; the plaster strewed the floors, and it would no doubt have fallen, had it not been supported, in one of the principal apartments, by a number of bags of coffee piled up nearly to the roof. The cloth had been laid for dinner in one of the rooms, and an accidental circumstance gave us a pretty accurate idea of the *length* and *direction* of the concussions. The glasses had been inverted on the table : some of them were thrown upon the floor ; others having in a manner maintained their position while the table moved under them during the shock, and the lime and earthy powder fell from the ceiling and walls, described circles at various distances in the dust ; and, allowing for the probable *vis inertia* of both glasses and table, and comparing these with the effects upon ourselves, I conjecture that, at its extreme concussion, the earth moved in a north-east and south-west direction, in jerks of about *eight inches* in length.

It is worthy of remark, that though the earthquake was comparatively but slightly felt at Puerto Cabello, a distance of sixty miles on the westward coast, from Caraccas, no fissure, or rent of the earth, was ever discovered, so far as I could learn ; and it becomes a curious speculation to account for the absence of all chasm or opening, on a continent, a portion of which has under-

gone a violent horizontal concussion, while the surrounding land has remained in a state of comparative quiescence.

After examining our shattered dwelling, we sallied forth to explore the ruins of the town, and to lend our assistance where it might be available. The scenes of suffering and desolation were every where truly horrifying. Here, whole families were buried alive, at a great and hopeless depth beneath the ruins; there, were seen mangled bodies and limbs projecting from the ruins. Some of the sufferers, whose cries and groans were heard from beneath, were extricated alive; some expired on again beholding the light of day, and finding themselves probably the last of their kindred; but the greater number who did not escape, were crushed in a manner too dreadful to describe. Many of them were never recognized. Nearly all the churches had come to the ground. That of La Merce (whence a holy procession was that evening to have sallied) became the tomb of hundreds. Many of the inmates would have escaped, but the priests exhorted them to remain, in the belief that the sanctuary was under the immediate protection of the Almighty. The cries of the wounded, and the lamentations of the female survivors, excited the compassion and roused the exertions of all those who had not, from fear, betaken themselves to the fields. The English, Americans, and other foreigners, (of whom only one or two were killed,) lent all the aid in their power and succeeded in dragging numbers of the sufferers from the ruins.

It occurred to us that La Guayra might have experienced a similar fate; and as we were interested in the safety of a gentleman of our establishment who resided there, it was agreed that I should proceed thither, and obtain information respecting him. I started on a young and headstrong mule. A considerable time was spent in endeavors to find my way out of the town. So stupendous were the ruins in many places, where the streets might be said to be obliterated amongst the general wreck, that I was under the necessity of turning back from the site of one thoroughfare and trying another. Many of the front walls of the houses had fallen into the streets, leaving the floors, with the tables laid out for the repast, of which there were now no guests to partake. When I reached the brow of the mountain, a melancholy prospect of the city, with its bare and pointed fragments of the walls, and its confused heaps of ruins, lay stretched in awful silence before me. Immense masses of the mountain had tumbled into the road, and blocked it up; and in some places the road itself had slid down from its site, forming steep

and dangerous breaks. These obstacles, however, sunk into insignificance when associated with the perils of the past; and with some difficulty and delay, I reached the summit of the ascent soon after sunset.

The cottagers, who lived in straggling hamlets on the east side of the mountain, had formed a religious procession on the road, carrying lanterns, and frequently on their knees offering thanks for their preservation to the Author of the Universe. The moon shone brightly from a cloudless sky; and the stillness of the night, broken only by the hymns and prayers of these people, and the distant roar of the sea in the bay below, impressed more forcibly upon the mind the horrors of the late awful visitation. This feeling was in no degree alleviated when I reached the village of Maycatea. There, numbers of the dying and wounded, who had either suffered on the spot, or had been carried thither from La Guayra, lay on beds, in the open air, attended by their distressed relatives. The road between the village and the town was occupied by groups of the survivors, who persisted in stopping my mule to learn the fate of Caraccas, but could furnish no information of my friend.

La Guayra, I found on passing the drawbridge, had suffered severely from the shock. Few of the houses were left standing, or in a habitable state. The Custom-house (formerly the premises of the Philippine Company,) being a strong building, alone withstood the concussion without being much injured. I met with no one whom I recognized amongst the desolate ruins, until I reached the open space in front of the church. The gentleman of whom I was in search, lived in an adjoining street, the whole of which had come to the ground in a manner that rendered it impossible to pass. A native merchant, however, informed me, that he had escaped, and had gone on board one of his vessels then in the bay. Having thus accomplished the object of my mission, I made the best of my way out of the town, on my return to Caraccas, where my friends anxiously awaited my return—apprehensive of the worst, from the rumors they had already heard of the total destruction of La Guayra. My mule started and plunged at the sight of a number of dead bodies that had been extracted from the ruins, and were laid in rows in the area near the church; and before I could dismount to lead him, he trampled, in his terror, upon some others. Several individuals, who were watching these remains conceived that I might have avoided the accident, and I had some difficulty to persuade them that no indignity was intended. Fortunately for my safety, I was recognized by a bystander as "*bueno mucha*

cho, —and every one was assiduous to assist me in leading the mule through the intricate ruins to the highway.

My journey back to Caraccas was slow and laborious. The moon had gone down before I reached the city, which was not till two in the morning. I made several attempts to get over the ruins in the dark, but without success, and I returned and awaited the dawn in a field to which the survivors of many of the most respectable families had retired to pass the night. At day-break I hastened to relieve the anxiety of my friends, who, I found, had been active during the night in assisting to extricate from the ruins many unfortunate beings who would otherwise have perished.

All business was, for some months after this calamity, entirely suspended. The inhabitants erected tents and booths in the meadows near the town, which soon assumed the appearance of a large encampment. Days elapsed before many of the timid would venture into the town for what furniture and effects they could recover from the ruins of their houses, yet few articles, though exposed, were stolen, the earthquake having impressed the whole mass of the people with a sort of religious awe. The supplies for the market were nearly stopped, and were so inadequate to the demand, and so dear, that individuals were, by some establishments, employed to scour the country on horseback for provisions; and one of these the writer remembers to have returned from a hard day's forage, with a solitary head of cabbage!

It would be impossible to ascertain, with certainty, the number of persons who perished in the two towns, on the 26th of March, as many who were missing afterwards made their appearance—and no census of the population had been taken for some years before. It was generally admitted that the deaths amounted to from *thirteen to fifteen thousand*—though Humboldt (who, however, had his information from others) estimates them at some thousands more.

The bodies of the unfortunate sufferers in La Guayra were, for three successive days, carried in large canoes outside the bay, and committed to the deep. It was horrifying to see the negroes tossing the bodies of the promiscuous dead from the pier into the vessels—some of them dreadfully mangled, others without apparent bruise. None of them were stripped of their clothing, and I observed amongst them the bodies of beautiful and well dressed females, with the combs and ornaments still in their hair. On the fourth day the sea rose so high that no canoe or boat could approach the shore without being swamped, and the bodies afterwards dug out were consumed on the beach by fire, to prevent

pestilence—which method, together with incumation in large pits, was also adopted at Caraccas. Few of the bodies, however, to which, owing to the height of the ruins, access could not easily be effected, were for many months extracted. The removal of such masses of rubbish, beams, and building materials was necessarily a work of much labor and no small expense, and where families were entirely buried alive, there was no one to take an immediate interest in digging them out. A sort of apathy succeeded to the first alarm of the surviving inhabitants, and twelve months elapsed before the streets of La Guayra and Caraccas were effectually cleared—an operation to which they were roused by an opportune contrivance of the bishop. That divine issued a sort of injunction that every one should aid in the good work, preparatory to a general festival or thanksgiving, to be observed throughout the country, with great solemnity, on the anniversary of the earthquake, which was then at hand. This measure had the desired effect: rich and poor gave their assistance, and the writer saw even young ladies busily employed in carrying off quantities of rubbish in their little baskets. The ruins had been so long in heaps and hills, that they were intersected by regular foot walks; and it is remarkable that notwithstanding the heat, and the number of bodies below, there was no obnoxious smell, the absence of which is attributed to the earthy materials of the houses in which they were buried, generally at a considerable depth; and to the drugs and spirits here and there dispersed from the crushed vessels that contained them in shops and stores. The use of herbs is also very common in that country, and the odor of these was, for many months perceptible among the ruins.

On the 4th of April following (nine days after the great earthquake) a shock almost as violent as the first was experienced throughout the province. This completed the destruction of La Guayra, leaving only a few houses standing, and all of them (except the Custom-house) so shattered as to be unsafe as habitations. When this happened the writer was with some friends, sitting under an orange-tree on a plantation in the valley of Caraccas. The duration of the shock was probably more than a minute, and it seemed to subside partially and again become violent.

We were under the ridge of the mountains on the north, of which we had a full view, and there was something fearfully sublime in being sensibly rocked on so vast a bulk of matter. On this occasion few, if any, individuals perished—a general caution having been observed. The villages in the vicinity of

Caraccas were mostly leveled to the ground, but though the first earthquake was felt as far to the westward as Carthagera, Puerto Cabello (before mentioned) sustained little injury by either of the shocks. Frequent concussions of the earth, more or less severe, were experienced in the province for nine months afterwards, and many of these occurred about the same hour of the day. I could not, however, trace them to any lunar influence, or to any peculiar state of the atmosphere. The shocks were distinctly felt on board of the vessels in the bay, and by others at a distance of sixty or more miles from the land. When one severe shock took place, I was with some friends in the cabin of a vessel riding at anchor. We ran to the deck to witness its effects. Presently the dust rose in columns from the ruins of the town, and an immense mass of the mountain, with its superincumbent weight of trees, was loosened from its site, and, sliding down the declivity, it left a space, several acres in extent, of naked red soil behind it. In the same year a violent eruption of the volcano in the island of St. Vincent took place, and ashes from the crater were swept from the decks of vessels as far to *windward* of it as Barbadoes, having doubtless been carried in that direction by a stratum of wind at a greater altitude than the trade winds, which blow from the E. N. E. This volcano, probably, sometimes operates as a sort of safety-valve for the escape of internal combustion, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that it has a submarine communication, or sympathy, with the proximate high land of South America, and that its eruptions may sometimes tend to prevent earthquakes, or reduce their violence, in that quarter.

Without here endeavoring to attribute these awful convulsions of nature to the effects of internal combustion, the expansion of confined air or gas, electricity, or other conjectural causes, which geologists have hitherto failed, satisfactorily, to demonstrate—it is impossible to reflect on the immense bulk and weight of the stupendous mountains, and prodigious extent of land, in Venezuela, thus agitated, as it were, but as the leaf of the aspen quivering in the wind, without a sublime idea of the incomprehensible power of the great God of Nature, and a humiliating sense of the pigmy efforts of man, with al. his scientific appliances of the elements and matter placed under his control!

THE EXECUTION OF CALAS.*

MY DEAR SPANGRIER,†—I took up my pen yesterday to write to you, but could not; it was not that I wanted matter to relate, but firmness to relate it. Now don't be frightened by this, nor suppose some calamity has befallen yours or mine; though indeed the murder of the innocent is your affair, and mine, and every one's. I think you once congratulated me, or reproached me with, (I forget which) my strong nerves. Had you seen me yesterday, you would never again do so; strong as they might be, poor Calas proved too strong for them. You must have heard his execution was determined on; and you have probably heard it was deserved. Oh, my friend! you did not see him die—I did, and in his death, his acquittal. Guilt could never yet so mimic innocence, but that the last scene would lift the mask; never, if death be a cheat, did he look so honest as here. What a grievous thing to have the weight of innocent blood to account for! yet surely Calas' judges have that to answer for. A thousand exchequers, to my thinking, could not buy out a drop of it; a thousand battles could not show horror equal to it. When justice is guided by bigotry to the destruction of innocence, she well deserves to be painted blind; an antidote becomes a poison; a cure, a plague; and a blessing, a bitter curse. I thought I had so often looked death in the face, that his ugliest grimace could not scare; and that after having so often dared him and seen him dared, so often inflicted him and seen him inflicted, I must have met him in his worst form. But, no! I had not seen virtue fall by the hand of power, without the consolation of a tear, without the reputation of a martyr. Time, they say, wears out all sorrows; but his art must exceed my faith, if he can ever efface the sorrow of good Calas broken on the wheel! The effect on me was such as I cannot express. It is so deeply fastened in my breast, that I cannot lay it upon my paper; nor can I turn my

* Calas was a merchant at Toulouse, of the reformed religion, broken on the wheel upon a false accusation, originating in his supposed hatred of his son (who had committed suicide) for being of the Catholic religion, and on that account, accused of murdering him. The story of the protection of his family by Voltaire, and of the reversal of the infamous sentence upon him, must be familiar to our readers. We think of the execution of Riego when we read this.

† This, says the chronicle, is the name of the ecclesiastic in the canton of Berne, to whom this letter was written, and by whom it was communicated. The writer was the famous cavalry officer, Le Fualde Conte, mentioned by Frederic in his History of the Seven Years' War.

thoughts from it. It is still obtruding itself upon my imagination. You know how you feel after reading a horrible romance; that may give you a faint idea of my state—one painful thought suggests a worse. When I think on Calas, I think of his gray hairs—then of his words—then of his groans—but a truce to sentiment—I will describe.

Obliged to join my troop, which were attending the execution, I mounted Fontabres more tardily than I should have done for a charge, hoping all might be over when I reached the square; but, alas! the genius of cruelty is too subtil a planner to be overreached by plain thinking, too skilled an epicure to devour her food; she loves, by mumbling it, to prolong her pleasure, yet is she not to be satisfied with a bare taste! but, enough! She may be said, without a metaphor, to gnaw the very bones; she was this time too cunning for me; she had but just lifted the curtain when I took my seat. When I reached the square, I found it blockaded by persons of all ranks, for this trial had excited universal admiration. The great majority, however, were of the lower order, and of them the plurality were women, for I have always remarked, the fair sex, though averse perhaps to the acting of a tragedy, are greedy of its representation. My uniform, however, was my passport, and making way on all sides, they suffered me to canter up to my post at the head of the squadron that lined the scaffold. Fronting me stood the instrument of torture; but as such a thing, I am sure, never yet met the eyes of the pastor of Rulligen, a description may be necessary. Imagine a wheel of iron about two feet in diameter, so broad that a man could lie on it, and yet not broad enough for him to lie easily, the circumference grooved crosswise at regular intervals, so that the blow from the crow-bar of the executioner might be the more certain to break the limb or splinter it more effectually; this wheel raised above the level of the scaffolding half a foot by means of chains made fast from the axis, at either side, to iron posts at the interval of six feet. The wheel is of hammered iron, and so weighty that though elevated as I mentioned, it requires no inconsiderable force to swing it. It is elevated in order to enable the criminal's body to perform the circuit of the machine, and an apparatus is provided for stretching the human body to the completion of the circle. This engine was further defaced by the gouts of blood and moldering flesh which the last occupant had left as his memorial on its circumference. In the back ground two inferior artists in death held between them the manacled culprit. A chubby-faced mayor, in whom custom

and obesity seemed to have stifled all painful feelings, sat erect in his chair, to the right, with watch in hand, awaiting the moment to begin the torture. On the other side, a tall monk of the order of La Trappe, whose stern but contemplative countenance formed a powerful contrast to the city magistrate, was silently surveying the preparations, sometimes casting a searching look to the criminal, sometimes muttering an articulate prayer from the missal which he held in his bony hand.

The executioner, a horrid fellow, with a face veritably a hangman's, was busied in his appalling preparations. His dress, his make, his physiognomy, all were in unison with his character. His dress, like his bloody trade, was scarlet, closely fitted to his trunk, and setting in the fullest light the gigantic proportions of his frame—his heavy and unwieldy feet, his tremendous arms and brawny shoulders. His country I understand is Germany, and, indeed, his face presented the *beau ideal* of a German, given by the most violent libelers of the nation. Insensibility and brutish stupidity vied in his countenance with a ferocious admiration of sottish enjoyment; such a man as would break you on a wheel for his amusement, and drink himself into insensibility for his pleasure. His face, which seemed to have been supernaturally enlarged at the lower extremity for the reception of a hideous mouth, was roughly shaved for this occasion save under the chin, from which the shaggy and unkempt hair luxuriantly hung in filthy curls, so as to conceal completely his bull-like neck. Gradually narrowing to the top, what should have been his forehead formed the peak of a cone, in which two closely-set eyes rolled palely and leeringly on their sunken axes with an unfeeling glare and celerity of evolution, which formed a striking contrast to the unwieldiness of his other motions. His very name, Hans Boucher, was in character, and must excite an association even in a man not given to punning. He was occupied in binding his victim with no gentle grip to the hellish machinery I have been describing, and binding his legs above the ankles to the iron with such pressure that the blood stood black in the extremities of his feet; he returned to his stool waiting for the next signal of the magistrate to bind his hands. There was a mighty feeling in the crowd against the condemned man; "The murderer of his son," resounded from all sides, and the gamut of exultation broke sullenly in varied cadence from the mass of beholders, at the prospect of his approaching punishment. I was anxious to observe the behavior of the criminal; it was not that of a man conscious of an unpardonable crime. He turned his swimming eyes and hoary locks to the

crowds and blessed them. The magistrate gave the signal, and the unhappy sufferer was made fast to the engine by his dreadful attendant, and so stretched that his body, his hands and feet meeting, describe the circumference of the wheel. The man of death then stood beside him awaiting the signal to begin his horrible chastisement. The monk, who had been for some time engaged in prayer, rose from his knees, and thinking this a fit time to address the criminal when death had made sure of him, ere it began its operations, slowly approached and coldly bade him think upon his sins. I think I shall be able to give you the conversation as it fell from them, for it made too great an impression on me to be soon forgotten. "I have thought on them, father," returned Calas, "for could I think I had none, I would lie here entirely happy, although," added he, looking round, "happiness does not often make her couch thus." "We are all sinners," replied the friar, "but thou art a mighty one." "I acknowledge it," said Calas, "but I thank Heaven, I can never acknowledge the crime for the which ye have brought me here." "Sinful brother," answered the monk, "thy debt is grievous, and thy creditor is urgent, thy time is short, but thy account is long." "I know it," replied Calas, "and therefore will not plunge myself into deeper embarrassment by acknowledging an item more monstrous than all that debt; well I know my time is short, for were it stretched out until that sun, which is now shedding his last beams upon me, should have reverted from his travel to the spot he now holds in heaven, it would be too little to clear the arrears which have been gathering on this head during sixty-five such courses; well I know that my time is short." "Clear as that sun-light which thou blasphemously call'st to witness, and certain as the death which surely awaits thee, thou man of sin, is the truth of thy horrible crime in the eyes of all men. What a fool art thou then, when all men are justly thine enemies, to refuse the peace of one whose friendship is yet open to thee, and to reject that balm which can alone sooth thy broken bones! Know'st thou not, how all hate thee? feel'st thou not that thou deserv'st all hatred? and dost thou, for the forlorn hope of deceiving men, cast away the true stay of the Almighty, who has given to his ministers the power of absolving sinners, though dyed, if possible, deeper than thou art."

"I see," replied the Protestant, "that all men hate me, and that I can still pray for them suggests a hope that I am not so all-abandoned of God's spirit as thou wouldst have me think. I cannot, my good father, accept of thy mediation, nor acknowledge thy ministry; yet may I thank, and I do

thank thy good intentions; but death, though he meet me in fouler raiment than he," turning his eyes towards the executioner, "has clad him in, cannot be avoided when the alternative is perjury." Here the conversation was interrupted by the magistrate's signal to the deathsman to begin his murderous work. The giant lifted a club of iron, and with it struck the extended limb of his victim. Never till that moment did I understand the full force of the text which says, "the iron entered into his soul." You cannot conceive the intense suffering depicted through the heaving trunk and on the convulsed features, by this bruising between iron and iron. The blow took effect at the knee-joint, and, though given with force, was not intended quite to break the leg, but merely to try the spirit of the sufferer, and to give a specimen of what was to follow. The mayor, however, seemed afraid he had begun too violently, and beckoning Boucher, said in an under tone, "Unless you make the culprit last the two hours, you lose your place." Boucher replied with a leer of horrid purport, which triumphed in gaging human suffering, and, resting on his arms, stood awaiting further orders. However, the sufferer resumed his composure, the monk his lecture. "Think, my son," said he in a softer tone, "how little able art thou in this case of flesh and blood to abide the torments this worm of the earth can inflict; how then will thy immortal spirit, and sensitive essence endure the eternal bruising of God's wrath? Repent, my son, while there is a way left, or one to show it thee. Thou art one of the many who have lived in abominable heresy, and one of the few who have taken life from them to whom under God thou gavest it. Living thus, and doing this, thou couldst not be saved unless by a double repentance. Oh, then, how doubly damned thou diest—a heretic in creed! a murderer in heart! Murderer of a son, I will reconcile thee to thy Father." As the man of God proceeded, a temporary enthusiasm animated his features; the salvation of a sinner so far overcoming the apathy with which he usually looked on earthly things, as partly to dispel the sullenness which commonly wrapped his mind, in the same degree as you may suppose his solitary lamp to have illuminated the cold damp walls of his monastery, as he glided to vespers. With kindling animation he ran through his discourse, urging all the arguments that memory could supply, or imagination suggest for the conversion of the sinner, or the terror of the heretic. "I thank thee for thy honest pains," said in answer the patient Calas, "but the terms I accept not; though it might procure me a quiet death, it would not insure me a more peaceful grave. I thank my God, I am of a sect which

does not think them damned who do not in all things like themselves; and I thank my conscience that it acquits me of the foul crime for which, if committed, damnation were my due." "Obstinate heretic!" muttered the father; and the second blow fell with a heavy hand. I had turned away, not equal to the sight, when the din of the iron against the bone, and the groan which followed, convinced me it had been more violent than the first; in truth, it had completely broken the leg at the tibia; so exquisite was the torture, that he fainted instantly, but as quickly recovered. He uttered no articulate complaint, and it was only by the painful compression of his lips, and the starting of his eye-balls, that the agony of his spirit could be discerned.

But I must, my dear Spalngrier, pass quickly over this distressful tragedy, which was two hours in the acting. The blows occurred at regular intervals of fifteen minutes, with such direful effect that, after the eighth stroke, every joint in his body was dislocated, and every bone broken. He frequently fainted, and was as often recovered by the diabolical skill of his tormentor, who employed all the arts of the most practiced physician to detain the flickering beam of exhausted nature. I think he looked less horrible when engaged in the open functions of his office, crushing flesh and marrow, than when employing all the most refined arts of usual kindness for the prolongation of misery; nor can I ever forget the smile with which he ushered in returning sense after the eighth horrible interval. The stern disciple of La Trappe looked at the opening eyes of the tortured, and saw that in ten minutes they were to close for ever. He knelt beside him, and conjured him to sever himself from his sin. The old man, with a voice firm as heretofore, turned himself, as far as he was able, to the confessor, "Think'st thou, my father," said he, "that it were worth my while for these shreds of being, these rags of existence," moving as he spoke his shattered right arm, "to throw myself impenitently into the furnace that ever burneth? Of what service is concealment now to me? it cannot conciliate the good-will of man, it must have already doubled the anger of God; it cannot bring me back to my family, and much I fear," said the good man, with the first tear I had seen him shed, "it will not save my family from following me. Of what service the further concealment?" "For Heaven's sake then," cried the monk in a voice tremulous with emotion, "confess and be saved, for your last minute is counting." "Were my life to be granted me," continued Calas calmly, "what boor would it be? what, but to transport these fragments of a man to a more languishing couch? What, but to change this decisive

physician for a tedious death-bed, and to barter the strokes of the iron for the loathsomeness of the gangrene? I wish not for this—I *will* make my dying confession.” “Do, for God’s sake,” reiterated the friar. “But wilt thou trust to it utterly?” said Calas. “Though it were to contradict my firmest thoughts,” replied the friar, stooping towards the dying man, “I would not doubt it.” “I am innocent!” answered Calas, and grasping the friar’s fingers in his clammy hand, he swooned away. A tear forced itself from between the sunken lids of the ecclesiastic, unused to such moisture since he had first stooped within his narrow cell; it stood upon his pale cheek for a moment as if doubting how to shape its course over so unknown a track, or as if frozen at its source by the severity of his brow. He shed but that one tear! but it was the widow’s mite! it was all he had!

Lifting his eyes towards the magistrate, he muttered a request for the *Coup-de-grace*. The magistrate nodded to the executioner, and Boucher again heaved his weapon. The weight of the iron and the force of the blood burst at once all the arteries of the stomach, and crushed the vertebræ; the blood gushed in torrents from his eyes, his mouth, his ears—a gasp convulsed his frame—a groan—one gasp more—and he had ceased to suffer. The man of God eyed for a moment the bleeding visage, where blood had not quenched the gentle flame of resignation; then threw his look upwards, then downwards on the assembly, and, with finger slowly raised, and voice of thrilling expression, declared—“A righteous soul has taken flight!”—“*Voilà l’ame du juste qui s’envole!*”

THE MINERS OF BOIS-MONZIL; AN AFFECTING AND AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

[By an Eye-witness.]

ON Tuesday, February 22d, 1831, a violent detonation was suddenly heard in the coal mine of Bois-Monzil, belonging to M. Robinot. The waters from the old works rushed impetuously along the new galleries. “The waters, the waters!” such was the cry that resounded from the affrighted workmen throughout the mine. Only ten miners out of twenty-six were able to reach the entrance. One of them brought off in his arms, a boy eleven years old, whom he thus saved from certain death. Another, impelled by the air and the water, to a considerable distance could scarcely credit his escape from such imminent dan-

ger; a third rushed forward with his sack full of coals on his shoulders, which, in his fright, he had never thought of throwing down.

The disastrous news, that sixteen workmen had perished in the mine of M. Robinot, was soon circulated in the town of St. Etienne*. It was regarded as one of those fatal and deplorable events, unfortunately, too common in that neighborhood, and on the ensuing Thursday it was no longer talked of. Politics and the state of parties in Paris, exclusively occupied the public attention.

The engineers of the mines, however, and some of their pupils, who, on the first alarm, had hastened to the spot, still remained there, continuing their indefatigable endeavors to discover the miners who were missing. Nothing that mechanical science, manual labor, and perseverance, prompted by humanity, could perform, was left undone.

Thirty hours had already elapsed since the fatal accident, when two workmen announced the discovery of a jacket and some provisions belonging to the miners. The engineers immediately essayed to penetrate into the galleries where these objects had been found, which they accomplished with much difficulty, by crawling on their hands and feet. In vain they repeatedly called aloud; no voice save the echo of their own, answered from those narrow and gloomy vaults. It then occurred to them to strike with their pick-axes against the roof of the mine. Still the same uncheering silence! Listen! yes! the sounds are answered, by similar blows! Every heart beats, every pulse quickens, every breath is contracted; yet, perhaps, it is but an illusion of their wishes—or, perhaps, some deceitful echo. They again strike the vaulted roof. There is no longer any doubt. The same number of strokes is returned. No words can paint the varied feelings that pervaded every heart! It was (to use the expression of a person present) a veritable delirium of joy, of fear, and of hope.

Without losing an instant, the engineers ordered a hole to be bored in the direction of the galleries where the miners were presumed to be; at the same time they directed, on another point the formation of an inclined well, for the purpose of communicating with them.

Two of the engineers' pupils were now dispatched to the mayor of St. Etienne, to procure a couple of fire-pumps, which

* St. Etienne, a manufacturing town for hardware, and ribins, with a population of 100,000 souls; the Birmingham and Coventry of France. It is situated on the banks of the Loire.



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they conducted back to the mine, accompanied by two firemen. In the ardor of youthful humanity, these young men imagined that the deliverance of the miners was but the affair of a few hours; and, wishing to prepare an "agreeable surprise" for the friends of the supposed victims, they gave strict injunctions at the mayoralty to keep the object of their expedition a profound secret.

Notwithstanding the untiring efforts made to place these pumps in the mine, it was found impossible. Either they were upon a plane too much inclined to admit of their playing with facility, or the water was too muddy to be received up the pipes; they were therefore abandoned. In the mean time, the attempts made to reach the miners by sounding, or by the inclined well, seemed to present insurmountable difficulties. The distance to them was unknown; the sound of their blows on the roof, far from offering a certain criterion, or, at least, a probable one, seemed each time to excite fresh doubts; in short, the rock which it was necessary to pierce was equally hard and thick, and the gunpowder unceasingly used to perforate it, made but a hopeless progress. The consequent anxiety that reigned in the mine may be easily conceived. Each of the party, in his turn, offered his suggestions, sometimes of hope, sometimes of apprehension, and the whole felt oppressed by that vague suspense, which is, perhaps, more painful to support than the direst certainty. The strokes of the unfortunate miners continued to reply to theirs, which added to their agitation, from the fear of not being able to afford them effectual help. They almost thought that in such a painful moment, their situation was more distressing than those they sought to save, as the latter were, at any rate, sustained by hope.

While most of the party were thus perplexed by a crowd of disquieting ideas, produced by the distressing nature of the event itself, and by their protracted stay in a mine where the few solitary lamps scarcely rendered "darkness visible," the workmen continued their labors with redoubled ardor; some of them were hewing to pieces blocks of the rock, which fell slowly and with much difficulty; others were actively employed in boring the hole before named, whilst some of the engineers' apprentices sought to discover new galleries, either by creeping on "all fours," or by penetrating through perilous and narrow crevices and clefts of the rock.

In the midst of their corporeal and mental labors, their attention was suddenly excited from another painful source. The wives of the hapless miners had heard that all hope was not

extinct. They hastened to the spot ; with heart-rending cries, and through tears alternately of despair and hope, they exclaimed, " Are they *all* there ? " " Where is the father of my children ? Is *he* amongst them, or has he been swallowed up by the waters ? "

At the bottom of the mine, close to the water-reservoir, a consultation was held on the plan to be pursued. Engineers, pupils, workmen, all agreed that the only prospect of success consisted in exhausting the water, which was already sensibly diminished, by the sole working of the steam-pump ; the other pumps produced little or no effect, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts employed to render them serviceable. Somebody then proposed remedying the failure of these pumps by *une chaîne a bras*, viz. by forming a line, and passing buckets from one to the other ; this method was adopted, and several of the pupils proceeded with all speed to St. Etienne. It was midnight. The *generale* was beat in two quarters of the town only. The Hotel de Ville was assigned as the place of rendezvous. On the first alarm a great number of persons hurried to the town-hall, imagining a fire had broken out, but on ascertaining the real cause, several of them returned home, apparently unmoved. Yet these very same persons, whose supposed apathy had excited both surprise and indignation, quickly re-appeared on the scene, dressed in the uniform of the National Guard. So powerful is the magic influence of organized masses, marching under the orders of a chief, and stimulated by *l'esprit de corps*.

It was truly admirable to see with what address and rapidity the three or four hundred men, who had hastened to Bois-Monzil, passed and repassed the buckets, by forming a chain to the bottom of the mine. But their generous efforts became too fatiguing to last long. Imagine a subterranean badly lighted, where they were obliged to maintain themselves in a rapid descent, in a stooping posture, to avoid striking their heads against the roof of the vault, and, most of the time, up to the middle in the water, which was dripping from every side ; some idea may then be formed of their painful situation. They were relieved from this laborious duty by the *Garde Nationale* of St. Etienne, whose zeal and enthusiasm exceeded all praise. But a more precious reinforcement was at hand ; the workmen from the adjacent mines now arrived in great numbers. From their skill and experience every thing might be expected ; if they failed there was no further hope.

The *chaîne a bras* was again renewed by companies of the

National Guard, relieved every two hours, who, at respective distances, held the lights, and under whose orders they acted. It was a cheering spectacle to behold citizens of all ranks engaged in one of the noblest offices of humanity, under the direction of poor colliers.

The immense advantages of the organization of the National Guard, were never more strikingly exemplified than on this occasion. Without them there would have been no means or possibility of uniting together an entire population; of leading the people from a distance of more than three miles, night and day, so as to insure a regular and continued service; all would have been trouble and confusion. With them, on the contrary, every thing was ready, and in motion, at the voice of a single chief, and the whole was conducted with such precision and regularity as had never, on similar occasions, been witnessed before.

The road from St. Etienne to Bois-Monzil, exhibited a scene of the most animated kind. In the midst of the motley and moving multitude, the National Guards were seen hurrying to and fro; *chasseurs*, grenadiers, cavalry, and artillerymen, all clothed in their rich new costume, as on a field day. Some of the crowd were singing *la Parisienne*, others were lamenting, praying, hoping, despairing, and, by "fits and starts," abandoning themselves to those opposite extravagances of sentiment so peculiarly characteristic of a French population. When night drew her sable curtains around, the *picturesque* of the scene was still more heightened. Fresh bands of miners, conducted by their respective chiefs, coming in from every side; their sooty visages lighted up by glaring torches; National Guards arriving from different parts of the country, to join their comrades of St. Etienne; farmers and peasants, on horseback and afoot hastening to offer their humane aid; sentinels posted—muskets piled—watch-fires blazing, and, in short, the *tout ensemble* rendered the approaches of Bois-Monzil, like a *bivouac* on the eve of an expected battle; happily, however, the object of these brave men was to preserve life, and not to destroy it. It is but just to render homage here to the worthy *cure* of St. Villars, who, in his simple clerical dress, mingled every where with the anxious throng, exhorting and encouraging them in their "good work," both by precept and example:

"He had no bigot's pride—no sectary's whim;
Christian and countryman were all to him."

On Saturday the *chaîne à bras* was discontinued, as the engineers had now brought the pumps effectually to work. Sud-

denly a cry of joy was echoed from mouth to mouth: "They are saved! they are saved! six of them are freed from their subterraneous prison!" shouted a person at the entrance of the mine. The rumor was instantly repeated along the crowd, and a horseman set off at full speed for St. Etienne, with the gratifying news; another followed and confirmed the report of his predecessor. The whole town was in motion, and all classes seemed to partake of the general joy, with a feeling as if each had been individually interested. In the exuberance of their delight they were already deliberating on the subject of a *fete*, to celebrate the happy event, when a third horseman arrived. The multitude thronged round him expecting a more ample confirmation of the welcome tidings. But their joy was soon turned to sorrow, when they were informed that nothing had yet been discovered, save the dead bodies of two unfortunate men, who, together had left eleven children to lament their untimely fate!

On Sunday, the workmen continued their labor with equal zeal and uncertainty as before. A sort of inquietude and hopelessness, however, occasionally pervaded their minds, which may be easily accounted for, from the hitherto fruitless result of their fatiguing researches. Discussions now took place on what was to be done; differences of opinion arose on the various plans proposed, and, in the mean time, the sounds of the hapless victims from the recesses of the rocky cavern, continued to be distinctly audible. Every moment the embarrassment and difficulties of the workmen increased. The flinty rock seemed to grow more impenetrable; their tools either broke, or became so fixed in the stone, that it was frequently impossible to regain them. The water filtered from all parts, through the narrow gallery they were perforating, and they even began to apprehend another irruption.

Such was the state of things on Monday morning, when, at four o'clock, an astounding noise was heard, which re-echoed throughout the whole extent of the mine. A general panic seized on every one; it was thought that the waters had forced a new issue. A rapid and confused flight took place; but, luckily, their fears were soon allayed on perceiving that it was only an immense mass of rock, detached from the mine, which had fallen into a draining-well. This false alarm, however operated in a discouraging manner, on the minds of the workmen; and it required some management to bring them back to their respective stations, and to revive that ardor and constancy, which they had hitherto so admirably displayed.

They had scarcely renewed their endeavors to bore through the rock, when suddenly one of them felt the instrument drawn from his hands, by the poor imprisoned miners. It was indeed, to them, the *instrument of deliverance* from their cruel situation. Singular to relate, their first request was neither for food nor drink, but for *light*, as if they were more eager to make use of their eyes, than to satisfy the pressing wants of appetite! It was now ascertained that eight of the sufferers still survived; and this time an authentic account of the happy discovery was dispatched to St. Etienne, where it excited the most enthusiastic demonstrations of sympathy and gladness. But there is no pleasure unmixed with alloy; no general happiness unaccompanied by particular exceptions. Amongst the workmen, was the father of one of the men who had disappeared in the mine. His paternal feelings seemed to have endowed him with superhuman strength. Night and day he never quitted his work but for a few minutes, to return to it with redoubled ardor; one sole, absorbing thought, occupied his whole soul; the idea that his son, his *only* son, was with those who were heard from within. In vain he was solicited to retire; in vain they strove to force him from labors too fatiguing for his age. "My son is amongst them," said he, "I hear him; nothing shall prevent my hastening his release;" and, from time to time, he called on his son, in accents that tore the hearts of the bystanders. It was from his hand that the instrument had been drawn. His first question was, "my child?" Like Apelles, let me throw a veil over a father's grief. His Antoine was no more; he had been drowned.

For four days several medical men were constantly on the spot, to contribute all the succors that humanity, skill, and science could afford. It was they who introduced through the hole, broth and soup, by means of long tin tubes, which had been carefully prepared beforehand. The poor captives distributed it with the most scrupulous attention, *first to the oldest and weakest of their companions*; for, notwithstanding their dreadful situation, the spirit of concord and charity had never ceased for a single moment, to preside amongst them. The man who was appointed by the others to communicate with, and answer the questions of their deliverers, displayed in all his replies, a gayety quite in keeping with the French character. On being asked what day he thought it was, and on being informed that it was Monday instead of Sunday, as he had supposed, "Ah!" said he, "I ought to have known that; as we yesterday indulged ourselves freely in drinking——water." Strange

that a man should have the heart to joke, who had been thus "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," during five days, destitute of food, deprived of air, agitated by suspense, and in jeopardy of perishing by the most horrible of all deaths!

There still remained full sixteen feet of solid rock between the two anxious parties; but the workmen's labors were now, if possible, redoubled by the certainty of complete success. At intervals, light nourishment in regulated quantities, continued to be passed to the miners; this, however, they soon rejected, expressing but one desire, that their friends would *make haste*. Their strength began to fail them; their respiration became more and more difficult; their utterance grew feebler and fainter; and towards six o'clock in the evening, the last words that could be distinguished, were—"Brothers make haste!"

The general anxiety was now wound up to the highest pitch; it was, perhaps, the most trying crisis yet experienced since the commencement of these benevolent labors; at length the moment of deliverance was, all at once, announced, and at ten o'clock it was accomplished. One by one they appeared, like spectres, gliding along the gallery which had just been completed; their weak and agitated forms supported by the engineers, on whom they cast their feeble eyes, filled with astonishment, yet beaming with gratitude. Accompanied by the doctors, they all, with one single exception, ascended to the entrance of the mine, without aid; such was their eagerness again to inhale the pure air of liberty. From the mouth of the mine to the temporary residence allotted them, the whole way was illuminated. The engineers, pupils, and the workmen, with the National Guard under arms, were drawn up in two lines to form a passage; and thus, in the midst of a religious silence, did these poor fellows traverse an attentive and sympathizing crowd, who, as they passed along, inclined their heads, as a sort of respect and honor to their sufferings.

Such are the affecting particulars of an event, during the whole of which, every kind of business was suspended at St. Etienne; an event which exhibited the entire population of a large town, forming, as it were, but one heart, entertaining but one thought, imbued with one feeling, for the god-like purpose of saving the lives of eight poor obscure individuals. Christians, men of all countries, whenever and wherever suffering humanity claims your aid—*Go ye and do likewise!*

NARRATIVE OF THE EXHUMATION OF THE REMAINS OF MAJOR ANDRE.

[By J. Buchanan, Esq. H. M. Consul, New York.]

* * * * *

My next step was to proceed to Tappan, distant from this city [New York] twenty-four miles. Thither I went, accompanied by Mr. Moore, his majesty's agent for packets. Upon reaching the village, which does not contain above fifty or sixty houses, the first we inquired at proved to be the very house in which the major had been confined while a prisoner there, kept by one Dupuy, who was also post-master; who took us to view the room which had been used as his prison. Excited as we were, it would be difficult to describe our feelings on entering this little chamber; it was then used as a milk and store-room; otherwise unaltered from the period of his confinement; about twelve feet by eight, with one window looking into a garden, the view extending to the hill, and directly to the spot on which he suffered, as the landlord pointed out from the window, while in the room, the trees growing at the place where he was buried.

Having inquired for the owner of the field, I waited on the Rev. Mr. Demarat, a Baptist minister residing in Tappan, to whom I explained the object of my visit, who generously expressed his satisfaction at the honor, "which at length," to use his words, "was intended the memory of Major Andre," and assured me, that every facility should be afforded by him. Whereupon we all proceeded to examine the grave, attended by many of the inhabitants, who by this time had become acquainted with the cause of our visit; and it was truly gratifying to us, as it was honorable to them, that all were loud in the expressions of their gratification on this occasion.

We proceeded up a narrow lane, or broken road, with trees at each side, which obscured the place where he suffered, until we came to the opening into the field, which at once led to an elevated spot on the hill. On reaching the mount, we found it commanded a view of the surrounding country for miles. General Washington's head-quarters, and the house in which he resided, was distant about a mile and a half or two miles, but fully in view. The army lay encamped, chiefly also in view of the place, and must necessarily have witnessed the catastrophe. The field, as well as I could judge, contained from eight to ten acres, and was cultivated; but around the grave the

plow had not approached nearer than three or four yards, that space being covered with loose stones thrown upon and around the grave, which was only indicated by two cedar trees about ten feet high. A small peach tree had also been planted at the head of the grave, by the kindly feeling of a lady in the neighborhood.

Doubts were expressed by many who attended, that the body had been secretly carried to England, and not a few believed we should not find the remains; but their surmises were set aside by the more general testimony of the community. Having then found the grave, and obtained leave of the proprietor of the field to remove the remains, I made arrangements to do so on the Tuesday following. Having consulted Mr. Eggleso, a cabinet-maker and upholsterer, who had formerly done the work of Dublin Castle, as to the most suitable mode of removal, in a manner becoming the illustrious Prince under whose orders I was acting, he recommended a sarcophagus, which I accordingly ordered to be made, and to be covered with crimson velvet, &c.; aware that thereby I was acting in accordance with the intention of his Royal Highness, in honoring the remains of a soldier who had been buried divested of all honorable appendages. Thus furnished, I proceeded upon the 10th of August, 1821, accompanied by Senor Houghton, the Spanish consul, and attended by Mr. Eggleso, with the sarcophagus, in order to raise the body, previous to removal from Tappan to his Majesty's packet. This mode of proceeding I was led to adopt, as I had been informed that some person had gone from New York, with the view to purchase or rent the field from the worthy clergyman, under the impression I would pay a large sum in order to fulfil his Royal Highness' intention; but, to the honor of this worthy, yet poor pastor, he rejected their offers, and stated he would not, on any account, recede from the promise he had made. Arriving at Tappan by ten o'clock, A. M., though I was not expected until the following Tuesday, as I had fixed, yet a number of persons soon assembled, some of whom betrayed symptoms of displeasure at the proceeding, arising from the observations of some of the public journals, which asserted "that any honor paid Major Andre's remains was casting an imputation on General Washington, and the officers who tried him."

As these characters were of the lowest cast, and their observations were condemned by every respectable person in the village, I yet deemed it prudent, while the worthy pastor was preparing his men to open the grave, to resort to a mode of argument, the only one I had time or inclination to bestow upon

them, in which I was sure to find the landlord a powerful auxiliary. I therefore stated to these noisy patriots, that I wished to follow a custom not unfrequent in Ireland, from whence I came, namely, of taking some spirits before proceeding to a grave. The landlord approved the Irish practice, and accordingly supplied abundance of liquor, so that in a short time, General Washington, Major Andre, and the object of my visit, were forgotten by them, and I was left at perfect liberty, with the respectable inhabitants of the place, to proceed to the exhumation, leaving the landlord to supply the guests, a duty which he faithfully performed, to my entire satisfaction.

At twelve o'clock, quite an unexpected crowd assembled at the grave,—as our proceeding up the hill was seen by the inhabitants all around. The day was unusually fine; a number of ladies, and many aged matrons who witnessed his fall,—who had seen his person,—who had mingled tears with his sufferings,—attended, and were loud in their praises of the Prince, for thus at length honoring one who still lived in their recollection with unsubdued sympathy. The laborers proceeded with diligence, yet caution. Surmises about the body having been removed were revived, and it would be difficult to imagine any event which could convey a degree of more intense excitement.

As soon as the stones were cleared away, and the grave was found, not a tongue moved amongst the multitude,—breathless anxiety was depicted in every countenance. When, at length, one of the men cried out he had touched the coffin, so great was the enthusiasm at this moment, that I found it necessary to call in the aid of several of the ladies to form an enlarged circle, so that all could see the operation; which being effected, the men proceeded with the greatest caution, and the clay was removed with the hands, as we soon discovered the lid of the coffin was broken in the center. With great care the broken lid was removed, and there to our view lay the bones of the brave Andre, in perfect order. I, among others, for the first time discovered that he had been a small man; this observation I made from the skeleton, which was confirmed by some then present. The roots of the small peach tree had completely surrounded the skull like a net. After allowing all the people to pass round in regular order, and view the remains as they lay, which very many did with unfeigned tears and lamentation, the bones were carefully removed, and placed in the sarcophagus, (the circle having been again formed;) after which I descended into the coffin, which was not more than three feet

below the surface, and with my own hands raked the dust together, to ascertain whether he had been buried in his regimentals or not, as it was rumored among the assemblage that he was stripped; for, if buried in his regimentals, I expected to find the buttons of his clothes, which would have disproved the rumor;* but I did not find a single button, nor any article save a string of leather that had tied his hair, in perfect preservation, coiled and tied as it had been on his hair at the time. This string I forwarded to his sister in England. I examined the dust of the coffin so minutely (as the quantity would not fill a quart) that no mistake could have arisen in the examination. Let no unworthy motive be attributed to me for recording this fact; I state it as one which I was anxious to ascertain for the reason given. Having placed the remains in the sarcophagus, it was borne amidst the silent and unbought regret of the numerous assemblage, and deposited in the worthy pastor's house, with the intention of removing it to his Majesty's packet on the Tuesday following.

I should be ungrateful did I omit doing justice to the feelings of an aged widow, who kept the turnpike-gate on the way to New York, who, upon hearing the object of my visit, declared she felt so much gratified that the remains were to be removed from the field where they had so long lain neglected, that all the carriages should pass free of toll on the occasion. Whether she had this power I know not, but it marks strongly the sentiments of the American people at large, as to a transaction which a great part of the British public have forgotten, at least those in the humbler walks of life, as this gate-keeper was.

On returning to New York, on the evening of the 10th, a citizen of the first respectability called on me and stated, that as political favor was to be obtained by manifesting hatred to every English measure, he had learned that some hot spirits had agreed that they would mark every citizen who should attend, and that they were determined to meet the procession on the way, and throw the sarcophagus into the Hudson. Let not the people of the United States be charged with participating in feelings that could suggest such an outrage. There was nothing in it hostile to the remains of Major Andre; it was to forward political views, just as abuse was poured out upon the present and late President of the United States previous to

* It has since been ascertained, from an American officer present at the burial, that the regimentals of Major Andre were given to his servants, after his execution. This statement has satisfied Mr. Buchanan, and will account for the absence of any vestiges in his tomb.—L. H. Y.

the late election ; yet it is difficult to explain to those not long acquainted with the United States, the motives which governed the actions of a democracy, and I am supported in the opinion by men whose judgment I deem sound, that solely from such views did some of the papers in this city and Philadelphia differ from those journals that applauded the removal, as party feeling in political matters generally runs so high, that the favor of one party is sure to subject its object to the opposition of the other. I am thus particular, lest the threatened opposition should be regarded as a mark of the character of the country ; and I hope I may be pardoned, while on the subject, in saying, that the manifestation of hatred to England is no longer a proof of patriotism, as formerly.

The information, however, led me to act so as to avoid any kind of proceeding likely to produce excitement ; although all that was purposed was to have the attendance of Major M'Neil, Captain Philips of the British army, Captains Ricketts and Laurence of the British navy, the Austrian, Prussian, Russian, and Spanish consuls, as I had declined the offered attendance of a number of the most respectable citizens, (as soon as I found the papers alluded to animadverted in the spirit I have mentioned.) Determined to act promptly, without informing my family, or any others, of my intention, I called on the commander of his majesty's packet, and we proceeded to Tappan on the evening of Saturday the 11th, taking a gig, in which we rode, and directed a carriage to follow to a place about sixteen miles distant, and there wait for me, without intimating to the party furnishing the gig or carriage my destination. I delayed my departure to get as night fell, within about four miles of the village, where we stopped at a tavern to feed the horse and refresh ourselves, having come twenty-four miles. While tea was getting ready, a number of the country people came to the tavern, (the usage of the country on a Saturday evening,) among whom it so happened, were some who had witnessed the exhumation the day before ; and inasmuch as no stranger can travel without being questioned, through a quarter where strangers are rarely seen, I took every precaution to avoid coming in contact with the persons at the tavern. However, one man came forward, and, without any prefatory observation, by way of introduction, asked me, was I not the British consul, as he thought he had seen me the day before at Tappan. I had no way of retreat ; so I told him I was often taken for the consul, and that at times it was very inconvenient to have so close a resemblance to that person. He then began to inform

me of the exhumation of Major Andre, the magnificence of the sarcophagus, and that the whole country would be there on Tuesday to join the procession. I need not say that I got away from this kind and inquisitive person as quickly as possible, as others were approaching, who, had they been at Tappan the day before, I know not how I should have got clear of these men, more than the lamented Andre did from those men who met him when he was taken. It was my intention to have stopped at this tavern till twelve o'clock; but I had to decamp for the reason mentioned. My companion remained concealed in a small back-room, where we got tea; for his appearance would have called forth an examination all my ingenuity could not have delivered us from; an ordeal not to be understood by travelers on great leading roads in Europe. Unfortunately for our object, it was moonlight; and for the first time in my life did I find moonlight unpleasant. I wished for a cloud—for total darkness. But no; it was a clear moonlight night; so light that only those who have witnessed the clear sky of the United States, in latitude 40° , can have any idea of its brightness. But my anxiety for concealment rendered the light intolerable, as so many people were stirring, or, as it is termed in that Dutch quarter, "frolicing," on a Saturday night. Moving slowly, we entered the village at half-past eleven o'clock; and passing through, I left the gig with my friend under a tree, which obscured them, while I proceeded forward to reconnoiter the worthy pastor's house. To my great annoyance, I heard several voices from a piazza in front of his house, where a number of persons were sitting enjoying the mild moonlight night. I remained under a tree a full hour, within hearing of their conversation, fearing to go forward, lest some of the inhabitants of the village formed part of the group, as I dreaded discovery as I had learned from my inquisitor at the tavern that great preparation was making to entertain the numbers who would attend the removal on Tuesday, by the several tavern-keepers in Tappan. I also feared to come in contact with the patriots whom, with the aid of the tavern-keeper, I had silenced the day before; I could not expect the same co-operation to leave me at liberty to pursue my object; so I determined to leave nothing to chance, as my friend and I were alone, unaided and unarmed. One o'clock having struck, and the voices having diminished, I ventured forward; not without apprehension also of a watch-dog, unprovided as I was, and found the good old minister still outside the house, with some of his relations, who had come to spend a day with him, and see the sarcophagus.

I took him aside, before he recognized me, and stated to him the cause of my sudden visit; but he derided my fear; for that such was the feeling of the country and his friends, that he would guarantee all would go off well; and that it would greatly disappoint numbers who were to come to his house next day to see the "rare spectacle of so grand an article as the sarcophagus." In fact I found the old gentleman was not to be moved from his purpose. I therefore went in with him, and found his wife a subject more likely to be moved by fear; and I accordingly roused her apprehension so effectually, that she joined me in persuading her husband to acquiesce in my purpose, which he did reluctantly, as he felt for the honor of the community, and in the simplicity of his heart, did not believe there were such miscreants in the world. All this time my companion remained under the tree, his mind filled with the midnight meeting, of the events which led him and myself to our enterprise; from whence I called him into the house. Having the key of the sarcophagus, I had to open it, so that the relatives who had come might see it; and finding that I had paid above one hundred guineas for it, they were astonished at the munificent disposition of his Royal Highness. Having requested the old lady to inclose it in a quilt, we got it placed on the gig; and having taken some refreshment, of which we stood much in need, we departed, and returned to the place where I had ordered the carriage to come, into which we got, and proceeded on to New York, where we arrived about five o'clock on the morning of Sunday. Having arranged to have a boat in waiting from his majesty's packet, with feelings that never shall be effaced from my memory, I placed the remains under the British flag.

As soon as the removal of the sarcophagus to the packet was known in this city, it was not only honorable to the feelings of the citizens, but cheering to my mind, depressed as it had been, to find the sentiments which prevailed. Ladies sent me flowers; others, various emblamatic devices, garlands, &c., to decorate the remains of the "lamented and beloved Andre." A beautiful and ornamented myrtle among those sent, I forwarded with the sarcophagus, to Halifax, where Lieut. General Sir James Kempt, governor of Nova Scotia, caused every proper mark of respect to be paid to the remains. From thence they reached London, and were deposited near the monument which had been erected to his memory in the Abbey, and a marble slab placed at the foot of the monument, on which is

set forth their removal by the order of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Having represented to his Royal Highness the generous conduct of the Reverend Mr. Demarat, I recommended that his Royal Highness should convey to him a snuff-box, made out of one of the trees which grew at the grave, which I sent home. But my suggestion was far outdone by the princely munificence of his Royal Highness, who ordered a box to be made out of the tree, and lined with gold, with an inscription, "From his Royal Highness the Duke of York, to the Rev. Mr. Demarat." Whilst speaking of this act of liberality, I was unexpectedly honored with a silver inkstand, with the following inscription:—"The surviving sisters of Major Andre to James Buchanan, Esq., his Majesty's Consul, New York." They also sent a silver cup, with a suitable inscription, to Mr. Demarat. I need not add, that I cherish this inkstand, (which I am now using,) and shall bequeath it to my children as a memorial which I prize with no ordinary feeling.

I omitted to mention, that I had the peach tree which had been planted on the grave, (the roots of which had surrounded the skull, as set forth,) taken up with great care, with as much of the clay as it was possible to preserve around the roots, and brought it to my garden in New York, where my daughters attended it with almost pious solicitude, shading it during the heat of the day, watering it in the cool of the evening, in the hope of preserving it to send to England. Had it reached his sisters, they would no doubt have regarded it as another Minerva; for, though it did not spring out of, yet it was nourished by, their beloved brother's head.

I have only to add, that, through the kind interference of my brother consul at Philadelphia, I obtained Major Andre's watch, which he had to part with when a prisoner, during the early part of the war. This watch I sent to England lately; so that I believe every vestige connected with the subject of this narrative has been sent to the land of his birth, in the service of which his life was sacrificed.

J. BUCHANAN.

REVOLUTION IN PARIS IN 1830.

THE immediate cause of the revolution in Paris, in July 1830, was the attempt of the ministers of Charles X. to enforce a number of ordinances, signed by the king, in violation of the

charter confirmed by Louis XVIII., at his second restoration, after the downfall of Napoleon, in 1814. The most odious of these ordinances, was the suspension of the liberty of the press, so that no periodical or writing could be published, without being inspected and authorized by the government. Of the other two ordinances, one illegally dissolved the chamber of Deputies, the other prescribed the law of elections.

July 26. The greatest calm prevailed throughout Paris, when the fatal *Moniteur* appeared. The infamous attempt which it revealed was so unexpected, that its first influence was almost stunning. The fatal news was soon spread; the *cafés* and the reading-rooms were thronged; and with bitter smiles the ordinances were listened to—on every face indignation and scorn were expressed. The news was not, however, at once generally known. The people who do not read the *Moniteur*, had at first only a confused idea of it. It was in the offices of the public papers, that the event produced the greatest effect. Several journals prepared for a generous resistance; while some were abandoned by their trembling editors; in vain an opinion was obtained from M. de Belleyne, feeble, though positive; the greater part of the public papers found it actually impossible to appear; and they immediately issued the following protest.

Protestation of the Journals.—"It has been repeatedly announced within six months, that the law would be violated; that a *coup d'état* would be executed. The good sense of the public refused to believe it. Ministers repulsed the supposition as a calumny. Notwithstanding, the *Moniteur* at last published these memorable ordinances, which are the most daring violation of laws. The legal government is then interrupted; that of force commences.

"In the situation in which we are placed, obedience ceases to be a duty. The citizens who are first called upon to obey, are the editors of journals; they have to give the first example of resistance to an authority which has divested itself of its legal character.

"Those matters to which the ordinances published this morning, refer, are of a nature which, according to the charter, it is not in the power of royal authority to pronounce upon. The charter (article 8) says, that the French, with regard to the press, are to conform to the laws; it does not say they are to conform to ordinances. The charter (article 35) says that the organization of the electoral colleges is to be regulated by laws; it does not say, it is to be regulated by ordinances.

"The crown has, until this period, acknowledged these arti

cles; it has not thought of arming itself against them, neither with pretended constituent power, nor with a power attributed falsely to article 14.

"In fact, every time that circumstances of a serious nature appeared to the crown, as demanding a modification, either in the administration of the press, or in the electoral administration, it has had recourse to the two chambers. When it was necessary to modify the charter in order to establish septennial elections, and the total renewal of deputies, it had recourse not to itself, as author of the charter, but to the chambers.

"Royal authority then has acknowledged, has practiced itself, these articles, 8 and 35, and has not, with regard to them, arrogated a constituent authority, nor a dictatorial authority, neither of which exists.

"The tribunals, which have a right to interpret, have solemnly acknowledged these same principles. The royal court of Paris, and several others, have condemned the publishers of the associations of Brittany, as guilty of an outrage against government. It considered the supposition, that government could employ the authority of ordinances, where the authority of law is only admissible, an outrage. The grounds on which they rest are such that it is sufficient to mention them.

"Thus the formal text of the charter—the practice thus far followed by the crown—the decisions of the tribunals—establish, that in respect to the press and the electoral organization, the laws, that is, the king and the chambers, can alone decide.

"Legality has now therefore been violated by the government. We attempt to publish our papers without requiring the authorization imposed on us. We shall endeavor that, to-day at least, all France shall receive our papers.

"This is what our duty as citizens demands of us, and we shall perform it. It is not for us to point out the duties which the chamber, illegally dissolved, has to fulfil. But we may supplicate it, in the name of France, to rest upon its evident right, and to resist as much as in its power, the violation of the laws. This right is as clear as that upon which we stand. The charter says, (article 59) that the king can dissolve a chamber of deputies; but to do this it is necessary that it should be assembled, and constituted as a chamber; that in fact it should have supported a system requiring its dissolution. But before the meeting and constitution of the chamber, the elections were all that had been accomplished. It is nowhere said in the charter that the king may annul the elections. The dissolution is, therefore, illegal, since it is not warranted by the charter.

"The deputies elected and convoked for the 3d of August, are well and duly elected and convoked. Their duty is the same to day that it was yesterday. That duty France beseeches them not to forget. All they are able to do to maintain this right, they ought to do.

"Government has lost to-day, its character of legality which commands obedience. We resist it as far as it concerns us; it is for France to judge how far her own resistance shall extend."

[Signed by the conductors and editors of the journals actually present at Paris.]

Meanwhile, the exchange was alarmed, and the bankers suspended their discounts. The public funds fell more than four francs, and many merchants declared that they must stop payment. One of the greatest manufacturers in France dismissed his workmen, with a payment in advance, as a remuneration for losses they were to suffer by being deprived of their means of livelihood without any previous notice. Several of the printers shut up their offices; one of them, whose name is famous, said to his workmen, "my friends, the press is abolished to-day. I cannot give you work any longer; go ask it from your good king."

In this agitation, which was constantly increasing, citizens began to form groups in the Palais Royal. But, without arms as yet, they were only collected together by curiosity or anxiety, to question each other and consult together. In the meantime, the *gendarmerie* prepared to disperse them. They were cowardly enough to charge unarmed citizens; columns of the royal guard entered the garden, and drove out those who were promenading in it, and shut the gates. The outraged multitude proceeded to the *Boulevard des Capucins*, crying "Down with Polignac." Windows were broken—stones were thrown at the royal guard, who had again charged the people. About twenty young men waited before the mansion of M. Casimir Perier, for the decision of a number of deputies assembled in order to consult on the public dangers, and to draw up a protest; they were attacked and sabered without mercy. From some points the fire of musketry had been heard, and some citizens had been wounded mortally.

July 27. A hand-bill was distributed in all quarters of Paris, signed *Mangin*, prohibiting all public establishments from receiving and exposing to use the Journals which had appeared without previous authority. This arbitrary measure informed the people of the suburbs of events which as yet they knew little of. Some extracts from the *Moniteur* of the preceding

evening, gave them additional and complete information ; and consequently indignation was marked on all faces.

The sight of a great display of armed forces, augmented the indignation still more. At eleven o'clock, officers of the police, accompanied by armed forces, barred some streets, and broke into the offices of those Journals which had dared to appear, the Temps, National Globe, Journal du Commerce, Figaro. The proprietors of each of these Journals manifested the most lively resistance to the armed force, prohibiting in the name of the law their proceedings. Some locksmiths, sent to force the doors of the printing offices, refused to do their work. The police officers hesitated for fear of rendering themselves guilty of house-breaking. And they did not accomplish any thing until Mangin sent the man whose duty it was to rivet upon convicts their fetters. Meanwhile groups had assembled in much greater numbers than the evening before ; the vicinity of the Palais Royal, the streets Saint Honoré, Richelieu, De Valois, Fromental, Saint Thomas, du Louvre, and de Chartres, were full. The greater number were still without arms ; they were merely spectators brought together by the events of the preceding evening, with whom some persons of the *fau-bourgs*, armed with sticks and stones, united. The *gendarmerie* on foot and on horse began to charge indiscriminately on all before them ; but resistance was offered, and the groups instead of dispersing, increased every moment ; the street St. Honoré was soon filled with them in its whole length ; the people armed themselves ; repeated discharges of musketry were heard ; but those against whom they were directed rallied intrepidly under the fire of the enemy.

Other groups proceeded towards the Hotel of foreign affairs, and to the road by which the minister Polignac must return from St. Cloud ; several coaches were stopped, but Polignac had slipped into his hotel without being perceived. He ordered artillery to be mounted in it, as in a fortress. It is said that the moment when the most active fire was directed by his order against Paris, this infamous minister was quietly dining with his colleagues, under the protection of his cannon, and thus insulting the victims whom he sacrificed.

In the evening of the 27th, that admirable system of defense was began, which the people of Paris opposed to the troops, who fired upon them with so much cruelty. As time had been wanting to agree on any plan, the citizens assembled without concert, on all points where it was necessary to defend. Their first care was to break the lamps in the Rue St. Honoré and

La Monnaie, in the square of the Parvis Notre Dame, in the 'Change, and in the Archbishopal Palace; at the same time, citizens proceeded in small bands to the armorers, who opened their workshops without resistance, exciting them to fight and even furnishing them paper for cartridges.

Enormous beams were thrown across the kennels to arrest the course of the cavalry. In all these preparations surprising order and calmness were observable. It was also observed that a feeling of danger, rather than passion, directed all citizens. The night was passed in these preparations; some partial combats took place; but decisive operations were put off till the next day.

July 28. Early in the morning, the whole population of Paris was in motion; detachments of the *faubourgs St. Antoine* and *St. Marceau*, had put themselves in march. Armed citizens occupied the Hotel de Ville; others had taken possession of the passages of Notre Dame, planted the tri-colored flag, and sounded the tocsin. All were prepared to fight; all the powder and lead which they had been able to find in the shops had been taken. A number of the ancient National Guards, without uniform, had joined the armed citizens. The Ecole Polytechnique had solicited, and rather taken than obtained permission, to leave the school and fight; the students of law and medicine imitated this example; in fact, Paris offered the sight of a camp; all shops were closed, and royal guards, lancers, Swiss, and regiments of the line were drawn up on all sides. These different corps, it is true, were not equally disposed to turn their arms against their fellow-citizens. Though they had received twenty-five francs each, the royal guards felt repugnant at the service which was expected from them. The line positively refused to fire. The officers assembled in the *Café Turc*, and resolved upon a declaration to their commander, expressing their intention to confine themselves to the maintenance of order, without firing upon the people; but the gendarmerie, and particularly the Swiss, showed the most frightful fury.

Whilst every one thus prepared for battle, all the signs of royal authority were pulled down and destroyed, as if by enchantment. The citizens would no longer endure these images of a king, the assassin of his people. Here they were fastened to, or rather hung, on the lanterns; there they were collected in a heap and burnt. And yet, all these acts of popular justice were committed without disorder, without violence, or any other cry than that of *Vive la Charte!*

In the mean time a regular fight began at once in all quarters of Paris. The chief point of attack and defense was the Hotel de Ville, or City Hall, situated at a short distance from the north bank of the river. In front of the Hall is a square called the Place de Greve, where once stood the Guillotine, on which thousands of innocent victims were sacrificed, to gratify the malice of such men as Danton, Marat and Robespierre. The central position of this Hall made it the scene of many bloody engagements. Every effort was employed by both parties for securing its permanent possession. About one o'clock in the afternoon, a party of the Royal Guards and of Swiss, to the number of nearly eight hundred men, defiling by the wharf on the bank of the river, appeared on the open space in front of the Hall. A brisk fire immediately commenced; but the National Guards, not being equal in numbers, were soon compelled to make a retreat. The Royal Guards had scarcely taken possession of the Hall, before they were assailed on all sides, with a shower of bullets from the windows of the houses in the vicinity. They, however, made a strenuous resistance, and killed a greater number of their assailants, than they lost of their own body. But still they were dislodged, and forced to retreat along the wharf, until they were joined by fresh troops. With this reinforcement, consisting of one hundred cuirassiers and forty-eight artillery-men, with four pieces of cannon, they again advanced towards the Hall, and commenced a murderous fire, which was answered by the citizens. The artillery defiling from the wharf, and charged with canister shot, swept the whole length of the square, in the most terrific manner. The immense space was immediately covered with dead bodies. They succeeded in driving the citizens into the adjoining streets, and once more entered into possession of the Hall. But they were soon again attacked with a perseverance and courage truly sublime and almost irresistible. Their artillery ranged before the prefecture of the Seine and the Hall, threatened death to thousands, but the citizens remained immovable in their position. There was a spirit of determination among them, which drove all thoughts of danger from their bosoms.

It is impossible to describe the effect which every explosion produced on the inhabitants of the neighborhood. The tocsin sounded without cessation at Notre Dame. From time to time the wounded were carried to the Hotel Dieu, and corpses to the Morgue. This was done in the most affecting manner. The respect and the tears of the citizens present, followed these

unfortunate victims of their heroism ; not one corpse was insulted, whether that of a French soldier, or of a Swiss ; it was a brother, it was a man. Whilst the battle went on, a great number of the National Guards having retaken their uniform, formed themselves in platoons, and, provided with cartridges, taken in a public depot, proceeded towards the Pont Neuf and the institute. There a murderous conflict had begun. Troops posted in houses of the Quai des Orferres, the prefecture of the police round the statue of Henry IV. in the Louvre, and in the gallery of the Museum, kept up a considerable fire. The Pont des Arts was also the theater of an obstinate conflict. From time to time, the wounded were sent in carts to the hospitals. A single corporal accompanied these mournful convoys, which the silent populace protected on their route.

In the vicinity of the Palais Royal, on the Boulevards, and on the public places, the struggle was continued with various success. Thus whilst the people were victorious on a great many points, the success seemed uncertain in the environs of the Louvre, in the street du Cog, and on the Carousel. The same was not the case in the street St. Antoine. There a population, full of ardor, determined to conquer or perish, had posted themselves in the houses, on the roofs, and fired continually on the troops which passed through the streets. The roofs were broken up and a shower of tiles poured upon the heads of the assailants. On the Boulevard St. Martin, the same ardor, the same devotedness characterized the citizens ; they carried the pavements on the triumphal arch of the gate St. Martin, and threw them upon the soldiers, who in vain struggled to make themselves masters of this point of attack. The people at the same moment attacked vigorously the barracks of the gendarmerie, in the street of faubourg St. Martin.

At first repulsed, they finished by making themselves masters of this barrack ; every thing found there was thrown into the street. There (as every where else) was no pillaging, and this was so scrupulously observed, that even silver plate and money was thrown into the fire.

It was towards the evening of Wednesday that the heat of the conflict began to relax, and the people began to construct barricades on all points ; till then they had confined themselves to putting beams, wagons, and all the carriages which had been met with, across the streets ; but now they tore up the pavements at the entrance of every street, and the stones were collected in barrels ; these defenses were fortified by overturned coaches, fiacres, omnibuses and stage-coaches ; the trees of the

Boulevards were cut down and thrown across the roads. In one moment Paris was put in a formidable state of defense.

The firing at the Hotel de Ville ceased towards ten o'clock in the evening, and the troops, convinced of the impossibility of maintaining themselves any longer in the populous quarters, took advantage of the night to retreat towards the quarter of the Thuilleries. They *echeloned* along the Champs Elysées on the place Louis XV., on the quais, and on the other side of the Chateau; but the greater part of them, from discouragement, or rather from a sentiment of horror at the infamous work to which they had been condemned, were disposed to surrender or to retreat. The royal guards posted or rather lying on the place Louis XV., were seen sighing at their horrible situation; tears flowed from the eyes of many of these soldiers. "Let us perish," said they, "our duty is to die on our posts; but we will not any longer do the execrable work to which we have been condemned for two days." Several officers of the guard sent in their resignation to the commander, and manifested a generous repentance. The troops of the line, who were seen wavering in the morning, made their submission almost entirely; several regiments fell in with the citizens and were received with a cry of *Vive la ligna*. Paris, on the evening of the 28th, totally deprived of lanterns, bristling with barricades, offered the most melancholy aspect.

The whole population was roused. The small number of royal officers who had had the courage to remain at their posts disappeared; some went to St. Cloud: the greater part concealed themselves. Mangin fled in haste, from the prefecture of the police; and the city was left without any kind of authority. It was then that some good citizens assembled to deliberate on the present circumstances, and occupied themselves with establishing some order in the midst of the extraordinary state of things. The project was formed for establishing provisional municipalities, to unite as many as possible of the National Guards, in order to protect public and private property. The night passed in these occupations.

July 29. At break of day, the whole population was in arms, provided with ammunition and decided to pursue their work. Some servants of Charles X. had proceeded to St. Cloud; and had conjured Polignac to give in his resignation, and the king to revoke the fatal ordinances. The minister persisted in his barbarous resolution to stake the crown of his master in a civil war. He refused to listen to any proposition whatever. Therefore the fight was continued.

During the two preceding days, the people were seen fighting without a chief, consequently without direction; and yet in admirable order. But on the morning of the 29th, some good citizens felt the necessity of giving them some experienced chiefs. The leading editor of the *Constitutionnel*, M. Evariste Dumoulin, went to the brave General Dubourg and represented to him the necessity of putting himself at the head of the people. Though maimed in his former campaigns, General Dubourg accepted. He issued a proclamation, and putting himself at the head of numerous columns, possessed himself of the Exchange. A General, still more illustrious, resolves to second the efforts of the nation, viz. General Gerard, who takes the command of numerous detachments, and proceeded towards the Louvre and the Thuilleries.

The General-in-chief, Marmont, had posted the Swiss in the higher stories of these two buildings; and from here, these foreign troops, who coldly looked upon French blood, retrenched behind the embrasures of the windows, cruelly fired upon the people. From five to six thousand people proceeded towards the Louvre, at a signal given to them by the tocsin. Two regiments of the Royal Guard were posted in the yards and the Garden de l'Infant; they fired upon the first assailants, but these only fell to be immediately replaced by their brethren. They advanced at full charge towards the gates of the Louvre, which were broken in spite of the violent fire, and the crowd spreading itself in the inner yard, rushed in to the stair-cases and forced the Swiss, (who continued to fire with incredible fury,) to surrender at discretion. In a moment, the tri-colored flag appeared upon this building, of which the citizens had possessed themselves.

During this time, all the other quarters of Paris were in possession of the citizens. The National Guard occupied the Hotel de Ville; an armed mass possessed themselves of the Archiepiscopal mansion, and penetrated into the apartments. They expected to find here only the badges of a religion which abhors blood; how great was their indignation when they found poniards and a barrel of powder! At this sight, they seized upon the furniture, broke it, and threw every thing out of the windows into the river, where were seen furniture, books, and ornaments, floating *pêle mêle*. All precious vases were carried to the Hotel de Ville; and beds, linen, every thing which could be of use for the wounded, to the Hotel Dieu. Armed masses proceeded also to the convent of the old priests, in the street d'Enfer; they had fled. There the scenes at the

archbishop's mansion were repeated. The precious effects were put under the care of the Mayor de Montraiqe. Since the conquest of the Louvre and the adjacent places, the royal army, driven beyond the Thuilleries, only possessed this single point of defense. The ministers consulted here with the Duke of Ragusa. A deputation from the people assembled at M. La fitte's and desirous to arrest the effusion of blood, proceeded through the fire of the battle, to the Commandant of Paris. M Lafitte represented strongly to Ragusa the deplorable state of the capital, and declared him personally responsible in the name of the deputies of France, for the fatal consequences of so sad an event.

Ragusa answered, "Military honor is obedience."

"And civil honor," answered M. Lafitte, "is not to destroy citizens."

Ragusa replied, "But, gentlemen, what are the conditions you propose?"

"We think we can promise," replied the deputies, "that every thing would be restored on the following conditions, viz. the revocation of the ordinances of the 26th of July, the dismissal of the ministers, and the convocation of the chambers on the 3d of August."

"As a citizen," answered Ragusa, "I cannot disapprove; I even partake in your opinions; but as a soldier, I have orders and must execute them. However, if you, gentlemen wish to confer with M. de Polignac, he is here. I will ask him whether he will receive you."

Ragusa left the room, and re-entered a moment afterwards, with his countenance much changed; he stated that Polignac declared that the proposed conditions, rendered every conference useless.

"We have, then, civil war," said M. Lafitte. Ragusa was silent, and the deputies retired.

Thus it became necessary to resolve upon an attack of the Thuilleries. Numerous columns proceeded thither, having at their head General Gerard. In an instant, the Port Royal was occupied by them. Ragusa prepared to evacuate the palace, when suddenly, horse-guards and Swiss, disguised as citizens, armed with pistols and poniards, fell upon the citizens from behind. The carnage became horrible. At last the assassins were slain. After several charges, the palace was carried. The people entered by the Pavilion de Flore Indignation at a recent event caused this point of attack to be chosen; it was from here that, at seven o'clock, the Swiss had fired

upon a number of women, whom curiosity had led to the Pont Royal. The Pavillon de Flore, adjoining the apartments of the Duchess of Angouleme, was taken, and the people having found there thousands of proclamations addressed to the soldiers, to excite them against the citizens, their fury was excited to the highest degree; the furniture was thrown out of the windows; but as in the other palaces, the money and precious effects were remitted to the Hotel de Ville.

This last exploit opened the eyes of the Duke of Ragusa; he gave notice that he was ready to yield. Part of his troops surrendered, and mingled with the people; the rest were led to the heights of St. Cloud, and began to defile, protected by a last discharge of the artillery. The tri-colored flag waved on all the public buildings of Paris.

Thus terminated this war of three days, waged by a nation indignant against the satellites of an infatuated despot; these three days, in which the population of Paris manifested an admirable courage, and wisdom outshining the finest epochs of the French Revolution. Hardly any disorders, inseparable from so great a combat, were committed—no attempt was made to touch private property. Municipal committees, created almost spontaneously in almost all the mairies, organized the National Guard, furnished them with muskets and ammunition, opened an asylum to the wounded, gave aid and provision to the brave defenders of the country, watched over the most regular and best adapted construction of the barricades, and took care of the public tranquillity, and distribution of provisions. The mairie of the eleventh arrondissement, presided over by M. Lamercier, of the institute, earned in particular the gratitude of all the citizens.

The killed in these three days, amounted to more than two thousand; and the number of the wounded may be estimated at five thousand.

Two days having elapsed, in the absence of public authority, the deputies present in Paris, feeling themselves authorized by existing circumstances, nominated a committee to watch over the public interests. On the 30th of July, the deputies assembled in great numbers, in the hall of their sessions, and temporarily filled the offices of state. General La Fayette was appointed Commander-in-chief of the National Guards. The next business of the deputies, was to invite the Duke of Orleans to assume the reins of government, with the title of Lieutenant General of the kingdom; on the 7th of August he was elected King of France.

Charles X. having been abandoned by the greater part of his army and ministers, abdicated the throne; commissioners were appointed to accompany him to Cherbourg, where he embarked with his family for England.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE INDIAN OR SPASMODIC CHOLERA.

[From the (London) Westminster Review.]

SINCE the Black Plague slaughtered one fourth of the inhabitants of Europe, in the fourteenth century, no pestilence has ravaged the world to such a frightful extent, and with such unappeasable ferocity, as Spasmodic Cholera. In the short period of fifteen years, it has ransacked Eastern Asia, the islands of the African Sea, Persia, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Russia, and Poland. It has traversed the Grand Duchy of Posen and Galicia, it has visited Prussia, and it is now marching through Germany. Wherever it has yet appeared, it has seldom destroyed fewer than one-third of the diseased; in general it is fatal in proportion of one-half; and not unfrequently three-fifths, two-thirds, and even six-sevenths of the infected have perished. Little respect has been hitherto paid to any country which it has invaded, whether insular or continental; whether distinguished for its salubrious or pestilential character. It has traversed the burning sands of Arabia as rapidly as the banks of the Euphrates; Caucasus and Mount Ararat, in common with the jungly marshes which are periodically bathed in the waters of the Ganges; and although the number of the healthy whom it has infected, and the number of the infected whom it has destroyed, considerably vary with the density, health, and habits of the population, the Tartar and the Turk, the Indian Nabob and the Persian Prince, have indiscriminately suffered.

Cholera is a disease which has been long known and fully described by many authors; but until about the middle of the seventeenth century, neither its prevalence nor fatality was such as to invest it with the character which it now wears. As it usually appeared during the heat of summer and the fruit season, it was very generally ascribed to an elevated temperature and the immoderate use of fruit; but although it was occasionally violent, its ordinary features were by no means alarming. Sydenham says that it appeared in an epidemic form in England during the summers of 1669 and 1676, and that its symptoms were so severe, as to "frighten the by-standers, and

kill the patient in twenty-four hours." According to Le Begue de Presle, it prevailed in 1762 in Bengal, and carried off 30,000 negroes and 800 Europeans. Dr. Paisley mentions it as being at Madras, in 1774; in 1775 it seems to have invaded the Mauritius; and in 1781, a division of Bengal troops were attacked by it so fiercely at Ganjam, that 5,000 were admitted into the hospital during the first day, and by the end of the third, the half of the entire corps were ill. Men, previously in perfect health, instantly dropped dead upon the ground, and few survived the first hour, who did not ultimately recover. In 1780, during a festival at Hurdwar, it destroyed 20,000 people; and in the records of Madras it is stated to have raged at Arcot, in 1787, as an epidemic.

It is therefore, erroneous to maintain, that this pestilence made its first entrée into notice in 1817; for, with the exception that the evacuations are described as "mostly" bilious, in the Cholera of Arcot, whereas in the present epidemic they are "always" watery, the symptoms of both affections are precisely the same. Trallian divides Cholera into the bilious diarrhœa, the bilious Cholera, and the Cholera without bile; and as Dr. Johnson observes that this disease assumes every degree of violence from the *mort de chien*, in which nothing but phlegm is ejected, to an ordinary Cholera, in which the ejections are principally composed of bile, it is not unreasonable to infer that the Cholera of 1817 is only an aggravated form of a disease which had existed previously. The Brahmins have long since described a malady which they call *Vishuchi*; and the Japanese a similar affection which they call *Senki*; both of which have a very striking resemblance to Spasmodic Cholera; and certain it is that Sydenham, whose accuracy of observation is well known, never alludes, in his description of the severe form of Cholera which he witnessed, to the existence of bile in the evacuations, merely calling them "*parvi humores*," or bad humors.

But however this may be ultimately settled, a very malignant form of this disease suddenly appeared on the 28th of August, 1817, at Jessore, a town situated about one hundred miles north-east of Calcutta. From twenty to thirty died daily, and although the inhabitants became at length terrified, and deserted their habitations, 6,000 perished in the short space of a few weeks. It rapidly spread through the neighboring country to Dacca, Patna, Dinnapore, and Nuddea. In September, it reached Calcutta, and since that time the metropolis of British India has been regularly invaded by it during every succeeding season. In November, when the English army were preparing to go out to

battle with the Hindostan chiefs, it attacked its central division and in ten days destroyed 764 officers, and 8,500 men. From Calcutta it traveled westward to Bahar, and from Bahar northward to Beneres, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Delhi. It then directed its course southward to Agra, Hussingabad, and Nagpore. From Nagpore it again struck off in a south-west direction to Aurungabad, then to Panwell and Poonah; and by the second week in September, 1818, it took up its residence in Bombay, on the western coast of the Indian Peninsula.

Notwithstanding this rapid journey from Jessore to Bombay, it was equally active in its movements along the Coromandel coast, in reaching Madras; for, while it was shooting northward from Jessore to Dacca, it was at the same time penetrating southward to Chittagong. By the 20th of March, it had entered Ganjam, it reached Aska in April, in May it was at Vizianagram, at Mazulipatam in July, and on the 8th of October, 1818, it had entered Madras, about a month after its appearance at Bombay. Now, when it is considered that during the winter months the cold had rendered it inactive, it will appear that this pestilence traversed the whole Peninsula of India, or about 66,000 square leagues in less than a year.

It is not our intention to enumerate and describe the various irruptions which Cholera has made from that period to the present time in British India; suffice it to say, that with the exception of the winter seasons, it has unceasingly preyed upon our Eastern settlements. Towards the close of each November, it only hybernates to rest, that on the approach of spring it may burst forth afresh to repeat its injuries; and, although it has thus swept, with the besom of destruction, its towns and its rivers upwards of fourteen times, it still finds fresh victims for the slaughter, and it still betrays a poison as malignant and as unmanageable as ever. Even the inferior animals are said not to be exempt from its influence. On its first appearance a great number of cattle died in the most extraordinary manner, in the grand army of India. During the October of 1827, many of the dogs in the streets of Calcutta were attacked with Cholera symptoms and killed. Mr. Chalmer observes that in the towns near the hills, where the epidemic was so fatal, a disease occurred among the cattle, which kept pace with, and often exceeded in mortality that of the human species. According to Dr. Ranken, goats and camels died of it in Rajputana; and it would appear that at Vercelli, in Italy, the same phenomena sometimes occur, when the ordinary Cholera is more than usually severe. Mr. Searle examined some ducks, which he was convinced died of the

Cholera, and he found in their stomachs and bowels the same appearances which are discovered in the human subjects after death.

A few months after its first appearance at Jessore, and while it was traveling through the northern provinces, it began to ravage along the eastern shore of the Gulf of Bengal; and in 1819 it reached the kingdom of Arracan. From Arracan it extended itself into Siam, and after destroying 40,000 in Banku, the capital of that kingdom, it passed into the peninsula of Malacca.— In October, it entered the Islands of Sumatra, and Penang; Java and Borneo afterwards suffered; Canton was attacked in 1820, and at Pekin its mortality was so frightful that the government were obliged to have the dead interred at their own expense. From China it passed to the Philippine and Spice Islands. Thus, in little more than two years did it traverse a space in Eastern Asia, which, from north to south is not less than 1,300 and from west to east about 1,000 leagues in diameter.

Two months after the Cholera entered Madras, it traveled along the eastern shore of the Peninsula, through Arcot, to Palamcottah, from whence it traversed the straits, and entering the province of Jaffna, which is opposite to Palamcottah, it penetrated into the capital of Ceylon, which is situated in the very center of the island. About the same period, the Mauritius was attacked; and on the 14th of January, 1820, it appeared at the town of St. Denis, in the isle of Bourbon, which is only forty leagues south-west of the Mauritius. In July, 1821, it betrayed itself at Muscat, on the southern extremity of the Arabian Peninsula. The neighboring islands of Ormus and Kishme, in the mouth of the Persian Gulf, were shortly afterwards infected; by August it had ascended along the eastern coast of Arabia, as far as the island of Bahreim; and not long after, entered Bassorah, on the northern extremity of the Persian Gulf. Opposite the little island of Ormus, is the port of Bender-Abassi, in Persia, the principal sea-port town in which the Persians conduct commerce with British India. The Cholera broke out here with so much violence, that the bazaars were closed, and the dead left unburied. Those who escaped its first onset, abandoned their houses, and sought for safety in flight. Shiraz, which is about 100 leagues north-west of Bender-Abassi, manifested symptoms of the pestilence in Sept., and during the first nine days 4,500 persons perished. Yerd afterwards suffered, and by the time the disease had reached Ispahan, the cold seasons had far advanced, so that its severity was much lessened, and it soon wholly disappeared. On the commencement of spring, however, it developed itself afresh,

and spreading from Ispahan, where it had wintered, round the contiguous Persian provinces, it visited in succession, Kermanshah, Cashan, Khom, Casbin, and Tauris, following, as it invariably did, whether in Asia or Europe, the great commercial lines of national intercourse. At Tauris 4,800 perished in the short space of twenty-five days, when it left the town, and traveled on through Khaz, Erivan, and Kars, to Erzeroum on the southern shore of the Black Sea. The prince royal of Persia had driven the Turkish army into this town, in the month of July; but immediately after his victory, Cholera broke out with such devastating fury among the Persian forces, that from thirty to forty died daily, and the soldiers became so dispirited that they precipitately retreated, and left the prince with his ministers to sign an armistice at Khoe.

Before the disease quitted Bassorah, in 1821, from 15,000 to 18,000 of its inhabitants were destroyed; and so dreadful was the havoc which it made in the surrounding country, that Dr. Meunier says the third of the population fell before it. At Bagdad it was so prevalent that a Persian army, which was marching against the town, was compelled to withdraw, but were pursued by the pestilence, and among the other losses which it sustained, their commander fell. In the spring of 1822 it appeared between the Tigris and Euphrates; in July it attacked Mosul, which is about sixty leagues north of Bagdad, and then traveling more westward, it passed through Merdine, Diarbekir, Orfa, Biri, and Antab, on its way to Aleppo, in Syria, which it reached in November. During the winter, as usual, it lay dormant, but in the spring of 1823 it revived, and visited Latakia, Antioch, Tortosa, Tripoli, and other towns on the borders of the Mediterranean sea. By the end of July it had advanced in the direction of Sarkin, Arsous, Khankaramout, and the Gulf of Alexandretta; and passing over the high mountains of Beylam, it entered the towns of Adena and Tarsous. In 1824 it appeared at Tiberias in Judea.

Thus have Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia, and Syria, been overrun by Cholera in little more than two years; traversing every species of country from the arid deserts of Irac-Arabia to the succulent banks of the Euphrates, and depopulating almost every village in its path, with a pertinacious obstinacy which human skill was seldom able to overcome. It will be seen that the disease, during this journey, took two distinct routes through these countries, which it prosecuted with equal energy. By the one it penetrated Arabia, attacked Bassorah, ascended the Euphrates, ravaged Mesopotamia, and finally appeared in Syria.

where it committed frightful havoc among the towns skirting the Mediterranean sea. By the other it traveled through the very center of Persia, until, in 1823, it reached the shores of the Caspian.

Early in September, 1823, it entered Astracan, a large and populous town seated on the northern shore of the Caspian, at the mouth of the Volga. The Russian fleet were first infected, but 216 persons were all who fell ill, and of those 144 died. As soon as it became known to the Russian government that Astracan was invaded, they dispatched a medical commission, composed of six physicians, to investigate its character; a physician was sent into Persia with the same view; a Board of Health was established at Petersburg, and every exertion was made to prevent its extension farther north. How far such preventive measures were connected with the result, it may be difficult to decide; but certain it is, that the disease got no farther in that direction that year than Astracan, and did not again appear in Russia until towards the close of 1828, when it unexpectedly entered the town of Orenburg, as is supposed by some through the caravans which came from Upper Asia, and by others, through the Kirghis-Cossacks, who neighbor Orenburg, and are said to have been infected by the disease. As the cold season commenced shortly after its appearance, the mortality which it occasioned was not great until the spring of 1829, when it raged with great severity, both in the town and neighborhood, and entered the forts of Rassyphaya and Isetzk. On the 31st of July, 1830, it again appeared in Astracan; by the 10th of August 1,229 were ill, of whom 433 died; and by the 27th, no fewer than 4,043 within the town, and 21,268 throughout the province of which it is the capital, perished. After committing this unprecedented destruction, it pursued a north-west course along the banks of the Volga, making tributary to its power the populous towns of Saratoff, Penza, Samara, and Kazan. Kazan it reached on the 5th of September, and on the 26th of the same month its symptoms were first detected in Moscow. The town was immediately divided into forty-seven compartments, which were separated from each other by a *cordon sanitaire*; ten temporary hospitals were erected, and Count Zakrewski, the Minister of Interior, was appointed by the Emperor to superintend these protective arrangements. The Emperor himself visited the town when the disease was at its height, and when he left to go to Twer, by submitting to a quarantine of eight days, he gave an example of obedience to the sanitary laws. During the first ten days of October, 747 died; from the 10th to the 20th, 958 perished; and from the

20th to the 31st, 1,284 sunk under the disease. At first the mortality was as great as nine-tenths; it afterwards diminished to seven-eighths, five-sixths, three-fourths, one-half, and ultimately to one-third. During even the winter months, which had been hitherto a complete specific against its progress, when all the rivers were covered with ice, it carried on its work of death; but the number who were infected gradually decreased, and the mortality proportionally diminished.

Having now traveled so far north, it was almost universally expected that the Cholera would have soon reached Petersburg, and from thence have extended to the shores of the Baltic; but the capital, at this time escaped, and the disease, taking an almost opposite direction, accompanied the Russians into Poland. During the revolution of July, in 1830, a body of troops were ordered out of the province of Koursk, in the country of the Cossacks, which was then infected, to march against the Poles. These troops, in their passage through Podolia, and Volhynia, took with them the disease along their entire line of march. The towns of Astrog, Zaslaf, and Luck were infected; and a few leagues from this latter place the disease passed the Bug, and entered Poland. Lublin was attacked towards the end of March, 1831, by the first of April, the hospitals of Siedlec were filled with Russians laboring under the malady; ten days afterwards it was discovered among the wounded at Praga, which is separated from Warsaw only by the Vistula; and on the 14th it entered the capital of Poland. According to the Central Committee of Health, from 100 to 150 died during the first week, out of every 1,000 sick; and according to the Berlin Gazette, during thirteen days, ending on the 5th of May, there had been between the town and the camp 2,580 sick, of whom 1,110 died, and 1,278 still remained under treatment. On the 8th of May, Ostrolenka, Lomza, Szczuczyn, Drohiczyn, Pultusk, Makow, Nesielskal, and Plousk, were ill; on the 24th it appeared at Polangen; on the 25th at Riga, and by the 28th it had reached Dantzic, in Prussia, Brody and Lemberg in Austria. On the 26th of June, the disease entered Petersburg; early in August, it appears to have invaded Hungary, and by the beginning of September, it had entered Germany, and was traveling rapidly towards Vienna.

THE END.





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